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FELICIA.

I.

THE Reverend Robert Raymond prided himself, in a seemly and clerical fashion, on his tact. So innocent and candid was this endowment as he possessed it that it was distinctly apparent, and the disaffected of the congregation construed him as a scheming man, unduly versed in the ways of the world for a clergyman. Among the persons who interpreted him more justly was a young girl, who sat near him, one summer morning, in a large parlor on the shady side of the house. The welcome watering-carts rumbled up and down the street, giving to the air the taste of sudden showers; the breeze waved the curtains, stirred the plants in the balcony, and wafted freshly into the room the odors of heliotrope and geranium.

Mr. Raymond looked with some admiration at the brilliant face, with its background of fluttering lace and flowers. He was one of those men whose attitude toward women is something of the paternal, at once protective and indulgent; he found a certain charm in their caprices, and just now the evident petulance of his wife's young cousin induced not so much tolerance as approval.

"Oh, it's all very well for you to preach, cousin Robert" — she cried.

"So some people think," he interpolated, with a laugh.

—"about duty and obedience, and

all that; but what is *my* duty? — that's what I want to know."

If he had told her the exact truth, he would have said that in his opinion it was her duty to be charming, like the blue sky, the sunshine, the tints on that rosebud against the gray stone there. But it will not do even for a clergyman always to speak his whole mind, so he sedately replied that her duties would probably define themselves distinctly enough as the years went by, and he did not doubt she would be very faithful in their performance.

"I do hope I shall know what they are," she declared, with animation. "Now, what am I to do? Nothing pleases papa. He was determined, he said, that his only daughter should have all the advantages that money could command, and he gave them to me, and I fully availed myself of them. Now," culminatively, "he is not satisfied."

The Reverend Robert Raymond said to himself that the old Judge must be hard to please if he were indeed dissatisfied with the result of his investment. To speak disrespectfully of the Chancellor behind his back was a privilege claimed by many people besides the lawyers whom a hard fate compelled to practice in his court. A notable metropolitan school, the regimen of regular hours, diet, and exercise, and a carefully devised curriculum had returned to him, as a finished product of feminine education, this young woman of twenty-two, of fine mind, man-

ners, health, and morals, sufficiently well grounded in useful branches, moderately accomplished in the modern languages, music, and painting, with an exceedingly lively and cultivated imagination, and with keen appreciation and consummate tact in all matters pertaining to dress and personal adornment. The possession of this last talent was manifest in her fresh and well-chosen morning toilette, — white, sparsely trimmed with delicately fine embroideries and a few knots of purple ribbon. There was a distinct arrogation of simplicity, but the minuteness and perfection of detail showed that a taste for the ornate in decoration was only held in subjection by the laws of the appropriate. She was very pretty. A flush on her face accented the fairness of her complexion; her eyes, so deeply blue that they were almost purple, were downcast and shaded by dark lashes; her parted lips — the upper one particularly delicate, sensitive, and well cut, curving downward — showed a line of small white teeth; her nose was straight and noticeably narrow from the point to the line of the nostril, — this, with the oval of her face, gave her a look of much refinement; her hair, a red-brown, almost auburn, was brushed back, but close about her brow the heat had curled sundry tendrils that had a tinge of gold; when she looked up and laughed, dimples were apparent in the soft rose of each cheek.

"I am growing very cynical," she cried. "I am sour and disappointed." Then she looked down again and pouted. She understood human nature well enough to know that she might pout as much as she chose in cousin Robert's presence.

"In what, may I ask, are you disappointed?" he demanded, with due gravity.

"In life," replied Miss Felicia Hamilton, sententiously.

. "That's sad," said cousin Robert.

"In life," she repeated, this time vivaciously. "It promises one thing, and it offers another. I am educated to one set of views, and when I have developed what mind I have according to them, suddenly I am expected to conform to another set, entirely different. This was the way of it, cousin Robert." She bent upon him a smile calculated to win to partisanship a more obdurate heart than his, and continued with a delightful show of confidence: —

"You see, when I was young — quite young, I mean, ten years ago — I was a little bookworm; very intellectual, I assure you, though you might not think it now. I read everything; I was very precocious. I cared nothing for the other young girls and their amusements, or pretty things to wear, or music, — only for books, books. Papa said that was all wrong. He did not want me to grow up shy, and absorbed, and awkward. He wanted me to shine in society, to be elaborately educated, and have fine manners. So he sent me to Madame Sevier, and there I remained ten years, even during the vacations. She and the rest of them did their duty, and I tried to do mine. Now, what do you think papa says? That I am frivolous and spoiled; that I care too much for dress and society, and am not domestic *at all!*" — with much exclamatory emphasis of pretty eyes and lips, — "and don't love home. Frivolous, — that's what he calls me!"

Two tears rose to the violet eyes that rested on cousin Robert's face, and his heart was hot within him against the absent Judge.

"Your father expects you to be 'domestic' after ten years with Madame Sevier?" sarcastically commented this wise clerical confidant and spiritual pastor.

"And we saw a great deal of very fashionable society with Madame Sevier," resumed the young lady suddenly,

and with much vivacity. "And in summer she had directions to take me to the mountains and the seashore.—Newport, Saratoga, the White Mountains. We went—everywhere. She knew—everybody; that is, everybody worth knowing. Now, is that the kind of training to fit a girl for a sleepy little Southern country town like Blankburg?"

"Any young men?" inquired cousin Robert, demurely.

She looked at him expressively.

"Such sticks!" she said, concisely.

Cousin Robert's face betrayed no amusement. It was a long, thin face, with bright gray eyes, a hooked nose, some premature wrinkles, a straggling mustache, fine teeth, a large mouth, and occasionally a brilliant smile. His lank figure was disposed in a comfortable attitude in an easy-chair, and his white hands, with their slim, nervous fingers, rested on its arms. His hat and cane ornamented a table near by, and his wife's parasol was on the sofa. This was not a pastoral call, merely a prolonged cousinly visit.

"Why are they sticks?" he asked.

"Divinity students," she replied, with a certain scorn. Then, with an abrupt resumption of her smooth manner, "Don't you think, cousin Robert, that such men are very young? I don't mean in years,—some of them are not very young in years,—but in experience. They are rather—well, raw, you know, or perhaps crude."

"I think 'raw' is the word you want," he said. "They are apt to be raw till some such young lady as you takes them in hand, when they generally get done very brown indeed."

She did not reply directly to this. Men like cousin Robert have only themselves to thank if their feminine acquaintance regard them as chiefly useful in preventing conversation from degenerating into monologue.

"Papa considers it very unseemly

that I do not rate those young men more highly. He says they are well read, and cultivated, and all that. Of course they are. It is their *métier* to be cultivated. But they know books, and nothing else. They don't know life; they don't know human nature. Those young men talk books until I am ready to perish: Herbert Spencer, and systems, and refutations, and everything in books, from Pliny up and down. Now, I am tired of Pliny. I have heard all I want to hear about Pliny. I used to read about Pliny myself, a long time ago,—when I was young. Papa can't understand all that. He thinks a town with a flourishing theological school is the very place to please a young woman with a cultivated understanding. And among them all I find it dull in Blankburg,—dull as the grave."

"I hope you do not find society in this city so dull as in Blankburg," said cousin Robert, sympathetically.

"So far as I can judge, being a stranger," she replied, demurely, her manner conveying an intimation that a visitor's verdict must of necessity be favorable, "society here may be very pleasant. Now, you must understand, cousin Robert," she added, with a sudden return of liveliness, and bending upon him convincing eyes, "I am not a missish young woman, eager to meet an Adonis with a dark mustache. I don't want to fall in love, and I don't want to marry any one"—

"Very, very magnanimous," murmured cousin Robert.

—"but I want to see some interesting people; men who know life, and politics, and the world, and society." She seemed conscious of a little vagueness, for she added, after a moment's reflection, "I can't explain exactly what I mean. I think I mean men who are intellectual and not eager to display the fact, and polished but not priggish, and who observe instead of expecting others to observe them. I don't care if they are

young or old, married or single, American or foreign. I only want them to be interesting. That does n't seem too much to ask of human nature, does it?"

Cousin Robert admitted that it did not, and added that if the congregation of St. Paul's offered any of the material she approved as entertainment, he might venture to promise that it was at her disposal.

She glanced at him archly.

"Will you warrant them ignorant of Pliny?" she asked, mischievously. Then she turned again to the window.

Her companion had observed that her attention had very slightly wandered during the last few seconds, as her eyes had rested on some object apparently advancing down the sidewalk. He leaned forward, looked out, and suddenly drew back, with palpable annoyance expressed on his face.

Two ladies, who had been discussing in the back parlor a supposed cabal of the disaffected against the Reverend Robert's tenure of office, — their conference gaining much of confidential effect from the employment of a mysterious undertone and acquiescent nods when words failed. — now entered the front room. Mrs. John Hamilton, a plump little lady, with a brilliant complexion and round, intent eyes, might have seemed always listening, so serious was her expression and so marked her general air of attention and responsibility. Mrs. Raymond, on the contrary, seemed irresponsible, inattentive, and inconsequent. She was much younger than her husband, and was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and childish and indefinite in manner. She looked about vaguely for her parasol, and when she had secured it strolled to her husband's armchair, and leaned against it, with her elbows on its back.

"Is n't it time for us to go home, dear?" she suggested.

And now came the emergency which drew on cousin Robert's store of tact.

Her attitude gave her a glimpse of

the street, and of a gentleman at this moment traversing the crossing.

"Why, Robert, there is Hugh Kennett!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

The gentleman on the crossing raised his eyes; they gravely met those of Miss Hamilton; in another instant he had passed out of sight, and she looked back into the room. Mr. Raymond had at length relinquished the armchair, and was standing with his back to the window, in such a position that, as he rose to his feet, he must have prevented the passer from recognizing either him or his wife. This fact, his neglect of Mrs. Raymond's question, and a swift, significant glance he gave her did not escape the attention of our observant young lady; she recognized cousin Robert's adroitness. She speculated a little on the subject. "Did he want me not to see that they know that gentleman?" she said to herself. Cousin Robert was not the sort of man to manœuvre causelessly in trifling social emergencies; yet he had clumsily attempted to ignore the existence of his friend. "That was an odd thing," thought Felicia, puzzled.

Shortly after this the visitors took their departure, and as they walked up the street Mr. Raymond gave his wife a little warning.

"Amy, be careful how you mention Kennett before your cousin. She is very young and impressionable, and it is undesirable that she should become interested in him. She knows very few pleasant people here, and he is an extremely agreeable sort of fellow, and" —

"That is an excellent reason why he should be mentioned," said little Mrs. Amy, with the air of seeing both sides of a question.

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Raymond, like any other exclamatory miserable sinner, "think of the old Judge."

"I forgot the Judge," said Amy, quickly and apprehensively. "I will be careful."

People thus unexpectedly reminded of the Judge were apt to hurriedly concede the point, and to wear for some time an anxious and depressed air.

II.

For a number of mornings previous to the one herein commemorated, Miss Hamilton, whose habit it was to sit, with some slight resource in the way of fancy-work, near one of the windows which looked out upon the quiet suburban avenue, had observed a tall, sedate stranger advance along the opposite sidewalk, cross the street, and disappear from view. Perhaps her attention was attracted because of the regularity of this episode; perhaps because his appearance approximated her somewhat exacting ideal; perhaps because the first time she saw him he was looking at the window with a certain expectancy. Among the accomplishments she had acquired under Madame Sevier's tutelage was not the grace of humility. The idea was instantly suggested that he had before seen her here, and was on the lookout for her. This flattered her and piqued her curiosity, — all the more because of the regular recurrence about the same hour of the phenomenon. He was a grave man, twenty-five or thirty years of age; handsome in a certain sense, but not in the style that usually attracts the favorable regards of young girls. He had deeply set gray eyes, an aquiline nose, a large, firm chin, a finely chiseled mouth with flexible lips, about which were lines that showed a capacity for varying expression. The heavy lower jaw and broad, high forehead gave the face a certain squareness. He was clean-shaven, and his light brown hair was clipped close to a massive head. He wore a well-fitting suit of light cloth and a straw hat. He was tall, well proportioned, and, an experienced observer could easily have seen,

in good training from the standpoint of athletics. He walked slowly, but at an even pace, looking neither to the right nor the left; and there was nothing, apparently, which broke the monotony of his methodical progress down the street except the momentary interest with which he glanced at the front window of the corner house.

Now, if there had been any recognizable betrayal of such interest at this stage of the affair, or any attempt to inaugurate an acquaintance, the matter would have abruptly terminated, and Mr. Hugh Kennett would have had only the view of John Hamilton's closed window-blinds for his pains; for the young lady, with all her caprice, her somewhat exaggerated self-esteem, — to put it mildly, — and her love of excitement, was fastidious, and a devotee to externals. It pleased her that he should look with covert eagerness toward the house, that he should distantly and respectfully admire her, and that she should subtly divine his admiration. Since, however, the vanity which receives homage as due is more exacting than the vanity which asserts a claim, the affair was not likely to go further but for the interposition of accident.

The accident was of an obvious and simple nature, — merely an afternoon call.

"I think I should like to take the phaeton and go over to see Amy," remarked Miss Hamilton to her sister-in-law, one day, "provided I can secure the society of the festive Frederick."

It was the habit in the Hamilton family to allude to the eight-year-old son of the house with a sort of caressing mockery, in phrases of doubtful value as witticisms, but of humorous intent.

Mrs. Hamilton replied that it was a pleasant day for the trip, and that the horse and phaeton were entirely at their service.

The "festive Frederick" was four feet high and fractious. To find him was

a matter of difficulty. When found, he declared tumultuously that he had rather die than go to call at cousin Amy's, — a reckless assertion, since he was mounted on a bicycle, and destruction seemed to menace him in every yard of his tottering progress. There was a swift exchange of argument and counter-argument. The nephew deftly reclined on his tall steed against a convenient tree-box, his distorted shadow stretching along the sidewalk among the dappling simulacra of the maple leaves. A golden haze was in the air; down the vista of the street might be seen a vast spread of clustering roofs; spires caught the light and glittered.

"Very well," said Felicia at last. "I dare say I can go alone. Sometimes there are cows on the streets; probably I shall meet some; and if cousin Robert is not at his house, or too busy to drive me home, I may have to come back by myself."

There was a pause. The boy on the bicycle wore a troubled and thoughtful air.

"They have a good many fires in this city," continued the young lady, discursively, "and when the engines bang a gong and tear along they always frighten me. However, perhaps I can take care of myself."

She turned away resignedly.

The heart that beat so ambitiously on the giddy mount was a chivalric heart enough, after all. There was a short scuffle of descent, and the two set out in amity.

The Reverend Robert Raymond lived in a portion of the city so secluded that it had a village-like aspect. Farther west were miles of staring, new, red brick dwellings and corner groceries, drug stores, livery stables, all important and busy with neighborhood trade; but this retired region the march of improvement, in some inexplicable freak, had spared. Grass and trees surrounded most of the houses, which were old-

fashioned, roomy, not altogether convenient according to exacting modern standards, but sufficiently comfortable. Among them was a large, square, two-story brick dwelling, with a wide veranda in front. The shadows were long on the grass, streaked with the yellow rays of the afternoon sun, as Miss Hamilton and her youthful escort took their way up the gravel walk.

A man like the rector of St. Paul's usually has some hobby. His hobby was the art of gardening. He never accomplished anything very remarkable; the aid of professionals was the sole reliance before the season was well advanced. But when he pridefully surveyed the result of their joint efforts, his calm arrogation to himself singly of the entire merit of his garden was a thing to behold; and every spring his faith that his own work would supply the family with green peas and Hubbard squash was as consummate as his faith in the Creed. Experience taught him nothing, for cousin Robert was one of those lucky souls who believe the thing that they wish to believe. Felicia saw him now in the kitchen garden at the side of the house, plying his rake among the lettuce; apparently a painful operation, for he was a long man, and the rake was a particularly short rake, being, in fact, his wife's implement for use among the verbenas. Felicia's was not a temperament to sympathize with this sort of pursuit. "Always pottering," she said to herself, with half-affectionate, half-contemptuous indignation. "And if he must potter, why *will* he break his back with Amy's little old rake?"

Her disapproval was not, however, sufficient to mar the cordiality of her look and gesture, — for she was fond of cousin Robert, — as she passed through the garden gate and went swiftly toward him, both hands outstretched and a gay greeting on her lips. Those dewy red lips were smiling: her eyes were softly

bright; a rich bloom mantled her delicate cheek; her musical laughter rang out. To the man lounging on the green bench in the grape-arbor near at hand, half concealed by the swaying branches, she seemed the embodiment of the gracious season; as joyous, as brilliant, as expressive of life and light, hope and promise, as the early summer-time itself. For, serious and unimpressible as he looked, Hugh Kennett had an imagination. His Pegasus had, to be sure, been bitted, and bridled, and trained to run for the cup, but on occasion it might bolt like many a less experienced racer. Thus it was that Mr. Kennett evolved a personation instead of seeing merely a beautiful young woman, moving with ease and grace, speaking with a refined accent, and dressed, with a certain individuality of taste, in a light gray costume, embroidered elaborately and delicately with purple pansies that matched well her dark eyes. Being a man of taste as well as imagination, and particularly alert as to the minutiae of effect, her attitude, the harmonies of the colors she wore, the dainty details, appealed as strongly, though less poetically, to his cultivated perceptions.

At the sound of her voice, Mr. Raymond turned, with a start. She was a little chilled by a suggestion of constraint in his tones and manner, apparent when he greeted her, and still more when he introduced his companion, whom until now she had not seen. Hugh Kennett had risen; he had a cigar in his hand. He was looking at her with attention; their eyes met.

Madame Sevier's training did not comprehend every emergency. Notwithstanding her habit of society, the young lady was for a moment embarrassed; she flushed deeply, and her perceptible timidity contrasted agreeably with her manner an instant ago.

"You are always busy, cousin Robert," she said, glancing down at the

lettuce, and conscious of the extreme flatness of her remark.

"Say, cousin Robert," exclaimed Fred, who had delayed, to exchange greetings with a very old, very fat, very dignified pointer on the portico, and who now came up with the eagerness of the small boy to participate in the conversation,—"say, why n't ye sen' yer peas, an' squashes, an' apples, ter the fair, nex' fall? I jus' know yer'd git the prize. Say, won't yer sen' some ov 'em this year?"

"Well, I don't know about that," said cousin Robert, leading the way to the house.

"Oh, you bet I would, if I was a man an' had a garden!" cried the boy, attempting to possess himself of the rake of the reverend gentleman, who in turn attempted to playfully elude him, and succeeded in making it apparent that no juvenile amateur gardening was desired.

By the time the party reached the portico, where two ladies in white dresses were profuse in hospitable greetings and offers of the cane chairs that were grouped about in the shadow of the vines, Felicia's unwonted embarrassment had worn away, and she was mischievously amused by the look of anxious inquiry which Amy cast upon Robert and the shade of discomfort on his face. In her youthful self-sufficiency she suddenly arrived, as she fancied, at an explanation of their disquiet. "Cousin Robert seemed to find the introduction a trial," she reflected, rapidly. "And the other day he wished to prevent me from seeing that they know his friend, whom he apparently desires to keep in jeweler's cotton. Does he consider me so dangerous as all that,—such an ogre that they are *afraid* for their precious Hugh Kennett? I think, I really think, Felicia," she concluded, gleefully apostrophizing herself, "you must give your cousin Robert something to be uneasy about."

By way of accomplishing this purpose she proceeded *per ambages*. Mr. Raymond, accustomed to her vivacity, it may even be admitted her loquacity, was thrown off his guard. Madame Sevier, a very wise person in a certain sense, had numerous theories as to the elements which go to make that finished expression of society, a charming woman, and one of these was apropos of the unloveliness of talk. "Talk," she would declare, "is not conversation. The greatest enemy a woman of mind must contend against is her own tongue. It is not what she *has to say* that matters; it is what she *is*. If a beautiful girl's faculties are absorbed in expressing her ideas, which in the nature of things are not valuable, she loses what is both valuable and artistic,—the charm of her individuality. A certain phase of intellectual adolescence is interesting because of its possibilities and its divinations, but this must disappear as soon as the assumptions of the thinker come to be considered,—especially when they are urged with the fatally didactic manner which seems to be inseparable from every woman who has 'views.'"

Perhaps her favorite pupil had profited by these axioms; perhaps she was silent only because she had become interested in the talk of the others; certainly, to those who knew her best she had never appeared to such advantage. She was a conspicuous figure in her circle, and it was the habit of her friends to discuss her much, comparing her to herself on different occasions,—what she wore, how she looked, what she said. This afternoon there was a sort of still brilliance upon her; though she spoke seldom, her smile held the charm of an indefinite, delightful promise; a certain eloquence of expression shone in her bright, dark eyes.

Sundry theories were not included in cousin Robert's philosophy. It did not occur to him that the young lady talked to him much because she considered

him little; he took heart of grace. "A dashing girl like Felicia would never give a second thought to such a sedate fellow as Kennett," he assured himself.

Deprived of Miss Hamilton's conversational aptitude, the party on Mr. Raymond's portico presented, however, no aspect of Carthusian or Trappist gathering. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant, was visiting the young couple, and *she* had no theories as to the unloveliness of talk. She kindly entertained the company.

Now, everybody knows, or ought to know, that it was a great blessing to have been born one of the Stanleys. The reasons why this was a blessing are so apparent as to need no explanation; the Stanleys being so highly reputable and estimable a family, well endowed with this world's goods, and holding additional prominence because possessing certain political and legal magnates. It was particularly appropriate that this representative of the Stanleys should have added lustre to the family by her marriage to a certain notable Ex-Governor Brant. Although he was greatly her senior, it seemed as much a love-match as so ambitious a woman might achieve. A man who had gone so often to Congress, and who had sat for many years on the judicial bench, fulfilled the most exacting ideal of which she could conceive, even had his personal character been less valuable than that of the unexceptionable but prosaic old gentleman she survived. He had been long since gathered to his fathers, but still lived in the reverential, if discursive, reminiscences of his relict. How he rose by degrees to eminence; how he was elected by overwhelming majorities to the state legislature, to Congress, to the United States Senate; his friends, his enemies, the causes he espoused, the policies he deprecated,—Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant's acquaintances sometimes heard of these things. The gentleman

whose triumphs were thus celebrated had been a respectable enough politician of the old school, and it is very creditable to human nature that it was possible for wifely pride to transform him into a hero.

Her faith in him served the double purpose of keeping his memory green, and of warding off from the endangered company cousin Robert's account — which he was aching to give — of the steps he had taken last autumn with the strawberries, and the extremely satisfactory result attained by planting in hills and ruthlessly cutting away all runners. The nethermost abysses were not immediately reached. The conversation was not agricultural, and the worst that the party was called upon for a time to endure were the mellow contralto and the reminiscences of Mrs. Brant.

The ex-governor as a theme was not forced upon the company. She was not malapropos; indeed, he was merely introduced *en passant*, in an allusion to Hugh Kennett's father, — in a tributary manner, as it were, to the personal conversation.

"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr. Kennett," she said, smiling upon him across the portico, as she sat by Felicia's side. "I remember your father well. I saw him a number of times when I was first in Washington. He was quite a young man, but already notable in his profession. My husband had then just been elected to Congress on the Whig ticket, — ah, such a hard-fought contest, Mr. Kennett! Party feeling ran high in those times. People had no lukewarm blood in their veins then. Only Governor Brant's personal popularity carried him through. He had his own views of political measures, and the event justified him, — yes, indeed, always justified him."

She spoke in an even, agreeable voice; the very tone embodied so entire a faith in her own words that it

imposed concurrence. She had a handsome face, of a somewhat imperial type: dark, expressive eyes; a small, finely shaped head, held well back; glossy chestnut hair, — showing an occasional gleam of gray in its abundance, — which was brushed in waving masses on each side of her broad, high brow, and arranged in a heavy coil at the back of her head. She was tall and imposing, and moved with a majestic grace; her manner expressed kindness, consideration, even deference, and yet instilled, in some brilliant, subtle way, the idea that she could well afford to be so polite, being Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant.

Some very thin-skinned people interpreted this manner of conciliation and subcurrent of satisfaction as condescension, which Felicia Hamilton, in the exercise of a talent that she possessed, the talent of vicariously experiencing, divined that this stranger in especial must find rather marked. Mrs. Brant was almost offensively gracious to Mr. Kennett: she selected him to the exclusion of the others as the recipient of her remarks; she bent upon him her most amiable smile.

"You resemble your father," she said; "yes, very much. And I am told you inherit his talents. The tones of your voice in speaking remind me of him. Very remarkable man, and very successful, — yes, indeed. My husband at once predicted his success. 'Emily,' he said to me, 'that young man, that young Kennett, will rise high, mark my words.' And the prediction was verified, — yes, indeed. Your father held a *high* place in his calling, — no doubt about that."

Her politeness was so extreme that it was flavored with the sentiment of *noblesse oblige*. "How does our gentleman like to be patted on the back in *that* style?" thought Felicia, in secret amusement. She glanced at him, but his face told her nothing. It seemed now a singularly inexpressive face, or

he held it in singularly strong control. His gray eyes were fixed on Mrs. Brant's handsome countenance, he made the proper murmur of assent and reply, and this was all, and it baffled Felicia. "Perhaps he is only stupid," she thought, in disgust.

"Your father had a very full, rotund voice," pursued Mrs. Brant. "I should judge that he sang well."

"He only sang a little for his own pleasure," answered the visitor. "He never studied."

"The talent for music should *always* be cultivated," continued Mrs. Brant, never dropping that *soupeçon* of condescension. "A beautiful art, Mr. Kennett. And it is such a pity that so much money is spent upon it to so little purpose. Now, there's my Amy. I said, 'Now, my child, Nature has done her part,' — a lovely natural voice, Mr. Kennett, high and sweet; you would be surprised. I sent her North, I secured the best professors. And the result is" — she held up her soft white hands expressively, palms outward, as if to show the company that nothing was in them — "the result is — all wasted! She has n't opened a piano a dozen times since her marriage!"

Four pairs of eyes turned upon the abashed Amy, who seemed very youthful as she looked deprecatingly up from under her fair hair. Mr. Kennett's voice took on something of the reassuring tone with which one encourages a timid child.

"Why do you give up your singing, cousin Amy?" he asked.

"Oh," she hesitated, "Robert does n't care for music."

He glanced at Raymond with a smile. Then his eyes met Felicia's.

"You and Amy are cousins?" she asked, in surprise. "I did n't know that."

"Robert and I are cousins," he explained.

"Oh!" she said.

Was it inadvertence, was it coquetry? While his eyes were still on her face, her lips curved softly into a smile; those dainty dimples appeared on her cheeks; her purple eyes, so dark, yet so bright, were smiling, too. She looked straight at him.

"Do I understand this?" she said, innocently. "If you are Robert's cousin, of course you are Amy's cousin, and Amy is my cousin, — and are you my cousin, too?" She raised her delicate black eyebrows inquiringly.

Mrs. Stanley-Brant gasped a little. Mr. Raymond frowned. Amy had the air of cowering back into the recesses of her big cane armchair. Hugh Kennett's eyes were steadily fixed on Miss Hamilton's face. He did not quite interpret her. He was not sure if this were *naïveté* or intention. He only knew that a very beautiful woman was looking at him with the most delightful expression he had ever seen. He had had a wide experience of life, sometimes sordid, sometimes imbued with a certain brilliance; he thought he had forgotten, among more tangible aims and emotions, the thrill and vague complexity of feeling which stirred him for an instant. A dark flush mounted slowly to his face. He said gravely that to be even a distant relative of hers would be a great privilege.

The training of Madame Sevier's pupil, if nothing more, made her abundantly aware that her freak was inexcusable, but it must be confessed that she experienced no penitence. She was pleased with the stiffness of his reply; she was mischievously delighted with the discomfiture of the others, although it had begun to greatly puzzle her.

Cousin Robert was not destined to remain in disastrous eclipse. In the somewhat awkward pause that ensued, it chanced that the breeze stirred suddenly with an audible murmur the foliage about the portico. It seemed to him very adroit to call attention to the

honeysuckle vines intertwined in cables about the posts, and tell how they should be planted, pruned, and trained. This led, by one of those easy digressions which come so deftly to men of his profession, to the subject of horticulture generally, and he elaborated at some length his theory of the proper system in the case of the tomato plant: that it should be trained against trellises, carefully fertilized with the best South American guano; that the principal stalk should be allowed to branch out laterally; that all other branches should be ruthlessly suppressed; that half the blooms should be pinched off while yet in the bud, — what did cousin Robert care for Irishisms on a theme like this? that it should be sprinkled generously before sunrise and after sunset in dry weather. “And in six weeks,” he declared, triumphantly, “I shall be able to give you tomatoes, cultivated on this principle, luscious as strawberries, red as blood, and big as my hat.”

And while he thus held forth, the twilight advanced apace. The afterglow of the sunset sifted through the leaves on Felicia Hamilton's face, all etherealized by the poetic light, and touched with a soft gleam her violet eyes, as they rested on the shadow-flecked turf outside. Far away, the rumbling of an occasional horse-car, or the lighter roll of buggies carrying suburban residents homeward, invaded the stillness. There was a lakelet, or perhaps only a miasmatic pool, in the neighborhood, from which frogs croaked in strophe and antistrophe, — the sound mellowed by the distance. The air was imbued with that primal enchantment of summer which belittles all coming later, — the delicious fragrance of honeysuckle; it seemed to have lured two humming-birds from their downy domiciles, and they were evidently gayly bent upon making a night of it, as they quaffed the sweet wine of the flowers in the lingering flush of the red sunset.

“Them hum'n'-birds ain't no good,” remarked Fred. “They can't sing, an' they 're so little an' teen-ty.”

He gazed up at the fluttering things, as airy, as alluring, as vaguely glancing, as a fancy, a fascination, a dream, the impulse of a poem yet unwritten.

“Swans!” he continued, enthusiastically, — “they 're the fellers fur *my* money. Them swans at the Pawk, eh, aunt F'lish?”

He rolled over on his side, as he lay at her feet on the floor, and changed the position of his head, which he had pillowed on the old pointer, who moaned and wheezed in meek objection.

“It is my privilege,” said Miss Hamilton, rising, “to drive with this young man to the Park every Saturday afternoon, the one meagre holiday that falls to his toilsome scholastic lot. If he does n't go home and get some sleep, he may not be able to make the trip to-morrow. So we must tear ourselves away.”

Fred rose nimbly. “An' we have most bully drives ter the Pawk, you bet!” he exclaimed, vivaciously. “An' we ain't missed a Sat'day since she's been in town.”

Mr. Raymond accompanied them to the gate, and assisted Felicia into the phaeton. Soon the clatter of hoofs and the roll of wheels arose, as they disappeared down the street into the purple shadows of the coming twilight.

III.

About four o'clock on warm afternoons, there was an interval of quiet, almost of somnolence, in the Lawrence Hotel. The rush of lunch was over; that of dinner had not begun; no trains were due or departing; the glare was tempered to a cool half-light; decorous officials lounged behind their desks. When a voice fell upon the air from the direction of the bar-room, it seemed

peculiarly loud and assertive, being rotund and penetrating in quality, and invading the stillness argumentatively. It was interrupted by another, a deep bass, embroidered, so to speak, by several bursts of rich laughter. Then the marble floor resounded with rapid footfalls, and the sleepy clerks roused themselves. One of the men who entered hurriedly was a slim, wiry, active fellow, perhaps thirty-five years of age; he was much flushed, his steps were unsteady, and he betrayed a tendency to emphatic gesticulation. His features were irregular and very mobile; his eyes were gray and deep-set; heavy wrinkles about his mouth and brow made him seem older than he was. His suit of blue flannel needed brushing, and his straw hat, set far back on his head, also gave evidence of careless wear. His companion was younger, tall, brunette, slim, debonair, point-device as to his perfectly fitting light gray suit, and joyous as to spirits. These two emerged into the office as Hugh Kennett entered from the street. At sight of him the younger pushed in advance of his companion.

"Hello, Kennett!" he cried, in his deep, gay voice. "You're just in time. Look at Abbott; he's trying to shirk his just obligations in the shabbiest way," and his full, rich laughter vibrated on the air.

"It's all right!" exclaimed Abbott, coming to a sudden stop, and confronting Kennett with a grave, flushed face and an argumentative eye. "Fell'r don't want t'be swindled, ye know. Don't propose to pay more'n ought to pay,—matter princ'ple, ye see."

A clerk from the bar-room, a fresh-faced young man, evidently inexperienced and oppressed by a sense of conflicting duties, the propitiation of patrons and the responsibility to his employers, had followed the two with hesitation. He also quickened his steps at sight of Kennett, and, addressing him by name,

explained, with some vague effort to make light of the matter, that this gentleman had "treated" a number of his friends the previous evening, and now complained of the amount of his bill.

"Could n't have drunk all that champagne, Kennett," declared Abbott, looking with tipsy solemnity into the other's eyes, "if we'd all been damned fishes, w'ales, ye know; give y' m' word we could n't."

The young man in the gray suit again burst into laughter; it was rather loud. He was contradictorily gentlemanly and *prononcé*; he was too dashing for good style, yet he had ease and smoothness. He made a comical grimace, which was at once irresistible and reprehensible.

"The thing's impossible. They're trying to swindle you," he said.

"Don't you think, Preston, you carry a joke to extremes?" demanded Kennett, glancing with annoyance at the group attracted by the loud voices, and wearing faces in which curiosity and contemptuous amusement were blended. Then he turned to Abbott. "You will be late, if you don't look out."

"Nev'r fear, old fell'r. Made a hit last night; goin' t' make a ten strike to-night,—see 'f I don't. Goin' t' fly high,—bet all ye're worth on that. Goin' t' float with wind an' tide,—see 'f I don't. Goin' t' make my fortune."

He uttered this string of incompatible similes with an airy wave of the hand which, if he had been sober, might have been eminently graceful.

"You have made your fortune already. You had better take a carriage now and go home. He is not fit for anything, Preston. Why don't you get him away?"

But Abbott laid his hand on Kennett's shoulder. "You're my bes' friend, Kennett," he declared. "You saw what I could do. You understood me. You pushed me. Old Hoax'em never would have found out what was in me if you

hadn't put him up to it. You're my bes' — bes' friend."

He began to show alarming lachrymose symptoms. There was a touch of real feeling in his voice, but also no little of the pathos of alcohol in various forms. The spectators grinned. Kennett shook him off impatiently. Preston again burst into laughter, and, catching Abbott's arm, dragged him to the door, while Kennett walked back to the bar-room with the custodian of liquid treasures.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir," said the anxious, fresh-faced young clerk, as Kennett paid the residue of the bill, which Abbott, in his wisdom, had seen fit to eliminate.

"It will be all right when he gets sober."

"That fellow seems considerable of a scamp," observed an old gentleman standing near, who took his straight.

Kennett loyally denied it. "He is a good fellow and very talented," he declared, "but he has some friends who like to see him make a fool of himself."

By the time he returned to the office it had resumed the normal quiet of the hour. He threw himself into one of the red velvet armchairs, lighted a cigar, and took up a newspaper. He glanced at it a few moments, then let it fall on his knee. The noises on the street were languid and intermittent; nobody came or went. He took his cigar from his lips, eyed it meditatively, then, suddenly, "Why not?" he said, — "why not?" and rose to his feet. He replaced his cigar, threw aside his paper, and walked, not briskly, — he never walked briskly, — but with a certain definiteness of intention, to the door. The jangling of an approaching street-car bell grew momentarily louder, as he waited under the striped awning. He walked out into the blinding sunshine, stepped upon the platform, and was borne with sufficient expedition toward the suburbs.

In the week that had elapsed since he met Miss Hamilton he had seen her once or twice at the windows of her brother's house, and once in the perspective of the side yard, where, among the ornamental shrubbery, there were garden-seats and a hammock that swung in the shade. A lady was with her, and several children. He recognized Fred's voice, half unintelligible because of overweening enthusiasm. It seemed a vivacious family group. For the past day or so, however, she had not been visible. He thought she had probably left town. Last evening this conjecture was disproved. He passed the house about eleven o'clock. It was brilliantly lighted, but the blinds were drawn, except in one of the parlor windows. He heard the murmur of voices and laughter. For one instant there were visible, through the square of the window, the head and shoulders of the young lady as she crossed the room. In the swift transit something pink which she was wearing poetically took on the similitude of a rosy cloud, from which her face shone like a star. A gentleman was beside her — blonde, handsome, young. They made a pretty picture for the instant that they might be seen. "She is having a fine time," said Hugh Kennett. "I suppose that's the favored suitor." He laughed at himself, a moment later. "I seem to have a grudge against that youngster," he said, "because she sits at the window — sometimes." And he went on in the light of the summer moon.

To paraphrase a well-known apothegm, if you do not entertain your frivolous young lady, she will entertain herself. Up to this time Miss Hamilton had had every faculty of an alert, receptive, retentive intellect trained to its utmost possibility in an entirely *personal* direction. Affairs of general moment, every phase of outside life, of thought, of culture, had been presented to her intellectual consciousness as instinct with but one vital element, — their effect upon Fe-

licia Hamilton's identity. She had acquired habits of industry and an eager mental activity which, so far, had found scope enough in the scheme of acquisition devised for her, and which, now that the limits of this scheme were reached, gave a certain poignancy to this moment, while her life stood expectant, and demanded of the future, What next? There seemed a vagueness in all possible reply. Her mental discipline had tended to no practical end; her carefully cultivated social qualifications had no field. If so intense a nature and so alert an intellect had been in the passionate possession of a definite ambition; if, on the other hand, so worldly a woman had commanded a full measure of worldly interests and absorptions, there could have ensued no sense of vacuity. In either case, she would not probably have given as yet half a dozen moments to the thought of Hugh Kennett. The episode of casually meeting him would have slipped into the past with many slight episodes. But in the simply ordered routine of her days there was little to occupy her attention; she was strangely lonely, one would say, seeing her surrounded by the family group. That was the trouble. It was eminently the domestic atmosphere she was called upon to breathe, and her lungs were not trained to this air. She found a certain monotony in a life of which the most lively incidents were preserving fruit or putting away blankets in camphor for the summer, especially as her interest in the matter was that of the entirely disinterested spectator. She was fond of her sister-in-law and the children; their society, however, did not absorb all her faculties. To be sure, this was very objectionable. A woman of fine mind and feeling should be able to discover resources in simple pleasures and an uneventful routine; but *que voulez-vous?* Promise a richly spiced diet of daily excitement, and does not the nutritious oatmeal become insipid?

John Hamilton and his wife were happily and sturdily unaware how limited were their resources for entertainment as measured from their visitor's standpoint. They accorded, as they supposed, all due consideration to the amusement of their young guest. They took her several times to the theatre; they drove her through the parks; they showed her the notable pictures; they gave her an "evening." This "evening" bored Felicia to the verge of coma.

John Hamilton would have laughed to scorn the idea that society could be anything of a serious affair; that the best results are attained by experts who pursue it with acumen and diligence, and with mental exercises that have some analogy to the careful vaticinations of chances and of elements which a man of business gives to the stock fluctuations on 'Change. Social life he regarded with that peculiar sort of half-amused nonchalance characteristic of a rural magnate, who had found it an exceedingly simple matter in his village home and in the large provincial city contiguous, where he and his family were as well known as the court-house or the university at which he had received his collegiate education. To his mind, people who were not aware that this favored region was the most delightful on earth, its educational facilities were the most superior, and its society was the most agreeable, were people much to be pitied. He was a man of inherited fortune, independent of his expectations from his father. He had of late years greatly increased his business ventures, and, having nerve and money and luck on his side, he was rapidly making a large fortune. In extending his operations, the advantageous field offered by Chilounatti had been pressed upon his attention, and some six months earlier he had removed thither; taking with him a certain dash and an enterprise that instantly began to make itself felt in financial circles, and taking

also his imperative personality, his breezy, good-humored manner, and his disregard of conventionality in its more exacting sense. It was owing to various cumulative and ramifying effects of some of these circumstances and traits of character that the "evening" presented some features which might distinguish it from many similar entertainments.

A new-comer into any society, with the definite claims of money and family, is apt to be the recipient of its respectful attentions, and when Hamilton desired to ask a few people to meet his sister he was at no loss for material. He cast about and invited somewhat at haphazard among various families who had been especially polite to him and his wife. It did not occur to him, however, that while his guests were heavy weights financially and socially, most of them were equally ponderous mentally, and that he had not secured a sufficient quantity of a lighter and more vivacious element to leaven the entertainment, and render it altogether congenial to a person of the fair beneficiary's age and temperament. The majority of the company, substantial business potentates, stolidly partook of the conversation and the viands, and lent as much of animation to the occasion as did their wives or the armchairs. There was a sprinkling of beaux: a young lawyer, heavy and monosyllabic, with an unresponsive and suspicious eye; a rising architect, whose reputation for talent he was apparently conscious needed constant vindication; he vindicated it by a haughty inclination to silence, and when he did speak as much of covert sarcasm as was admissible. There were also two young collegians, Seniors in a locally celebrated university, — one blonde and rather shy, the other a trifle flippant. Both of these seemed very distrustful of Felicia; indeed, all the unmarried men apparently thought it necessary to be on their guard against her, — perhaps as

vaguely dangerous, perhaps lest a chance word of theirs might minister, contrary to their intention, to her self-approval, which they divined and irrationally resented. The married men regarded her with mild indifference. The young ladies, who were somewhat mature (it is a recognized anomaly that while the married lady is still young, her compeer, yet unmarried, is distinctly *passée*), — these ladies appreciated her sparkle, her grace, her poise, her gracious little coquetry, which they had the insight to perceive she wore like her flowers, as embellishment to herself and in compliment to the guests and the festivity; not by way of tribute to her interlocutor, as the young architect, the lawyer, and the collegians fancied one moment, and half angrily doubted the next. These young men had the "touchy" vanity peculiar to immature years and inexperience, when, unfortunately, it is not neutralized by geniality or frivolity. They took themselves, Felicia, and the occasion with the utmost seriousness, not to say tragically.

Mrs. Hamilton's friends had heard much of her sister-in-law, who was, in her way, something of a social celebrity. It was with very genuine curiosity that they looked at the young lady dressed in faint pink, with a wonderful contrast of darkly red roses on her bosom and in her hand. She held a large pink fan with a full-blown rose and bud painted with such realism that she seemed to have robbed her dress for it; she waved it slowly back and forth; occasionally she opened and shut it. She had great ease of manner. However many were about her, she bestowed some words on each, and a gracious smile; she listened with an appearance of deep interest to whatever was said, and replied aptly and spiritedly. More than one of our young gentlemen esteemed this uncandid, — she could n't be so pleased as that with bald-headed old Harcourt, you know, or that blushing fool, young Osborne. She

looked at them softly and brightly. The mature young ladies thought she "made eyes" at the gentlemen; it must be admitted she made them very impartially.

The burden of the entertainment devolved upon the guest of the evening, and the manner in which she acquitted herself of the responsibility extorted more appreciation than she supposed. She had her reward, however, such as it was, when the guests took leave, to see that there was a trifle of animation and even gayety among them and in the approval of John Hamilton and his wife.

"What a brilliant, brilliant evening!" cried Mrs. Hamilton, as the door shut on the last guest. "Oh, Felicia, how *exquisite* you look, and how delightfully you made it go off! What *pleasure* it is going to give me to entertain often in this lovely way!"

Felicia hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. After she shut herself into her own room she decided upon the latter course, and shed a few tears of vexation and fatigue. How was it, she asked herself, that she could not come across any agreeable people? Were she and cousin Robert the only conversable human beings in this great city? Perhaps it was because she knew so few, so very few. Perhaps — she had not noticed before — it is necessary to meet two or three hundred people in order to winnow the mass, and extract the infrequent half dozen or so pleasant friends who make life endurable. How dull the whole affair had been, this evening, and how unendurable was life! With her temperament and at her age one has no future; the temporary disappointment curtained her horizon with as distinct a cloud as a real sorrow. What better could John have done? she said. He could not help it if he knew nobody interesting. She believed there was nobody that was interesting in the place. She could not remember a face with a spark of intelligence, except that of the silent man she met at cousin Robert's.

She supposed he had some brains; he looked as if he had. With his face the last image in her mind, she fell asleep.

The next morning she again remembered Hugh Kennett, and at breakfast, after a full discussion of the festivity of the previous evening, she asked her brother if he knew a cousin of cousin Robert's, — a man named Kennett.

"Never heard of him," said John Hamilton, buttering his roll with quick strokes. He was eating in a hurry, for breakfast was late, as is meet after a party. He was in a good humor, however: the "evening" had gone off very well, his wife was pleased, and he supposed his sister was delighted.

"He passes here every day, about eleven," persisted Felicia. "A tall man, who has no mustache or beard, and usually wears a sort of fawn-colored suit, — sometimes blue, sometimes a gray suit."

"Don't recognize the description, — passes here every day at eleven?" He brushed away with his napkin the crumbs adhering to the long, fair mustache that swept across his full, florid cheek, and fixed his blue eyes on his sister's face. "Felicia," he said, with mock gravity, "don't have anything to say to any fellow — even if he is Raymond's cousin — who does n't go down town till eleven o'clock. He must be president of a bank, — a faro-bank."

He burst into a loud laugh at his own witticism, and catching up his Derby hat put it on his head, where it fortunately concealed an expanse of premature baldness, and revealed only a fringe of close-clipped brown hair. He was light on his feet for a heavy man, and in another instant his rapid step resounded down the hall; the door closed with a bang; he dashed into a passing car, and was instantly absorbed in abstruse calculations concerning the possible corner in wheat, as oblivious to the fact of a girl's vague and delicate complications of feeling as though no

such subtle and imperative force were in existence.

When Fred reminded his aunt, that afternoon, of her promise to drive with him to the Park, he was disgusted to perceive that she seemed disposed to shirk her obligation. She was tired, she said; she felt languid, — perhaps it was a touch of malaria. Besides, didn't he see what she was doing? This was the baby's flannel petticoat she was embroidering as a surprise for his mother. Would n't he be pleased to see his little sister wear a petticoat with such deep embroidery? And what a pretty design! — roses and lilies, — so appropriate. But Fred said he would n't be pleased at all. "I ain't goin' ter let you off fur nothin', — just trine ter cheat me out'n my trip, because you know mamma won't lemme go by myself, when ther ain't one bit of danger, nohow," whined Fred.

He raised his stormy freckled face, almost as red with to-day's varied experiences as if it had been parboiled. Expostulation, surly disfavor, impending outbreak, and entreaty were oddly blended in his eloquent blue eyes; his hat was pushed far back on his disheveled flaxen hair, which was beaded with moisture, and stood upright from his brow in damp wisps. His complication of expressions moved Felicia; she began to fold her work.

"An' I think a smart girl like you," continued Fred, with his own inimitable patronage, "might find somethin' nicer ter do than workin' old flow'rs in an old baby's petticoat, when she don't know a rose from a tadpole."

"No doubt you are right about that," said Felicia, with a laugh.

She might have had for her drive more improving and intellectual companionship, but it would have been difficult to surpass Fred on the score of animation. He chatted without cessation, in high feather; now and again his cackling juvenile laughter split the

air. Felicia, too, was well pleased. The afternoon was soft, yet fresh; the horse was gentle and spirited, and very fast; the roads were excellent; from the crests of the many slight elevations were fine views of purple hills and green and yellow fields; now and then were visible the silver curves of the river, all softened by the distance and the transmuting afternoon sunshine. She appreciated intensely that quaint combination of ingenuousness, conceit, generosity, and selfishness which characterizes callow male human nature, and she had not been sufficiently long an intimate of Fred's to wear threadbare the interest she took in his peculiarities. It was her habit to conduct herself toward him with a certain *camaraderie*, serious or mirthful according to circumstances; and he accepted her tone in all good faith, nothing doubting that his consequence was as definite as her manner implied.

Thus they bowled cheerily along the broad thoroughfare, overtaking and passing many other pleasure-seekers in vehicles and on horseback; past handsome suburban residences, with lawns and gardens, growing gradually more extensive; past vacant lots, with big placards inscribed "For Sale" conspicuously displayed; past now and then a field, which was some day to be divided into lots and also placarded, and perhaps in the good time coming to be built up, when the "City of Splendid Promises" should redeem some of its pledges to futurity and extend thus far; past here and there sparse strips of woodland. And all at once more houses, although it seemed a moment ago that the country was almost reached, — plenty of them, too; city houses, showy, expensive, and modern. And here was the broad, impressive entrance to the Park, crowded with vehicles coming and going, presided over by members of the Park police, and by a great equestrian statue, looking down silent

and inscrutable. It was not disagreeable, after a time, to turn from the wide, much-frequented graveled drives down one of the quiet woodland ways. The sunshine and shadows flecked the road before them; vistas of greenery, upon which were imposed the brown boles of oak and hickory trees, stretched on each side; now and again the ground fell away in gentle grassy slopes; here they caught sight of a great burst of yellow sunshine flooding an open space in the distance, and here were steep banks and a stream gliding far below; the shadows were thick; the vegetation crowded close about the water; the horse's hoofs fell with a hollow sound as they pulled him into a walk, and they crossed the bridge slowly; and now on the opposite banks and away, the ground flying beneath the feet of the good Kentucky trotter.

In this portion of the Park little in the way of landscape gardening had been done, the attractions of the place being judiciously entrusted to well-tended smooth "dirt roads," and forest trees growing as Nature chose along the hill-sides and about the levels. But upon emerging suddenly from the shaded ways into the sunshine, the more conventional aspect of flower-beds, fountains, lakelets, grottoes, and fanciful pagoda-like structures was presented. A stone basin by the roadside, through which a stream of water was flowing, all at once reminded Fred that he might introduce the element of variety into the expedition.

"We ain't give Henry Clay one drop of water since we started!" he exclaimed, reining up suddenly.

"He can't be thirsty. Don't stop," protested Felicia.

If, however, one makes it a habit to place a boy of eight on a plane of consequence and dignity, it is not improbable that he will indorse the status in a manner and to a degree not always convenient. Fred, willful under all cir-

cumstances, was particularly resentful of authority where Felicia was concerned. She had herself to blame for the state of mind in which he composedly descended, paying not the slightest attention to her words, stood on tiptoe, laboriously unfastened the check-rein, and led the horse to the trough. The animal was evidently not thirsty, but he thrust his nozzle into the water and went through the motions of drinking, now and then turning his intelligent eyes contemplatively on the round, rosy face of the boy at his head. The sunshine was bright on his glossy bay coat that shone like satin; the wind whispered through the leaves; a thrush was singing in the clump of lilacs near by; some few belated blooms sent up on the air their delicate fragrance. Felicia sat in the phaeton waiting, the reins in her hands.

At this moment, unluckily, a boy, a year or two older than Fred, came cantering down the road on a black pony. He stopped upon seeing the party at the trough, and the two boys greeted each other as Damon and Pythias might have done after a separation of years, if both had been suffering from the infirmity of deafness. Fred dropped the check-rein which he had been holding, and ran to the side of the pony. Suddenly, to Felicia's amazement and horror, she saw him, after a short conference, — loud enough, but unintelligible to her, — put his foot into the stirrup and scramble up behind his friend. In reply to her eager remonstrance, he turned upon her an excited eye and a grave, sunburned face. "You just wait here for me," he said, peremptorily. "I've got to go to this boy's an' see his new rabbit-house. He lives just outside the Pawk. I'll be back d'rec'ly. You just wait."

Objection was useless. Felicia had merely time to open her lips for the purpose, when the two equestrians were off like the wind, clattering toward the

southern gates, leaving the wrathful young lady sitting in the phaeton, and Henry Clay looking after them in dignified surprise, until he bethought himself of the trough and occupied himself with pretending to drink.

The moments passed wearily. Now and again, Felicia, hearing the sound of rapid hoof-beats, would turn her head expectantly, to see only strangers gallop by. At length, tired and restless, she descended from the phaeton, slipped the hitching-rein through a ring on a post that stood in convenient proximity, and addressed herself to systematically waiting for the truant rabbit-fancier. She strolled up and down the walks; she gathered a few clover blooms and offered them to Henry Clay, who accepted them languidly, looking at her, she fancied, with a touch of contemptuous commiseration; she bethought herself of a book which had been placed in the phaeton, in order that she and Fred could take it, on their way home, to a friend of Mrs. Hamilton's. She returned to the phaeton, secured the volume, and placed herself on one of the benches that stood on the grassy margin of the lake. She did not read, however; the breeze fluttered the leaves, and brought to her many perfumes from the fantastically shaped beds of flowers near by; the expanse of water dimpled in the sunshine; a boat, filled with children and with its pennons flying, was making its way toward the island; some swans, slowly sailing about, arched their necks, and approached, and receded, until one, bolder than the rest, waddled up the bank toward the young lady, with sharp, unmusical cries of insistence. It seemed all at once to realize that it had mistaken her for some human friend in the habit of bringing a supply of cake or cracker; it paused, gazed at her intently, its head inquiringly on one side, its long neck stretched laterally toward her; it turned as suddenly, waddled off, glided into the water, and gracefully floated away.

Felicia's smile was still on her lips, when, observing that a shadow had fallen across her page, she looked up.

"That seemed a case of mistaken identity," said Hugh Kennett, referring to the bird's noticeable manœuvre. He was lifting his hat; the gesture was ceremonious, but he was smiling as he looked at her, — smiling like an old friend.

"It was disappointed," said Felicia.

"I believe you drive out to this park rather frequently with your little brother."

"My little nephew," corrected Felicia. "Yes, every Saturday. He does n't deserve to come again. I can appreciate Ariadne's despair. He left me here, while he has gone to look at another boy's rabbit-house."

She was in the habit of being much attended, and she deprecated that she should be sitting here alone, seeming, she fancied, rather forlorn, but she attempted to carry off the matter as jauntily as possible. "I am very angry with him, but I suppose I shall forgive him before his next holiday. He considers me pledged for Saturdays."

"They have music here on some of the other afternoons."

"But there is such a crowd."

"You dislike a crowd?"

"It is not an interesting sort of crowd," said Miss Hamilton, exactly; "it is a rabble, with a few nice people sprinkled in."

"After all, human nature is human nature," said Hugh Kennett.

So far he had been standing in the middle of the wide walk. He had replaced his straw hat; he held a little cane motionless with both hands behind him. The attitude showed his sinewy and admirably proportioned figure to much advantage. The fawn-colored suit he wore fitted well, and its soft tone accorded with his peculiar coloring. His complexion, neither noticeably fair nor dark, had a certain warmth, and its delicacy of texture suggested an indoor

pursuit. He had the look of a man who conserves an enviable physical trim. Well in health, well fed, well dressed, with nerves, mind, and heart under full control, — this was the impression given by his personal appearance. His eye, now that she saw it close and in a bright light, was full and clear; there were composure and strength in its expression.

Before Felicia replied she hesitated a moment. That moment meant a great deal to her. She was about many things somewhat exacting. Matters of social usage and form were important in her eyes; perhaps she even exaggerated the importance of her own dignity. She knew that he desired her to ask him to take the vacant place beside her, — it was what he was waiting for. She knew that to do so would confer upon him the favor of her acquaintance. She would not confer it merely because he desired it. She deliberately weighed, in that short pause, the reasons for and against this course. That he was Robert's cousin, and that she had met him, a guest, at the Rectory, on friendly terms with the clergyman and his wife, — to say nothing of Mrs. Emily Stanley-Brant, — went a good way, to be sure. But the meeting was accidental, and not necessarily an official indorsement, so to speak. Mr. Raymond had not introduced him to her brother or his wife, and had not brought him to call. On the other hand, the Raymonds were not very ceremonious about such matters, and this omission might have been merely negligence, not intention. Perhaps he was himself a stranger in Chilounatti; and again she was reminded how very little she knew of him personally. Although by no means so thoroughly versed in the ways of the world as she deemed herself, she had experience enough to understand the difficulty in gracefully getting rid of superfluous acquaintances. But was she justified, she argued, in relegating to this circle of the excluded a man whom the most puerilious of

men received on intimate terms into his own family, and whose manners and appearance were evidently those of a gentleman? She said to herself that she was as competent to judge a gentleman as her brother, who was dense in some respects, or cousin Robert, who was flighty. This reflection turned the scale. She raised her eyes to his.

"Will you sit down?" she said, gravely.

"Thank you," he returned, as gravely, and placed himself beside her on the painted bench.

It had been a momentous pause; each realized it, and each knew that the other realized it.

There was silence for a moment; then she replied to what he had said.

"Human nature may be human nature," she admitted, "but all *people* are not human. I know a terrier who has a tailor, — an excellent one, — and eyeglasses, and a mustache. Did you never see a woman like a bird, hopping and perching about, and surprising you every time she handles a fan or a parasol because her fingers are not claws? Why, a moment ago a man passed here whose fat little eyes were exactly like a pig's. Oh, no, some human beings are not exactly human, — I'm sure of that."

"I had no idea you were such a cynic," he said, looking at her with a half laugh. It was the glance and laugh of an old friend.

She was disposed for a moment to resent this, to consider it a liberty that there should be so distinct an undercurrent of sympathy, already glimpsed, or rather felt, through the crust of formality which characterized their short acquaintance. She arrogated to herself the privilege of any lapse from convention. As she glanced at him in uncertainty, she met his fine, calm eye; it had so evident a reliance on a reciprocity of feelings, whatever they might be, so simple and candid an enjoyment of the moment, that she was disarmed.

"A little cynicism is not a bad thing," he suggested; "it prevents one from wearing one's heart on one's sleeve."

"If one has a heart," she returned, with a little laugh.

"I am afraid we are all provided with that discomfort. Even the rabble, who have such bad manners."

"Bad manners are wicked," said Felicia, with that willful air which cousin Robert could never resist, and which Hugh Kennett also seemed to approve.

"In these cities that have such a rapid growth, other matters take precedence," he remarked. "Many people make money too fast here to care much about manners."

"Manners are more important than money," quoth the pupil of Madame Sevier.

He laughed at this.

"Just as the people about us are more important than the things about us," she persisted.

"I should never have thought you would feel that," he said, suddenly serious. "I supposed environment meant a great deal to you."

He spoke with evident interest; he looked at her expectantly as to what she might reply. He seemed determined to make the conversation very personal. This time she did not relent.

"I was speaking merely abstractly," she declared, indifferently, turning her eyes with a casual glance upon the scintillating surface of the lake, already enriched with gleams of gold and lines of crimson beneath the red and gilded brilliance deepening athwart the soft azure sky.

He was slightly taken aback for a moment. "Ah, well," he said, "an abstract truth merges itself sooner or later into a personal application. In my case, I admit environment means very little. A few close friends, an object in life, good health, and a quiet conscience, — that is a world a man can carry about with him as a snail carries its world."

"A man can do that," said Felicia.

"And a woman cannot? Why not?"

"For several reasons. We have no close friends; we can't go into the world and select those that suit us. And we have no object in life, — no definite object, I mean. And health, — you mentioned health, did n't you? — if we have health our occupation is gone; we can't coddle ourselves. As to conscience," — she laughed gleefully, — "we have n't that, either!"

Kennett laughed, too. "I am well aware of that fact," he replied; "I discovered long ago that you have no consciences."

She looked very arch and pretty at this moment: her eyes were bright; her parted scarlet lips showed her milk-white teeth; she had flushed a little. Her toilette, always so felicitously devised as to convey the impression that it was the most becoming she had yet worn, was noticeably simple; to-day she seemed to owe nothing to the embellishments of art. Her white dress was very fine in texture and very plainly fashioned; long black kid gloves, that fitted conscientiously, so to speak, gave her little hands additional daintiness; a straw hat demurely shaded her delicately tinted, brilliant face: she might have stepped from the frame of some old picture, but for the anachronism of a very modern lace-covered parasol with a long amber handle, which she revolved upon her shoulder as she talked. He was a man whom no detail escaped. He noticed, when she raised her eyes, that the iris was a veritable purple; that the whites were clear and tinged with blue; that the gold-tipped brown lashes were long and curled upward.

The wind stirred the leaves; the water of the fountain, falling, falling, in the midst of the rippling lake, was monotonously agreeable; the closely clipped turf was vividly green with the welcome brilliance of the season; striking athwart

the emerald expanse was a wide bar of yellow sunshine, and as a trio of young girls in light dresses passed through the gilded radiance, the red feather which one of them wore in her hat had a suddenly splendid effect, — it was a moment for enchantments. The trill of a lettuce bird vibrated on the air; the swans floated, and paused, and floated again, their snowy plumage gleaming in the sun.

"Do you read a great deal?" asked Mr. Kennett, glancing at the volume open on her knee.

"Very little."

"You don't care for reading?" he pursued, with the accent of surprise.

"Very much. And that is why I rarely indulge myself."

Again he looked at her, with that smile which, beneath its geniality, was charged with a more definite sympathetic quality.

"What unexpected material for martyrdom!" he exclaimed.

"I am not so heroic," she returned, with a laugh. "It seems to me I have no time to read."

"I had an idea — to be sure, I may be mistaken — but I had an idea that people like you have *all* the time."

She explained. "Once I read a great deal, — long ago, when I was young; and it became impressed upon me that I had no time to spend upon any books but text-books. One who intends to *live* has no time to read."

He gave this a moment of cogitation. "I cannot say I am quite ready to accept that doctrine," he declared.

"If you read, you take the views of the writers; you think their thoughts; you live a life made up of their theories mixed with your own circumstances. It is all incoherent."

"You want to conserve originality, I see," he remarked.

"Cousin Robert says Amy and I never look at a newspaper because we are afraid of learning something about

politics," she said, with her sudden laughter. "And he is right, — we detest them."

"Robert does not show his usual acumen in attributing the same views to you and his wife. You are not at all like your cousin."

"I don't know that you are at all like *your* cousin," remarked Felicia.

"We used to be considered alike," he returned, — "not so much in appearance, perhaps, as in temperament and character, and all that. The influences have been so different of late years that we may have drifted apart."

Certainly the talk had become very personal, but she said to herself that, under the circumstances, it was hardly matter for surprise.

"You have known him always, then?" she asked.

"Always. In fact, he was from his early childhood a member of my father's family, until he took that — well, excuse me — that freak to make a clergyman of himself. I must say I regret his choosing the ministry. You see, I am not much of a churchman," he added, deprecatingly, as her face grew grave.

Among the privileges she arrogated to herself was that of any depreciation of religious matters, and she was severe in condemnation of similar dereliction in others. He saw that he was in deep water, but was not sufficiently adroit to know exactly how to emerge.

"I think it does not altogether suit Robert to be a clergyman," he went on, uncertainly.

"He is a very valuable and useful one," she said, stiffly.

"Oh, no doubt," he rejoined, humbly.

"And very eloquent," continued Felicia.

"He has a great advantage in his voice and his fine elocution. He owes much of that to my father."

She was interested, remembering what

Mrs. Stanley-Brant had said about Mr. Kennett's father. Was he too a clergyman? she wondered.

"My father was very fond of Robert," continued Kennett, "and looked after his education with great attention; but he did that for all of us, — my sisters and I received our most valuable training from him. He had untiring patience and gentleness, and the most complete sympathy. Only those who knew him well could realize how fully he could enter into the ineffectual little efforts of others."

He spoke very simply and naturally, always with that candid confidence in her sympathy, as if to an old friend. His quiet gray eyes were fixed absently on the party-colored flower-beds that in the distance suggested huge bouquets; his face held an expression not so much of grief as of remembrance from which the bitterness of sorrow has been refined away, — a sort of calm and tender reflectiveness. Felicia divined that in the years that had passed the dead had come at last to seem only gone from sight and hearing, and not cruelly and incomprehensibly swept out of existence. She did not know exactly what to say; it was strange to be thus taken into the confidence of a man who was three hours ago so far removed from her by all those strong conventions

which she felt were so important; yet his evident unconsciousness of anything unusual in his words made them seem more a matter of course.

"He thinks cousin Robert has talked of him and of his father also," was her conclusion.

The western sky was crimson now; the surface of the lake was richly aglow. The red gold of the sunset was sifting through the air. The shadows were growing long. The breeze freshened. Suddenly the distant peal of the Angelus — that apotheosis of eventide effects — rang out, caught and tossed from side to side, as many a church and chapel repeated the mellow clang.

Adown the leafy vista of the road Fred and several of his friends might be seen advancing on foot, apparently engaged in some commercial transaction. One of them was holding out temptingly a big pocket-knife, which Fred evidently declined to receive; he had two strips of leather in his hand; their voices were loud in argument.

Felicia rose, and joined her nephew. Kennett assisted her into the phaeton. As Fred drove off, she bowed in adieu to her new acquaintance, and she was again impressed by the formality, even the ceremoniousness, of his salutation, and its singular contrast with his extreme frankness.

Fanny N. D. Murfree.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

THIS country has never seen a more interesting form of aristocracy than that which existed in Virginia at the middle of the eighteenth century. The colony had drawn its ruling class mainly from the English gentry. Many such, eager for gold and adventure, had come in the beginning with Dale and Captain Smith; while others, royalist refugees, had found

here an obscure retreat after the overthrow of Charles I. Purchasing for a trifle large tracts of the rich lowlands along the picturesque river-banks, they gradually assumed many of the conditions and modes of life to which they had been accustomed in England. They built spacious, imposing manor-houses, kept large numbers of servants, affected

ceremony, luxury, and ease, and ruled their wide and separated domains with a mild but arbitrary sway. Establishing the English Church, they made it the medium of their power as well as of their worship; for through its vestries they directed not only the religious services, but also the local government. Indeed, their influence controlled the State as fully as it did the household and the Church; for, occupying the magistracies, and monopolizing the governor's Council and even the popular House of Burgesses, they gathered into their ready hands all the reins of political power. And the better to maintain their position and to perpetuate their names, they transplanted and nourished that taproot of aristocracy, the rule of primogeniture, controlling the descent and securing the integrity of the family estate and prestige.

From this dominant, conservative aristocracy came the greater part of "that generation of Virginian statesmen who left so deep an impress on the history of the world;" and among them no one traced a longer lineage or inherited a stronger taste for politics than did Richard Henry Lee. His family was established on the rich tract of lowland known as the Northern Neck, between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, and at a point not far from the present city of Washington. Its history ran back nearly to the founding of the colony, and was interwoven with its most stirring and important events. Lee's great-grandfather, Richard Lee, came to Virginia in the reign of Charles I., and during that king's struggle with Parliament was secretary, and next in prominence, to Sir William Berkeley, then governor of Virginia. Together, these two kept the colony loyal, so strong was its royalist sentiment. Even after they were forced by Cromwell's ships to acknowledge the Commonwealth, they still plotted for the restoration, — Richard Lee himself visiting Charles II. in Flanders,

and inviting him to Virginia; and when royalty was restored, their fidelity and zeal were rewarded by a renewal of their control of Virginian affairs.

The prestige thus acquired by Berkeley's secretary was maintained in the Lee family. A son, Richard Lee, was a member of the king's Council; and a grandson, Thomas Lee, father of Richard Henry Lee, after serving many years as president of the Council, was commissioned governor of Virginia just before his death. Equally distinguished in the public service were the Ludwells of Greenspring, to whom the mother of Richard Henry Lee belonged. Both her father and her brother were members of the Council, and her grandfather had been governor of North Carolina.

With these continuous and eminent examples among his ancestors, — his father being the president, his uncle and grandfather having been members, of the king's Council, — naturally Richard Henry Lee early contemplated a public career. Indeed, this was about the only future then open to a young man of his class in Virginia. To engage in trade or in manual labor was deemed unworthy of a gentleman. In fact, there was no trade, even as there were no municipalities. The plantations, each constituting a little community by itself, usually had their own artisans and handicraftsmen among their indentured servants or their slaves; and, generally bordering upon tidal bays or upon rivers, they had their separate wharves, from which they loaded English ships with their sole important product, tobacco, and at which they received in return nearly all fabrics, tools, utensils, furniture, and even food required for their use or consumption. Of the professions, the clergymen, such as they were, came mainly from England, and the physicians scarcely constituted a class by themselves; the law alone began to attract young men from the first families. Its practice not only afforded scope and op-

portunity for the highest talent, but also furnished a thorough preparation for the Council and the House of Burgesses. But Lee was not attracted to the law as a profession, and he chose a more direct way to these goals of youthful ambition and battlefields of Virginian politics. In 1757, at the age of twenty-five years, he was chosen to represent his native county of Westmoreland in the House of Burgesses.

This assembly was surpassed by no other in the colonies for dignity, influence, and ability. It was the oldest legislative body in America, having sat for the first time June 30, 1619. It was also one of the most free and spirited. As early as 1624 it had voted that "the Governor shall not lay any taxes or ympositions, upon the colony, their lands or comodoties, other way than by the authority of the General Assembly, to be levyed and ymployed as the said Assembly shall appoynt." The spirit and the principle then manifested were uniformly maintained during the century and a half which followed, so that at the approach of the Revolution few political bodies more independent or more resolute existed in the world.

In this generous, animating school was acquired the political training of the planter aristocracy; for the House of Burgesses was mainly a patrician assembly. To be sure, its members were elected by the freemen; but as they received no pay, few but wealthy landowners could afford to serve, and those few often owed their election to the predominant influence of the local magnates. Its prevailing spirit, therefore, was aristocratic, and its conduct was correspondingly dignified. Its sessions were held in the stately old Capitol at Williamsburg, and were attended with ceremonies more or less copied from those of the House of Commons. The Speaker sat upon a high dais under a canopy supported by a gilded rod; just beneath sat the clerk, his mace upon

the table before him to show that the House was in session; while in front, in long rows, their hats upon their heads, sat the honorable Burgesses, representing the wealth, culture, and pride of Virginia.

Doubtless there was much in this dignified body to abash and repress a young man just admitted to it; and apparently such was its effect at first upon Richard Henry Lee. Diffident by nature, and deferential to the experience and abilities of his associates, he remained for several sessions a silent member. It required first a strong conviction of duty, and then a sudden prompting of affection, fully to discover to himself and to the House his remarkable gift of speech. The first occasion here alluded to was a debate upon a motion "to lay so heavy a duty on the importation of slaves as effectually to put an end to that iniquitous and disgraceful traffic within the colony of Virginia." At this time there were in Virginia over one hundred and twenty thousand slaves, — nearly four tenths of the whole population, — with that number fast increasing; and the resulting evils, social and economic, were already arousing discussion and solicitude.

Evidently they had long weighed on Lee's mind, for in this debate he was at last moved to speak. In a brief but pointed and earnest speech he set forth the impolitic, unjust, and cruel aspects of the slave-trade. Imputing to it the inferior economic development of Virginia as compared with other colonies, he declared that, "with their whites, they import arts and agriculture, whilst we, with our blacks, exclude both." Finally, he openly denounced his countrymen as participants in the nefarious traffic: "We encourage those poor, ignorant people to wage eternal war against each other; not nation against nation, but father against son, children against parents, and brothers against brothers, . . . that by war, stealth, or surprise we *Chris-*

tians may be furnished with our fellow-creatures."

For a maiden speech this was indeed a bold one. It must have angered many of his hearers, themselves slave-owners. Of course it did not avail, so strongly was slavery linked with aristocracy; yet its keen insight and elevated tone, at that early day, are worthy of admiration. In other respects the speech was not noteworthy. At the most, it unsealed Lee's lips, and made him available shortly afterward in a cause that appealed even more strongly to his sympathy and indignation. His brother, Thomas Lee, also a Burgess, having been selected to bring forward a motion that was obnoxious to the Speaker and to a large part of the House, performed the duty in an able and effective speech, but at the same time neglected to observe the rule requiring all motions to be presented in writing. The Speaker quickly perceived the oversight, and gladly took advantage of it. Administering a severe rebuke at the omission, he so disconcerted the mover that the latter could not recover from his confusion. Thereupon Richard Henry Lee sprang to his feet, and presented the motion in writing, in a speech of great force and eloquence, completely retrieving the discomfiture of his brother. It is recorded that the elder brother never again ventured to address the House, but the younger from that hour became one of its acknowledged leaders.

The nature of his leadership, assumed at this time, will be evident from a memorable incident of 1766. The Speaker just mentioned was John Robinson, one of the most wealthy and aristocratic of the Virginia planters. He had been Speaker of the House for twenty-five years, and for several years Treasurer of the colony, also; and, using his official position with tact and ability, he had acquired great power and popularity. Suddenly, in 1766, his death occurred, and at once rumors arose of se-

rious defalcations in the office of Treasurer, involving many of the Burgesses. An inquiry was imperative; but all shrank from taking the initiative. Lee, when convinced that there was ground for suspicion, had the courage to move "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the state of the treasury." As was expected, his motion met bitter and determined opposition; but he did not flinch, and it finally prevailed. In the investigation that followed the worst suspicions were realized. It had been the duty of Robinson, as Treasurer, to cancel all government bills paid to him for redemption; but instead of destroying them, he had been in the habit of loaning them secretly to importunate Burgesses and other friends, relying on his own property, together with what security he could obtain, to prevent loss to the colony.

The union of these two offices had given opportunity for this misconduct; and, obviously, their separation might prevent its recurrence. Accordingly, Lee followed up his advantage by moving that the office of Treasurer be separated from that of Speaker; and again he antagonized most of the older and more influential planters. Nevertheless, with the aid of Patrick Henry and other kindred spirits, he carried his point, and effected an important reform.

The incident just narrated clearly reveals the existence of two parties in the House of Burgesses. One party, the aristocratic or conservative, was drawn chiefly from the oldest and wealthiest families of Virginia, and was devoted to the maintenance of the power and privilege they had so long possessed, even at the expense of some abuses in the government and in society. At its head was Edmund Pendleton, an able lawyer, a shrewd politician, and a self-made man. Early in life, he was left, penniless and uneducated, to make his way; and by his industry, integrity, and ability he rose from the position of a

ploughboy to that of the conservative leader. From his entry into politics he was the *protégé* of Speaker Robinson, and with him strove to resist innovation and revolution. Among the other able and distinguished conservatives were Peyton Randolph, Richard Bland, and George Wythe.

The other, the radical or popular party, was determined to break up abuses, wherever they might be, and to bring the colony into a more progressive policy; and its number was made up from the sturdy yeomanry, or middle class, together with a few earnest recruits from the principal families. Foremost among these last, strange to say, was Richard Henry Lee. From the antecedents of his family, he should, on the contrary, have been first among the conservatives. From his great-grandfather, the valiant secretary of Berkeley, down to his father, the president of the Council, the family had been, without exception, upholders of royalty and aristocracy. But he, cutting loose from family ties and traditions, became a determined radical, denouncing the injustice and inexpediency of slavery, and exposing the greed, pride, and excesses of the aristocracy.

The explanation of this is to be found largely in his moral and intellectual development. In his education he had been left much to himself, his mother bestowing her care chiefly on the eldest son, the heir to the estate. Yet the younger sons, of whom there were four, were not overlooked. In their earlier years they had a private tutor, and subsequently at least three of them were sent to England. Thus Richard Henry Lee spent several years abroad in study and travel. Returning in 1750, at the age of eighteen, shortly after his father's death, he resided for some years with an elder brother; and it would seem, in anticipation of a public career, he devoted himself during this time to the study of history, law, politics, and literature. Evidently these were the chief formative

years of his life. In his father's library, a large and valuable one for the time, he found, among many other works, those of Locke, Hooker, and Grotius, Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Shakespeare. Becoming familiar with the best in politics and belles-lettres, he not only refined and informed his taste and style, but examined the fundamental principles of free government. He studied especially the history and constitution of England and her colonies, tracing the development and embodiment of English freedom, and following with deep interest the careers of Pelham, Sydney, and Hampden. Withal he acquired that habit of bold and independent thinking in politics which later led him, far in advance of his fellow-planters, to discern the evil designs of the British ministry, and to devise means of thwarting them.

Under such a well-trained and vigilant director, it is no wonder that the Virginia radicals performed so well their part in opening the drama of the Revolution. In March, 1764, Grenville's Declaratory Act was passed, asserting a right and a determination in Parliament to tax America. Lee saw the dangerous scope and intent of this measure, and resolved to arouse his fellow-Burgesses against it. Soon after the meeting of the House, he brought the subject forward; and, after full discussion, a special committee was appointed, consisting of Landon Carter, Richard Henry Lee, George Wythe, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, Richard Bland, and Peyton Randolph. They reported an address to the king, a memorial to the House of Lords, and a remonstrance to the House of Commons. These papers, of which the first two were written by Lee, denied, in clear and decided terms, the claim asserted by Parliament; and their adoption by the Virginia House of Burgesses constituted almost the earliest legislative opposition in America to the designs of Great Britain.

In this step it had not been difficult to enlist the leading conservatives, of whom chiefly the above committee was composed. Thus far they were willing to go, exercising their undisputed right of petition. But when their petitions were disregarded, and Parliament, in the execution of its programme, enacted the Stamp Act, the Virginia aristocrats were inclined to acquiesce. Fortunately, at this point, the radicals received a potent accession to their number through the election of Patrick Henry to the House of Burgesses; and, aided by his unexpected and irresistible eloquence, they barely secured the adoption of his famous resolves.

On this occasion, Lee, though a member of the House, was temporarily absent. But he was quite in accord with Henry; and from this time these two men worked together to keep Virginia in the front rank of colonial resistance. Yet their functions and methods were very different. To Patrick Henry politics was more an avocation, to which, indeed, at times, he gave his whole mind and soul. But his profession was the law, and in its pursuit he was regularly engaged.

Lee, however, had no profession. He was devoted to the welfare of his country. For its sake he had made extensive, earnest preparation, and to this cause he henceforth gave almost undivided attention. He endeavored in every way to enlarge his field of observation. He kept himself informed of public opinion in England, and of the course of the ministry and Parliament, through an active correspondence with his brother, Arthur Lee. The latter, having taken a degree in medicine at Edinburgh, was then studying law at the Temple; and, being in the confidence of Lord Shelburne, Burke, Colonel Barré, and other Whig leaders, possessed an intimate knowledge of public affairs.

Keeping thus a close watch upon English politics, Richard Henry Lee was one

of the first to become convinced that a serious struggle with Great Britain was inevitable; and, spurred by this conviction, he eagerly strove to impart his information and anxiety to other patriots, and to consult with them for the common safety. For this purpose, in 1768, he endeavored to institute a private correspondence society among the leading men of the colonies, addressing, among others, Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, and John Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. In his letter to Dickinson, he suggested also that, "well to understand each other, and timely to be informed of what passes, both here and in Great Britain, . . . select committees should be appointed by all the colonies." Here, it seems, is the first suggestion of those "select committees of correspondence" which became so formidable to the British authorities and so potent in the American colonies.

It did not satisfy Lee to suggest the plan. He followed it up to its execution. Not far from the old Capitol, on Gloucester Street, the broad thoroughfare of Williamsburg, was the quaint old Raleigh Tavern, named from Sir Walter Raleigh, whose bust stood over the main doorway. During the session of the Burgesses, this was the meeting-place for the gay and polished society of the town; and in the Apollo Room, the large apartment of the tavern, Jefferson and his fellow-students from the neighboring College of William and Mary often danced with the handsome and accomplished belles of Virginia. Here, also, later, were accustomed to meet, in a private room, a knot of zealous patriots, including Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee. At one of these conferences Lee advocated his scheme. Being approved by his fellow-radicals, it was presented to the House, and on March 12, 1773, the first general committee of correspondence was appointed. It consisted of the ablest members of the Burgesses, and included

Bland, Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, Henry, and Jefferson.

The new governor, Lord Dunmore, taking affront at these proceedings, dissolved the House. But he could not change the effect or importance of their action. Already, in Massachusetts, Samuel Adams had organized local committees in many towns; and now the example of the two oldest colonies was followed by the others, and the general committees of correspondence thenceforth secured an authoritative and expeditious exchange of information and sentiment. No more important step had yet been taken toward union, and hence it caused great alarm and apprehension in the British ministry. They foresaw what soon took place. A rapid assimilation of public opinion into a determination to resist aggression was followed within a year by a general and growing demand for concerted public action.

In meeting this demand Lee was hardly less active than he had been in arousing it. Immediately upon hearing of the passage of the Boston Port Bill, he drew a series of resolutions denouncing that measure, and proposing an intercolonial congress; but before he could bring them to the attention of the House it was dissolved by the governor, in the hope of checking the rising tide of popular indignation. Nevertheless, the Burgesses assembled, the next morning, in the Apollo Room of the Raleigh Tavern, and took the momentous step on which at last they were resolved. They directed the committee of correspondence to propose a general congress of the colonies. Shortly afterward, led by Samuel and John Adams, Massachusetts took similar action. Again the example of these trusted leaders was followed by the other colonies, and on September 4, 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, an intercolonial union became a fact.

The men sent by Virginia to this first Continental Congress were, in the order of their selection, Peyton Ran-

dolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, and Edmund Pendleton; and in character, ability, and influence they were not surpassed by any other delegation. The impression that they made, on arriving at Philadelphia, may be inferred from the words of Joseph Reed, a contemporary Philadelphian: "We are so taken up with the Congress that we hardly think or talk of anything else. About fifty have come to town, and more are expected. There are some fine fellows from Virginia, but they are very high. . . . We understand they are the capital men of the colony, both in fortune and understanding."

In the Congress itself, the precedence that Virginia had hitherto taken was at once recognized. Peyton Randolph, formerly the attorney-general of Virginia and Speaker of the House of Burgesses, the chairman of the Virginia delegation, was made the presiding officer; and Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee were soon acknowledged to be the greatest orators. The eloquence of the former has become famous. Intense, dramatic, or constrained, according to mood or occasion, he could at will charm, melt, or subdue. He lives, and will live, in American history for his wonderful mastery over human passion. But in chasteness and purity of diction, in grace of manner, in melody of voice, and in culture of mind he did not equal his friend and associate, Richard Henry Lee. Of the latter, John Adams, that keen and unsparing critic of his contemporaries, wrote, toward the close of his life, "As a public speaker, he had a fluency as easy and graceful as it was melodious, which his classical education enabled him to decorate with frequent allusion to some of the finest passages of antiquity."

Lee's personal appearance was striking. His form was tall and spare, but well proportioned, and his face was of

the Roman type. His manners were easy, cordial, and elegant. He had lost the use of one hand, through an accident while shooting swans on the Potomac, and kept the wound concealed by a black silk bandage: yet his gestures were so graceful as to give the impression of having been practiced before a mirror. He was sometimes called "the gentleman of the silver hand." It was not without reason that the Virginians spoke in raptures of Richard Henry Lee as the Cicero, and of Patrick Henry as the Demosthenes, of the age.

Nevertheless, it was not the form and manner of Lee's utterances so much as their spirit that made them impressive and weighty. They displayed a breadth of view, a variety and richness of knowledge, and an elevation of mind remarkable even in that era of great statesmen. Yet their tone seemed too bold to the Congress of 1774. The great majority of this body were cautious and conservative, and for this reason the New England delegates deemed it expedient, in the interest of harmony, to refrain from any decided expression of their radical views. As John Adams said subsequently, "Because they had been suspected from the beginning of having independence in contemplation, they were restrained from the appearance of promoting any great measures by their own discretion, as well as by the general sense of Congress."

Not the same restraint was imposed or observed in the case of the Southern radicals, like Lee, Henry, and Gadsden. For the first two a fair hearing was insured, both from the prestige enjoyed by Virginia and from their own preëminence as orators. Their temperament impelled them to speak, and they made the most of their opportunities. "Government is dissolved," declared Patrick Henry at the opening of the Congress; and in his Address to the People of the Colonies, Lee warned them "to extend" their "views to mournful events."

The Congress did not possess the spirit that animated these bold and energetic minds. Lee thought that the opposition of the colonies had been so feeble and incompetent hitherto that it was time to make vigorous exertions. "A resolute unanimous resistance," he wrote to Washington, "and the king and his ministers will give way." Accordingly, he moved that "the Congress do most earnestly recommend to the several colonies that a militia be forthwith appointed and well disciplined, and that it be well provided with ammunition and proper arms;" and later, on hearing of the investment of Boston by General Gage, he moved in a similar temper for prompt and decided action. But these motions were either rejected or modified to suit the conciliatory policy of the conservatives. The hour for revolution and independence was not yet come.

Just how early the more ardent patriots began to contemplate independence it is impossible to determine. The Adamses were suspected of entertaining such a project considerably before 1774, and early in 1775 the suspicion became a certainty by the interception and publication of a letter written by John Adams, savoring of the spirit of independence. There is some reason to think that Lee secretly cherished the idea at a date even earlier; for in 1764, immediately after hearing of the passage of the Declaratory Act, he wrote to a friend, "Possibly this step of the mother country, though intended to oppress and keep us low, in order to secure our dependence, may be subversive of this end." At any rate, it was the conviction alike of Samuel and John Adams, and of Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee, that the conciliatory measures of the first Congress would not move Britain, and that, in the words of Joseph Hawley, "after all, we must fight."

This conviction once reached, the desire and effort to bring it home to the people naturally followed. In Virginia,

at a convention held in St. John's Church, Richmond, March 20, 1775, a resolution for arming the militia, similar to that rejected by the recent Congress, was brought forward by Patrick Henry, and supported by Richard Henry Lee. Against them rallied the forces of Virginian aristocracy and conservatism, led again by Edmund Pendleton; and long and heated was the struggle that ensued. Lee presented a masterly review of the resources of the colonies and of the available force of Great Britain; while Patrick Henry, roused to a frenzy by the persistence of the opposition, poured forth that torrent of eloquence which has fixed the attention and elicited the admiration of subsequent generations. Of course the resolution was adopted. Its two chief advocates were the first ones named on the committee for its execution.

The aggressive spirit here manifested rapidly spread throughout the colonies; men's minds turned toward war and independence. And when, shortly afterward, the second Congress met, that spirit speedily permeated and controlled its councils and conduct. At last the times were ripe for the radical revolutionists, and they pushed their scheme with gathering momentum and assurance of success. Disregarding the warnings and expostulations, and disarming or overpowering the resistance of the conservatives, they secured a large majority, both of the people and of the Congress, in favor of declaring independence. The night of doubt, contention, and uncertainty was past, and the birthday of American nationality was at hand.

At this point the question arose as to who should move the declaration. All circumstances pointed to Richard Henry Lee. To the Congress it seemed fitting that Virginia, hitherto the foremost colony in nearly all the more important advances toward union and resistance, should also be the leader in this final, momentous step; and of the Virginia

delegates (George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and Carter Braxton) no one was better known or more acceptable than Richard Henry Lee. He was chosen, doubtless, for his preëminence as a debater, and for his long and zealous advocacy of independence. Similar reasons influenced the selection of John Adams, of Massachusetts, to second the motion.

They were well mated, the bold and polished Cavalier with the fertile, argumentative Puritan. No duty more trying or more honorable had ever fallen to their lot. In American politics, few debates have been more persistently or more evenly contested; never was there such a momentous issue. Though the words have been but meagrely reported, both men are known to have acquitted themselves as became the eminence of their talents and the significance of their cause. With magnanimous faith and courage, looking beyond the perils and discouragements of the time, they pleaded for the preservation of republican institutions for themselves and for all mankind.

While the debate was in progress, Congress, anticipating the result, chose a committee of five to prepare a declaration of independence. Of this committee Lee, being the mover of the resolution, should have been made chairman, in accordance with parliamentary usage. But on the eve of its selection he was summoned to Virginia, on account of the serious illness of his wife; and his absence was used to his disadvantage by his enemies. The animosities that he had early aroused in the Virginia aristocrats by his reforms in the House of Burgesses, and the antagonisms that he had subsequently excited in Dickinson, Jay, and other conservatives through his radical course in Congress, now worked together to deprive him of his right. Even John Adams, his professed friend and sympa-

thizer, on this occasion turned against him. The youthful Jefferson, being made chairman, enjoyed the fruit that Lee should have gathered, — the signal honor of being the author of the Declaration of Independence.

However great and memorable was Lee's service in that event, on which all Americans delight to dwell, an even greater claim to the remembrance and gratitude of his countrymen lies in his conspicuous devotion to the ordinary business of government, — and that, too, during the most critical years of the Revolutionary struggle, when so many statesmen deemed it honorable to forsake the halls of Congress for their state legislatures. As an example of his activity and readiness, it may be said that, during the years 1774 to 1778 inclusive, he was a member of every military and naval committee, and of nearly every committee on finance and foreign affairs. His brother-in-law, Dr. Shippen, at whose house he lodged in Philadelphia, declared that "there was a constant procession of members repairing to his chamber, to consult about their reports." His services as a writer, also, were in frequent demand; and he drew many state papers, from the Address to the Inhabitants of Great Britain down to the commission of Washington as commander-in-chief.

Yet his mind was not absorbed in details; nor was it narrowed by local prejudice. Studying the interests of the United States as a whole, he delighted to forecast and to contemplate its great future. In this spirit, when in 1779 the conditions of peace were discussed by Congress, he demanded for New England fishermen the same rights enjoyed by the French in British North American waters, and for the future pioneers of the great West the unrestricted navigation of the Mississippi. His views received then but little support from the delegates of the Middle and Southern States, but were ultimately embodied in

the treaty of peace, and soon became important principles of national policy.

But Lee had not the strength to perform the arduous tasks to which he was called by his associates and impelled by his zeal. Under such a prolonged, incessant strain his health was impaired; and for several years his attendance upon Congress was intermittent. Yet even from his retirement at his country-seat, Chantilly, on the Potomac, he eagerly followed the course of public affairs. In 1784, his health being improved, he resumed his seat in Congress; and almost immediately he was elected president of that body, the most honorable position under the Confederation. He retired from this office at the end of the year, but continued to take a prominent part in Congress. In particular as a member of the committee that reported the famous Ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory, he was able at last to embody and enforce those views regarding slavery which he had vainly presented in his maiden speech to the Burgesses. In view of his pure and exalted character, it was eminently fitting that the cause of the bondmen should engage the close, as it had enlisted the opening, of his political career.

There remained, however, one service for Richard Henry Lee to render his country; and it was the most remarkable, if not the most important, of all. Strange to say, it was to oppose the Constitution of the United States. Lee had no part in the framing of this instrument, nor did he share officially in its ratification. As a private citizen, he objected to it from the first, and attacked it earnestly in the press and in correspondence; and in this course, singularly enough, he had the sympathy and support of his old-time friends and associates, Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry. The radical revolutionists of 1776 had become, it would seem, ultra-conservatives in 1787.

From their standpoint only is it possible to reconcile the two positions. To them the Declaration of Independence secured the liberty of the individual, the autonomy of the community; it asserted the rights of the person and of the State as opposed to the claims of society as a whole. Upon this theory carried to an extreme the Confederation had been erected — and had gone to pieces; and the framing of the Constitution resulted from a decided reaction toward the recognition of the unity and interdependence of the political divisions of society. But this reaction had gone too far, in the opinion of Lee, Henry, and Adams. They believed that, in the eagerness to escape from the evils of the Confederation by strengthening the general government, the rights of the individual had been neglected and the authority of the State diminished. Like many other devoted and distinguished Revolutionary statesmen, they leaned toward those political convictions which subsequently led to the doctrine of state rights. Lee, expressing their common sentiment, declared that “the first maxim of a man who loves liberty should be, never to grant to rulers an atom of power that is not most clearly and indispensably necessary for the safety and well-being of society.” “The most essential danger from the present system arises, in my opinion, from its tendency to a consolidated government, instead of a union of confederated States.” They therefore viewed with suspicion and anxiety the extraordinary grants contained in the Constitution. They saw in it, moreover, a deficiency equally as great, — it lacked that cherished English birthright, a bill of rights, securing trial by jury and freedom of conscience and of the press; and so vital did Lee deem this deficiency that when finally the Constitution was adopted without change, he resolved, notwithstanding his infirmity, to reënter public life for the purpose of securing its amendment. In 1789, he

was nominated by Patrick Henry, and elected by the Virginia legislature, one of the first Senators of the United States.

Soon after taking his seat in the Senate, Lee moved several amendments to the Constitution, embodying the views held by his party; and at the same time similar action was taken by the Virginia delegates in the House of Representatives. So great and persistent was the pressure which they brought to bear that the Federalists under Madison were soon obliged to yield; and by the adoption of the first ten amendments a bill of rights was added to the Constitution of the United States. Having attained his object to a large extent, Lee soon resigned his seat in the Senate, and definitely retired from public life. Overcome at last by the disease from which he had so long suffered, he died at Chantilly, the same month in which, eighteen years before, he had moved that “these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States.”

Throughout his political career, as in its concluding episode, Richard Henry Lee was filled with “a constant care of the public liberty.” Apprehensive of “the unvarying progress of power in the hands of frail men,” he was loath to concede to individual or to legislature the exercise of any power not clearly and strictly defined and carefully guarded. In this attitude, as well as in temperament, he much resembled Samuel Adams. Early drawn together by common convictions and purposes, they became firm friends and close allies; and their correspondence, covering almost their whole political careers, is replete with interest and instruction. With a common intolerance of superimposed authority and usurped privilege, they boldly and persistently advocated the rights of the people. From early manhood to old age they were radical democrats.

Not only toward New England’s leaders, but also toward her spirit and institutions, Lee felt a strong attraction. At

one time he went so far as to consider a change of residence; for in 1779 he wrote to John Adams, "I feel myself interested in the establishment of a wise and free government in Massachusetts, where yet I hope to finish the remainder of my days. The hasty, unpersevering, aristocratic genius of the South suits not my disposition, and is inconsistent with my views of what must constitute social happiness and security."

Not being in harmony with the genius, he could the better promote the reformation, of Virginian society. His aristocratic birth and training did not fetter his bold, independent spirit. Sympathizing with the masses, and indignant at wrong and abuse, he stood forth from his class, first and alone, denouncing its excesses and checking its arrogance. He roused animosities and suffered ostracism; but he received the support of the yeomanry; and later, in company with Patrick Henry, securing control of the House of Burgesses, he placed Virginia beside Massachusetts in the front of colonial resistance.

As a reformer, Lee was a co-worker with Henry, and the predecessor of Jefferson. Less forceful than Henry, but more steady and intelligent, he broke the soil that Jefferson cultivated; and all three together introduced in Virginian society a republican leaven that finally worked a thorough reformation. They were at the South the early "apostles of democracy."

Lee's radicalism did not warp his judgment. While intolerant of, and outspoken against, the excesses and abuses of aristocracy, he agreed with Jefferson that, in organizing resistance to Great Britain, it was wise, by a charitable and conciliatory attitude toward the conservatives, to advance slowly, "keeping front and rear together." Thus public sentiment progressed toward separation from Great Britain with less friction and contention in Virginia than in any other colony.

When radicalism contended with his convictions of private justice or public morality, Lee adhered to the latter, even at the hazard of friendship. For example, while a member of the Virginia Assembly in the sessions of 1781-82, he found himself in constant opposition to his old friend and associate, Patrick Henry. The latter was in favor of making the depreciated paper money a legal tender for debts contracted on the faith of specie payment, and of impeding or confiscating debts due British merchants and contracted before the war. Both these measures Lee earnestly opposed, on the ground that they violated honesty and good faith. He declared that it would have been better to remain "the honest slaves of Great Britain than to become dishonest freemen." It is possible that his indignation was intensified by the memory of his own pecuniary losses through the depreciation of paper currency. In 1779, he had written to Jefferson, "This year, sir, the rents of four thousand acres of fine land will not buy me twenty barrels of corn." But it is more likely that his early studies in social and political problems, followed by his experience and reflection, revealed the inexpediency as well as the enormity of such schemes.

In fact, his liberal culture, with his aristocratic breeding, gave a temper and balance to his radical sympathies and impulses. As a result, he had a breadth of view and of interest unusual in his time. His alert and eager gaze swept the political horizon, comprehending European as well as American affairs. Thus it was that he was among the first to perceive the gathering storm and to prepare to break its force. So when the shock had been met and overcome, and a nation had sprung from the impact, he comprehended its wide extent and foresaw its great future.

Toward the realization of that future much was done by the radicals of the Revolutionary era. Against aggressive

foes and indifferent friends they asserted the rights of the person and the community, and finally fixed them secure in our political system. Far-seeing, vigilant, bold, and energetic, they urged on,

by eloquent voice and tireless pen, a timid, reluctant people to revolution and independence. They were the motive force in effecting the political franchise-ment of America.

Frank Gaylord Cook.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

TEACH me, dread boughs,
Where from your twigs the sad Muse culls her leaves,
When she a long-neglected garland weaves
To bind great brows.

Give no leaf less
Than his unlaureled temples should have worn:
So may his spirit pass me not in scorn,
But turn and bless.

I fondly dream!
How could my crown, though rich with crust and stain
From tears of sacred sorrow, win such gain —
That smile supreme?

Short-stemmed and curt
His wreath should be, and braided by strong hands,
Hindered with sword-hilt, while the braider stands
With loin upgirt.

Too late to urge
Thy tardy crown. Draw back, O Northern blond!
Let black hands take, to bind the Southern frond,
A severed scourge!

Haughty and high,
And deaf to all the thunders of the throng,
He heard the lowest whisper of his wrong
The slave could sigh.

In some pent street,
O prophet-slaying city of his care,
Pour out thine eyes, loose thy repentant hair,
And kiss his feet!

Little it is
That thou canst pay, yet pay this recompense:
All tongues henceforth shall give thine ears offense,
Remembering his;

All grace shall tease
 The flush of shame to thine averted cheek;
 Best Greek shall mind thee of one greater Greek,
 More godlike ease —

Blessing and blight,
 A bitter drop beneath the bee-kissed lips,
 Hyperion's anger passing to eclipse
 And arrow-flight !

Thou didst not spare :
 Thy foot is on his violated door ;
 Therefore the mantle that his shoulders wore
 None hence shall wear.

Above thy choice,
 This Coriolanus of the peoples' wars
 Could never strip his brawn and show his scars
 To beg thy voice.

Struck by death's dart,
 (In all the strain of conflict unconfessed,)
 He carried through the years that wounded breast,
 That poignant heart.

Last from the fight,
 So moves the lion, with unhasting stride,
 Dragging the slant spear, broken in his side —
 And gains the height !

Wendell P. Stafford.

SCIENCE AND THE AFRICAN PROBLEM.

It is easy to see that in the generations to come the history of the negro race in America will be much studied. Considered from a scientific point of view, the African in America affords the most remarkable experiment ever made in transplanting a tropical variety of man to regions having a very different climate, and offering a totally different set of associations from those in which it originated. It is doubtful if human history will ever again offer another such chance of testing the influence of a new environment on a strongly

marked though lowly variety of man. The results of this vast essay will, in time, throw a flood of light on the question of the improvability of the lower races of mankind.

But it is not only as an experiment in practical anthropology that this transplantation of the negro in America will interest our successors. They will find in it an economic problem of the utmost importance. Their task will be so to combine these millions of the African people in a social order to which inheritance has not accustomed them, that

the state may receive no evil influence from their presence; if possible, that it may gain some advantage from the peculiarities which the new and varied motives of this people may afford. The most hopeful friend of the negro, if he temper his hope with reason, must have much anxiety as to the final result of this unprecedented trial to which the race is being subjected. He must feel that all the other difficulties which beset the future of our people on the continent of North America are small compared with that which the negro problem presents. It has been the lot of the United States to encounter a wide range of social and political dangers. All these seem in a fair way of solution, at least in as fair a way as in any European country, except this which comes from the presence of the children of Africa on our soil. The problem of the proletariat, of the distribution of wealth and education, the dangers arising from the great social congestions in our cities, the difficulty of uniting in one social order diverse branches of the Aryan peoples, are trials which we share with every important state in the civilized world. The African question is peculiarly our own. We can see how English, Irish, French, Germans, and Italians may, after a time of trouble, mingle their blood and their motives in a common race, which may be as strong, or even stronger, for the blending of these diversities. We cannot hope for such a result with the negro, for an overwhelming body of experience shows that the third something which comes from the union of the European with the African is not as good material as either of the original stocks; that it has not the vital energy and the character required for the uses of the state. The African and European races must remain distinct in blood, and at the same time they must, if possible, be kept from becoming separate castes; there must be a perfect civil union without a perfect

social accord; they must both march forward with entire equality of privilege as far as the state is concerned, yet without the bond of kinship in blood to unite them in the work of life,—indeed, with a sense that it is their duty to remain apart.

To bring about this peculiar social order is the task which is before us. By what means shall it be begun, in what ways shall our efforts be directed, with some hope of a fair issue from the grave perils which we must encounter? These are questions of the utmost moment to any American who wishes to do his duty by the difficulties of his time. At present we are doing little or nothing which appears likely to contribute much to the solution of the questions which are connected with the future of the African race in this country. After the exertions of the civil war, which was the first step in the real discussion of the African question, it seems natural that our people should be wearied of it, and determine to abandon all further care of the matter to the States which are naturally concerned therewith. We must protest, however, against the idea that the negro question is a purely local problem, and that the right to consider it is limited to those who dwell where the blacks abound. It was doubtless a very wise thing for the federal government to cease its efforts to help the negro by congressional enactments and federal authority. The stages of the so-called reconstruction were really steps towards a more fatal disunion than that which was rendered impossible by the civil war. These steps were leading to a total separation between the whites and blacks of this country; towards the destruction of the sympathy and understanding between the races, which was a heritage of great value to the old slave-holding States. But it should not be supposed that the people of the whole country have abandoned all share in the discussion of this question of the future of the negro with

their relinquishment of the unconstitutional and futile effort to determine delicate social and civil relations by the rude machinery of legislation. Such an abnegation of a natural interest in a problem which profoundly concerns the future well-being of the nation and the race would be more unfortunate than the old selfish indifference of the mass of the people to the evils of slavery.

In large part, the present indifference to the negro problem arises from a failure to perceive its importance. Few persons see the magnitude of the dangers it presents, for the reason that few can conceive the amazing intricacy and delicacy of the civil and social order by which the life of the individual is built into the larger life of the state. But there are many who do discern the true importance of the African question, who remain silent because they cannot see what is to be done, and who prefer inaction to rash experiment. The following pages are intended as an essay towards a method of determining what shall be done at the outset of our effort to grapple with the difficulties which the presence of our African brethren has brought upon the state.

First of all, it seems to be evident that we need in this task the combined action of all those who recognize the magnitude and importance of the work, and are willing to labor for its solution. Experience shows that, with a large field of inquiry such as this question presents, good work is most easily done by a well-constituted society, containing a large number of students who are willing to plan their researches so that each division of the subject may come into the hands of those best fitted to attend to it. As will be seen at a later point in this writing, the variety of inquiries which should be prosecuted is very great; equally great is the need that they be prosecuted under some central control. Before we proceed to indicate the methods by which such a society should be

organized, it will be proper to consider the lines on which it could appropriately begin its work.

The inquiries which would properly fall within the purview of such a society divide themselves into three main divisions, namely: first, the history of the negro race; second, the present condition of the race from the point of view of anthropology, including psychology; and, third, the social and civic quality of the race both in itself and in relation to the white people. As we shall see, these inquiries are much entangled, but this separation of the questions will at least aid us to a better presentation of the work which seems to be appointed for such an association of students. We will now proceed to discuss the method of inquiry which may be followed.

A study of the history of the negro race will necessarily open a wide field of research, one in which the facts will be hard to gather. It is the least promising of all the departments into which the work of the society should be divided, yet we may be sure that it will give valuable results, at least from a scientific point of view, and these will have an important bearing on the other and more immediate questions. The history of the African slave-trade has yet to be written; there is a great mass of scattered material, from which a tolerably good account of it can be made. In preparing this history, the first object should be to determine, if possible, whence came the Africans who were the forefathers of the blacks in this country. It is erroneously assumed that our negro folk came altogether from the Guinea coast, and that they were entirely from the low-grade tribes who now inhabit that part of Africa. A preliminary survey of the evidence makes it appear probable that the American Africans represent a great variety of peoples from that jumble of races which have in some unknown way been brought together in central Africa. It is not unlikely that

we shall find that, although our blacks are principally descended from the peoples who inhabit the Guinea coast, still there is in them a considerable admixture of other and nobler blood. If an intelligent observer travels in the old slave States, he will remark the great diversity in the form of body and outline of face among the negroes. For a time the dark skin may mask these differences; but as soon as the first impression of uniformity has worn off, he will perceive that the negroes vary in their physical configuration as much as the whites, if indeed they are not even more varied in aspect. If we can trust the reports of travelers, no such wide variation is found among the blacks of the Guinea coast, or indeed among any of the distinct races of Africa. If the result of the proposed inquiry should be to show that our negroes are not of the Niger and Congo types alone, but are an admixture of many different peoples, having little in common except their dermal uniform of the tropics, it would be a most satisfactory conclusion, for it would show us that we have among the negroes something comparable to the variety of blood and motive which is probably the basis of much of the success which our own race has achieved. If it should be found that among our negroes there exists a large share of the vigorous life of the Zulu group of Africans; even more, if it were, as seems to me probable, discovered that a considerable part of their ancestors were from the Zanzibar and Mozambique coasts, we should have to conclude that our American Africans have a far greater variety of origin than we have commonly supposed.

This hypothesis as to the composite nature of the American negro receives support from the aspect of many individuals in the South. It is not uncommon to find there faces and limbs which depart widely from the Guinea coast type, and closely approach the aspect of the Arab.

Assuming, however, that the result of the proposed inquiry is that our negroes are mainly of one blood, — that of the Congo group of tribes, — we should then turn our attention to the history and condition of these peoples. It is important that skilled observers should visit that region, and make a careful inquiry into the conditions and history of these folk. We should acquaint ourselves with their arts and their social order, that we may know the motives which inheritance has supplied in our African fellow-citizens. Although this is a large and difficult inquiry, much will remain to be done. Besides the African in Africa, there is the African in various parts of America, as well as on the continents of Europe and Asia, the wide field into which the enforced migrations of slavery have brought the race. It is of great importance that the history of the people under these diverse conditions should be well known. The range of moral and physical condition to which the Africans have been exposed has been very great. In many regions they have amalgamated with the native dominant races; there the effects of miscegenation can be traced. We know enough of the results of this process to make it tolerably clear that it is destructive to the best interests of both varieties of men; but we need a more extended study of the phenomena. Then, too, the influences of environment are of great interest. In this country, we have some data for the study of the effects of climate upon those of African blood. But the question is one of exceeding difficulty, for the reason that it is complicated with matters of race prejudice. By taking a broad statistical view of the field, it will be possible to found our conclusions on much surer ground than can be obtained in this country alone. Such data might in large measure be secured by the proper organization of the census of 1900.

Besides the study of the many scattered fragments of the African race now

existing in various parts of the world, there are cases where small bodies of this people, which have once existed in Europe and elsewhere, have blended with the stronger race or altogether disappeared. At one time African slaves were common in parts of Europe; it seems likely that they were held in considerable masses, as at certain times during the Roman Empire, as well as in the more recent centuries. What has become of these people? Have they merely died out, or have they merged with the dominant race? In connection with this latter division of the inquiry, some study should be given to the cases in which the negro has blended with the remnants of the aborigines of this country. It is frequently asserted that the remnants of the New England Indians as well as of other Indian tribes have been extensively mixed with African blood. It is likely that in New England, at least, this opinion is well founded, though it is doubtful if the mixture is as great as is commonly assumed to have been the case. The dark color of these Indians, which leads many to suppose that they may have a large inheritance of negro blood, is probably in many cases the native hue of the Indian race. The moral and physical result of this blending of two extremely diverse bloods is a matter of the utmost interest. It may be studied to great advantage in the New England Indians, for among them there has been little in the way of civil or social proscription to effect the result.

It is evident that this series of inquiries, which we have termed historical, will necessarily be much commingled with those which concern the anthropological section of the work. The matter of their relation is one of details, and need not trouble us in this speculative presentation of the subject. It is clear, however, that there is enough in this field for the consideration of the historian, properly so called. If it is de-

sired to extend this side of the work of the society, there is much to be done in the political and economic history of slavery so far as that relates to the African races. The dark slave age of civilized man is substantially at an end, and the half century which sees its termination should see also the beginning of a learned inquiry into its history and its effects. It may well be that this inquiry is of too wide a scope to be considered by a society which has a special end in view. We turn now to the matter of the second division of the work which we have devised for our association.

The section of the association which concerns the study of the negroes by the methods of modern anthropology has a more definite and at the same time a more difficult task than that which pertains to the historical aspects of the problem. In large part, the anthropological questions which have to be considered will be discerned only as the inquiry proceeds, but enough are already ascertained to show certain very important lines of research. The first of these concerns the existing mental and physical condition of the negro race in this country, and a comparison of their state with that of their kindred who dwell in Africa. It hardly need be said that this study should be based upon a careful application of anthropometry to the peoples in both regions. Difficult as such an extensive work would be, it is quite within the limits of accomplishment, and would give more results than a "polar expedition," at a relatively trifling expense. Even a careful study of the crania secured in the two regions would, if the inquiry rested on a sufficiently large basis, give a beginning for the discussion; but this inquiry in its widest form can be so easily accomplished, compared with many of the great researches of modern days, that we can fairly look forward to its execution in the more extended way.

There is a less extended and there-

fore easier part of this investigation which can be carried on upon our own continent. This is as to the relative physical condition of the blacks in the different climatic conditions afforded by the various parts of the continent between Virginia and Florida, or, better, between New England and Jamaica. There are in this range of conditions differences great enough to show, in a statistical way, whether the Africans are sensitive to the influence of climatic variations, and in what manner these variations affect them.

To make these physical examinations in the best way, the study should extend to the matter of disease and longevity. It seems clear that the negro is relatively less liable to certain forms of disease than the whites, and that he is more open to invasions of other maladies than the European races. A study of the pathology of the race in different positions is a matter of great interest.

In this connection there is a curious but unnoticed problem before the inquirer, namely, Is there any change in the color of the blacks who have been long in high latitudes? The prevailing dark hue of the tropical peoples (though it must be said that some hyperboreans are also rather dark colored) makes it seem as if this hue were the effect of a vertical sun. If this be true, there might well be some reverse action in the case of the negroes whose ancestors for centuries have dwelt in temperate climates. In any large body of American negroes, we find a wide range of hue, some being relatively quite light colored, though the other African marks are very strong, — the hair closely kinked, the face prognathous, lips thick, nose flat, and feet splayed. These light tints of skin may be due to an admixture of white blood, but it may indicate a tendency to acquire what we may call the normal tint of the country. This is seen to be the more possible when we remember that the effect of climate in directly produ-

cing considerable changes of hue has been remarked in many of the lower animals as well as in man. Although the darkening of Europeans under the tropics is not to be compared to the permanent bleaching of the negro race, it seems to show that such changes are not impossible.

The anthropological inquiry should not end with the study of the physical system; it should be extended to the mental parts as well. It would be interesting to know, as we well might expect to from this investigation, whether the brain of the American African is larger than that of his African prototypes; but it would be still more interesting to know whether his capacity for education is greater than that of his savage kinsmen. It may be doubted if the data for this inquiry are accessible, or that they are worth searching for. Still, as a good deal of missionary work is now undertaken among the African negroes, it may be possible to determine if the two centuries of enforced labor and civilizing influences to which our American blacks have been exposed have had any effect on their mental development. It should be remembered that the main problem with reference to the negro is as to his sensitiveness to influences which make for advance. Any evidence of real, deep-seated organic advance under his American condition would be most welcome to all those who have his future and that of the state, which is a large part his, at heart.

We now turn to the third division of the inquiry, — that which concerns the civil and social condition and possibilities of the negro. At this point we must repeat a warning as to the danger of misapprehending the real status of the negro as he is seen in our American life. Leaving out of view the exceptional instances where they have risen to a higher estate, the negroes appear much like the poorer people of the dominant race. Their dark skins excepted,

they seem essentially Europeans, if we may use that term to designate their white fellow-citizens. We can hardly conceive that if they were put by themselves they would be otherwise than we now see them, — a simple, easy-going, kindly, Christian people, sharers in all the more essential qualities of our race. But experience shows us that if we could insulate a single county in the South, and give it over to negroes alone, we should in a few decades find that this European clothing, woven by generations of education, had fallen away, and the race gone down to a much lower state of being than that it now occupies. In other words, the negro is not as yet intellectually so far up in the scale of development as he appears to be; in him the great virtues of the superior race, though implanted, have not yet taken firm root, and are in need of constant tillage, lest the old savage weeds overcome the tender shoots of the new and unnatural culture. To those who believe that the negro is only a black white man, who only needs a fair chance to become all that the white man is, these pages are not addressed; it seems to me, with all respect for their individuality, that they do not understand the question which is before us.

Looking upon the negro as a man in incessant need of care and of consideration, that he may have his chance with us, it is necessary to see what can be done for his advancement. First of all, we must know what education can do for him. It will by no means serve our purpose to assume that his needs are just the same as our own. It is not reasonable to conclude, because reading, writing, and arithmetic, with more or less other expanding branches of learning, are the most immediate needs in the education of the children of our own race, that they are the most immediate necessities of the black. These elements of the race education serve a very good purpose in the case of children who

inherit from a hundred generations a training in the essential motives of the white race. We must find out what are the possibilities of the negro; in what way his peculiar ancestral training plus his education as an American slave has turned his mind. This is a very difficult inquiry. Though the state of American slavery gave the negro certain valuable elements of an education, in that it trained him in obedience to authority and in orderly consecutive labor, it denied him nearly all chance of showing the peculiar capacities which he may have. On the great philosophical principle of *Study what you most affect*, we must order the deeper and more important education of this people. The training of the school bench has its measure of importance in the matter, but the training at the work bench is often, for the savage, the more necessary of the two.

Therefore the first object should perhaps be to find in what way the negro can most immediately achieve success in some departments of educative craft-work; on what line or lines of higher employment he can be lifted above the level of a tiller of the soil. For him to continue in the place of a menial farm laborer or domestic servant means that, so far as the educative effect of employment is concerned, he is to be no better off than before his emancipation. Adscript to the field the greater part of his race must always be; but if even a few per cent. of the whole can be drawn to and succeed in other employments, the advance of the race will be greatly facilitated. Menial labor in the field is a valuable department of the race's schooling, but the negro has probably already won all the profit that is to be gained from it. It is certain that he has been long at that school.

It seems to me that the South, in its present condition, must afford great opportunities for the study of the question as to the fitness of the negro for various

employments other than agricultural labor, so that inquirers in this field will doubtless find many facts awaiting investigation. So many efforts are now making towards the education of the negro that it would probably not be difficult to secure a chance for intelligent and promising experiments in such education, — experiments which could be really measured.

Although the schools where whites and blacks are associated are not common in the South, they abound in the Northern States. In these schools most valuable inquiries could be made as to the relative progress of the children of the two races. Some hundreds of young persons of African descent are now commingled with the whites in the colleges. They are necessarily the selected persons associated with an equally selected portion of the European race. We should know how they compare in their achievement with the white youth. Care should be taken to determine whether the individuals are of pure or nearly pure African blood, for those of mixed race would not give data of value.

There are reasons for believing that the negroes can readily be cultivated in certain departments of thought in which the emotions lend aid to labor; as, for instance, in music. There is hardly any doubt that they have a keener sense of rhythm than whites of the same intellectual grade, — perhaps than of any grade whatever. The musical faculty is, perhaps, of all the so-called artistic powers, the easiest to measure in a precise way. Statistics could easily be gathered which would show whether or no this was a true racial capacity. The ability to determine the differences which are necessary to success in music can be ascertained with extreme accuracy and with tolerable ease. Yet I am not sure that any basis for comparison between the powers of the whites and of the blacks has ever been secured.

If a culture in music can be given the

negro, it may be of far more value to him than most of the apparently more solid learning of our schools. It may lead to the refining, as well as to the organization, of the powerful emotional side of his being. This culture should first take the form of vocal music, for the reason that there is an element of communal action in choral singing which will give him a chance to develop the power of accord with his fellows, which seems now to be the most undeveloped part of his nature. These considerations lead me to think that music may be one of the lines on which careful inquiry may develop great possibilities for the race.

Next after these elements of individual culture, we need to look to the peculiarities of the negro character which mark themselves in the relations of the man to his fellows. Here, it seems to me, is the most serious difficulty with the race. To move onward, they must be trained to sexual continence, to observance of the marriage bond, and to associated action with their fellow-men. The condition of slavery did much to strengthen, if it did not originate, the habit of steadfast labor which we see now in the Southern blacks; it doubtless tempered their old waywardness in other things; but its whole influence was against the creation of the sense of fidelity to fellow men or women. It may be that the negroes will speedily come by these qualities, and that the failure of these parts to appear, after one generation of freedom, is due to the lowness of their estate. We want information as to the facts and suggestions of the remedies. This is an unpromising part of the proposed inquiry, because it cannot be approached in a statistical way; still, something may be done with it.

One of the functions of such an association should be the careful study of the many and varied experiments which are now being carried on in the South for the betterment of the negroes' con-

dition. Some of these fail, some have but a moderate success; unhappily, but a few attain a triumphant issue. The causes of success and failure are of the utmost consequence to the race and to the state. Each of these trials should be watched and its results analyzed. From such a study we may be sure that we shall glean a harvest of valuable conclusions. This much of the proposed inquiry might apparently find its place in the hands of a government bureau; but, unfortunately, the whole negro problem is so mingled with political prejudices that it would be almost impossible to obtain from such a department the spirit of impartial inquiry which is needed in this work.

Among the experiments now trying or sure to be tried in the South is that of savings-banks. The disgraceful history of the Freedman's Bank has shown how unsafe it is to trust such experiments to the hands of men who have their authority from the government. While that bank lives in the memory of the negroes, it will not be easy to bring them to a habit of saving money. Yet the development of the saving habit is of the utmost importance to this people. We may amend the statement of Dr. Johnson, "that people are rarely so well employed as when or where they are making money," by saying "except when they are saving it." What the negro needs above all things is the habit of postponing his pleasures. In the development of this habit consists in large part the difference between the savage and the civilized man. The best way of inculcating economy should be a matter of most careful inquiry. Nothing like the organization of the Freedman's Bank will serve the need. If this business is done by the government, it should be supported by the whole credit of the nation. It may well be doubted if this would best be done by the central authority, for it would lead the negro to look away into the distance for aid,

while a large part of our task is to teach him to look to himself for help.

It is not to be denied that the civil and social advancement of the negro in ways more or less apart from those already indicated is a matter of great importance, but in the main his civil rights and his social privileges, so far as the distinct separation of the two races in the marriage relation will admit, will depend upon the advance of his general culture. If we can bring him to an intellectual and moral estate comparable to that of the whites, we may be sure that he will have a social status which will not be such as to weigh heavily upon his better life. So far as we can see, the two races are doomed to live separate though they may live parallel lives. To make this divided life comfortable to both and safe for the state is our immediate object.

The foregoing sketch is sufficient to show some of the inquiries concerning the negro problem which appear to justify systematic scientific effort. Some of the suggestions will doubtless prove to be futile; experience in the work will certainly develop many others which have not occurred to me. Such is the fullness of the field that the reader, if he has paid attention to the subject, may well be able to add many things not suggested in these pages. It is clear that we are in the midst of a great darkness, which can be illuminated only by patient inquiry.

Concerning the composition of our ideal society it seems almost presumptuous to speak, but it is clear that it should include all who are at once interested in the problem and can give anything better than words towards its solution. Especially should it contain those observers in the South who see the matter near at hand, and who are independent of the prejudices of locality. It should be guided by those who have been so disciplined by scientific methods that they can keep in its moderately safe ways.

The great dangers which such a society would meet would be from the universality of the political motive. This danger can in part be avoided by a very careful selection of its members, and in part by an obstinate determination to prove at every step the scientific method.

It might, unfortunately, be necessary to limit the work altogether to the collection of facts, leaving the suggestion of remedy, where remedy was needed, to other agencies; it would doubtless be well to make this limitation at the outset. "Cranks" do not, as a rule, like statistical associations, or even historical societies. Kept within the limits of such societies, the association could fairly be secured from the danger of discords.

It is a serious matter to suggest the organization of a society which is to assume so herculean a burden as that

which has been proposed in the foregoing pages, but the class of work which the negro problem makes necessary is, even in its narrow divisions, too vast for any one individual to undertake, and is beset with obstacles which take it out of the class of labors possible for the state to execute. It is to be done, if at all, by an association of those who feel an interest in these questions. It does not seem fit that we should stand idle while the fateful years move on, each making the task more difficult, each darkening the prospect of any happy solution of the problem.

In the generation now nearly gone by, our brothers of the North and South gave their lives to the first great stage of the struggle with the African question in America; we should be willing to give something to the labor which may help their sacrifices to bear good fruit.

N. S. Shaler.

SIDNEY.

XX.

AFTER that talk with Alan, Robert Steele had no doubt as to what he should do. That he still delayed to tell Miss Sally that he did not love her was not from any uncertainty as to his duty, but simply that the crushing misery of it made him incapable of action. He went as usual to see her; listened absently to her gentle and aimless chatter, responded in his kindly way, and — waited. "Just one day more," he told himself, again and again. More than once, while in her presence, he had tried to nerve himself to his duty, but her absolute trust in him made her unconscious of the direction of his thoughts, and overwhelmed Robert with the terror of what he had to do. In this way more than a fortnight passed, until the dawn of a won-

derful May morning, whose beauty protested against the lie in his soul.

Alan had started out early, meaning to drop in at the major's and look at Sidney's carving, before he went to visit a patient; so Robert waited yet an hour longer, not caring to encounter the doctor when he went to proclaim his own shame.

Alan, meantime, was walking along in the sunshine towards the major's, absorbed in his own happy imaginings. Soon, he said to himself, surely, soon, something must awake in Sidney Lee's heart to which he might address himself; as yet there had been nothing but meaningless friendship, and to that he had been silent.

He found her, that morning, in the garden. She was kneeling, with a trowel in her hand, beside a great

bunch of day-lilies, looking at their broad leaves, and wondering what was the promise for August blossoming. When she saw Alan, she took him into her confidence in the frankest way in the world.

"I thought it would be nice if they would bloom when aunt Sally is married, — she is so fond of them."

"Won't she be married until August?" Alan inquired, looking down into her calm, upraised eyes.

"I think," she explained indifferently, pausing to lift the bending blossom of a crown imperial, and look down into its heart at the three misty tears which gather in the scarlet bell, — "I think that she wants to finish most of the preserving first."

"Oh, Sidney!" he said. Her complete selfishness, here among the flowers, shocked him even through the glamour of his love. "Is n't it a pity to interfere with their happiness just for preserves?" he demanded, laughing.

She had risen, and smiled, and then her face sobered. "Miss Townsend and Mr. Paul are to be married then, too."

"I am so glad! But I thought it was to be sooner?"

Sidney looked at him curiously. "Do people always say that they are glad? Aunt Sally said it when she heard of Mr. Paul and Miss Townsend, and so did Mr. Steele; and Mrs. Brown said it of aunt Sally."

"Well, yes, I think it is a matter of course to say one is glad," Alan answered, lifting his eyebrows a little. "I suppose it is civil to take happiness for granted." Sidney waited. "I mean," he explained, "people may not be happy at all, you know; they may quarrel awfully; but it's civil to suppose they won't."

"Quarrel!"

"Oh, they don't quarrel where they really love each other, Sidney," he declared; "never where there is real love." This was an assertion which Alan would

have been the first to find amusing if another man had made it.

"But I thought you were speaking of people who loved each other," she said simply, — "married people?"

What young man in love could resist the temptation to instruct such ignorance? Not, certainly, Alan Crossan. And yet, despite the eloquence with which he explained, Sidney still looked a little puzzled. "Oh," he cried, at last, impatiently, "you are like a person from another world, — you don't understand what I am saying!"

It was one of those perfect spring days, without a breath of wind to ruffle the silence of the sky, or a cloud to blur the sparkling blue in which the world was wrapped. There was the subtle fragrance of sunshine and freshly dug earth; a row of cherry-trees in Mrs. Paul's garden stood white against the blue, and now and then a breath of their aromatic sweetness wandered through the still air. The young man and young woman, the young day, the first flowers, the twitter of birds swinging in the vines upon the wall, or whirling in and out among the cherry blossoms, — surely words were hardly needed!

Sidney and Alan had walked along the shadowy path towards the sun-dial in the evergreen circle, and there he begged her to sit down on the crescent-shaped bench. They were silent for a moment, listening to the murmur of the busy town outside the garden walls, and then Alan said, "How strange it is, — this quiet spot in the middle of all that clamor! How shut off we are from it all!"

Sidney had taken off her hat, and was leaning back, looking up between the points of the firs at the sky. "Yes," she answered, smiling.

"It is like your life; it is something apart, — something which does not belong to its time."

"It is very pleasant, — I mean the garden."

"But it is not very great!" cried the young man.

"My life or the garden?" she questioned, with happy indifference in her face.

"Of course — your life. It is neither happy nor unhappy, so it cannot be great."

Sidney shook her head. "I am perfectly happy," she declared. "As for greatness, I don't care for greatness; I only want happiness."

"You will fail of either," he said abruptly; and then, having gone no further in his love-making than that point where a man falls readily into the vice of quotation, he began to say, his face radiant with the happiness of inexperience, —

"Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain."

Sidney looked at him with a sparkle of laughter in her eyes. "Now, Alan, what do you know about 'roughness'? For my part, I confess I'm content with peace." She smiled, with that serious sweetness which had always charmed him. The soft air, the sunshine, the flickering white of the cherry-trees, Alan's presence, in a word, youth, gave her all she needed, while she was yet unaware that she had need of anything.

"Such content is only ignorance; you must have infinitely more to make life great, to make it worth having!"

"What?" she asked lightly.

Alan drew a quick breath. He had not meant to tell her — yet; he had not meant even to generalize; he had still lingering doubts about his responsibility to the major; more than all, he had declared that Sidney should not know his deepest life until she had herself begun to live, — he would not startle her into repulsion. But now he did not stop to say, Is it wise? still less, Is it right?

"What?" she asked again, turning to look at him.

Alan's hand tightened upon his knee. "Love," he said.

Sidney Lee started; a slow, fine color burned across her cheek, and was gone. There was a breathless moment between them; for the first time she did not meet his eyes. But when she spoke her voice was as even as his had been shaken.

"Greatness at such a cost? I cannot see how any one can desire it, — greatness that grows out of unhappiness!"

"You are wrong," he said, in a low voice. "It is n't unhappiness, — love."

"It brings unhappiness," she replied calmly.

"It makes life glorious!" he cried. The hope which had been hidden in his face, which had baffled Sidney and tormented Major Lee during these last few months, challenged her from his eyes. Not knowing why, she rose, trembling, breathless.

"Yes — while it lasts; but it does n't last, you know." She wanted to go away; the tumult in her placid soul frightened her; there was a flying terror in her eyes.

"But you don't think of that; the joy" —

"Forgetfulness does not cheat death," she interrupted; "and the joy? I should think that would make the calamity at the end greater for its greatness."

"Sidney" — Alan began, and stopped. Some one was coming along the path towards the sun-dial. Sidney had grown very white, but now suddenly a flood of color mounted to her forehead; her eyes stung with tears. She was conscious only of anger at this extraordinary embarrassment. Why should she want to hide her face as Robert Steele came upon them? Why should her voice tremble when she answered his greeting? She was dumfounded at herself. What did it mean? She could hear, as though at a distance, Alan laughing at Robert's anxious voice, as he asked where Miss Sally was. Alan was entirely himself, and good-naturedly matter of fact. Sid-

ney's confusion gave her a moment of positive faintness.

"Sidney is neglecting her carving," she heard him declare. "I have reproached her so that she vows she won't have me for an instructor. No, I'm sure I don't know where Miss Sally is, Bob; probably delving in a tenement house after somebody's soul."

"I'll — I'll wait, I think," Robert answered; and his voice seemed to grope like a blind man.

"Oh, will you?" said Alan blankly.

Robert sat down beside them in silence. For a moment no one spoke. Then the doctor proposed, gayly, that Sidney should let him see her work. "You must not be discouraged. I'll give you an easier design." He rose. "Come!" he entreated.

"Won't you wait for aunt Sally in the house?" Sidney said, looking at Mr. Steele.

"Yes," he responded miserably. He would have followed them without this invitation; he had the human instinct to seek companionship in suffering. He even went into the lumber-room with them, and glanced with unseeing eyes at Sidney's work, — a curious piece of deep carving, a bitter and evil face under a wreath of laurel leaves.

"Why don't you go and meet Miss Sally, Bob?" Alan suggested, for Sidney had recovered her voice enough to say that her aunt had gone in to Mrs. Paul's.

Robert was incapable of suspecting Alan of diplomacy, so he only repeated dully, "I will wait."

"You need her to cheer you up," Alan commented; "you look awfully down in the mouth."

Sidney, hearing his careless words, was bewildered by her own questions. What had it meant, that thrill in his voice, that wonderful light in his eyes, most of all that sudden storm in her own heart? Yet now Alan was jesting with Mr. Steele, and she, too, was apparently

quite composed, although beneath the surface she was stinging with sharp annoyance at herself. She lifted one of her tools, and saw with dismay that her hand was unsteady; she was almost terrified, — her very body had played her false. Unreasoning anger made her answer Alan, shortly, that she would rather not carve that morning. She had put her hands behind her and held her head with a proud indifference; she said to herself that she hated Alan, and she wished he would go away. The doctor, however, had no such intention; he took up a tool, and began to praise and criticise with as much discrimination as though he were not raging at his friend, who stood silently at his elbow. Even in his annoyance he felt vaguely that this silence of Robert's was strange, and he looked at him once or twice keenly. "Poor Bob!" he said to himself. "Confound him!"

When Robert saw Miss Sally push open the door in the garden wall, he went with a heavy step into the parlor to await her. But by that time a subtle distance had come between Alan and the young woman. Sidney's composure made it impossible to turn the conversation in the direction it had taken out in the sunshine. Those words belonged to the blue sky, and the white gleam of cherry blossoms, and the twitter of birds; here, in the gloom of the lumber-room, with the murmur of voices from the parlor, nothing was possible but the business in hand, and so Alan talked about the carving, as long as he could endure the antagonism of Sidney's silence, and then he went away.

Robert Steele only had to wait in the parlor for Miss Sally a moment or two; when he heard her light, quick step in the hall, it seemed to him he could count his heartbeats. Miss Sally had gone to Mrs. Paul's that morning, although Sidney had promised to do so. "But you know I must be out in the garden," the girl had pleaded. So Miss Sally

had read *The Independent Press*, and talked, or tried to, until Mrs. Paul's patience gave way over some trifling exactness in her mild little visitor; then she had cried sharply, —

"Sally, you were an old maid when you were born; and I don't care how often you get married, you'll be an old maid when you die!"

Miss Sally had been so earnest in her desire to be agreeable that she had laughed tremulously, which annoyed Mrs. Paul so much that she had ordered her to go home, and not be a goose. Miss Sally, still anxious to please, said, "Oh, yes, I think I must go," — this to keep Mrs. Paul from any consciousness of rudeness. "I'll get ready at once."

"Oh, pray, Sally, don't get ready; *be* ready, for once in your life!" returned the older woman. Then she had watched her impatiently while Miss Sally, with small, trembling fingers, buttoned her cloak, and wrapped her long white nubia round and round her face.

"I've had neuralgia," she explained. Miss Sally was always experimenting with human nature; it seemed to her that Mrs. Paul must be sympathetic. On the contrary, a retort upon the indecency of talking of one's ailments sent the gentle soul home almost in tears. She had stopped under the cherry-trees to wipe her kind eyes, and then to bend down to smell the lilies of the valley, growing thick in the shadow of the wall; so that by the time she had reached the parlor and her lover she was her own cheerful self again.

But Robert's haggard face brought an anxious look into her eyes. "I hope you are very well, Mr. Steele?" she said. Miss Sally had never gone beyond "Mr. Steele."

He lifted her hand to his lips, but made no reply. Her affection seemed to him more than he could bear. ("Love" Robert called it, to himself.) Miss Sally did not dream of being hurt or surprised that he had not kissed her. If she had

stopped to think of it at all, it would have been to wonder why he should ever kiss her: she could count upon her fingers the number of times that he had done so.

"I am so glad to see you," she said brightly, unwinding her nubia as she spoke. "I want to ask you what you think would be nice to give that sweet Katherine for a wedding present. I know it is pretty far off, — August; but it is so pleasant to plan things. And you know they won't have much money, unless dear Mrs. Paul will forgive John. Dear me, she could n't help it, if she would but consent to see Katherine. I tried to suggest it," said Miss Sally, turning pale at the memory of Mrs. Paul's fury; "but you know she has such a fine mind, she does n't like to be dictated to, though I'm sure I did n't mean" —

Robert had been absently holding her hand, but he dropped it, and began to walk restlessly about the room. Miss Sally looked puzzled. Then she remembered that she had not removed her overshoes, and, with a little hurried apology, ran out into the hall to take them off. When she came back, she was startled by his face. "Why, is there anything the matter?"

Robert whitened under her kindly look. "Yes, there is something the matter," he almost groaned. Then he gathered all his manliness together: he must not think of himself, he must not even suffer, — the justice of pain was almost relief, and he did not deserve that; he must only think how to spare her, how to tell her the truth as tenderly and as faithfully as his unworthy lips might utter it. He came and sat down beside her on the yellow satin sofa, but he did not take her hand. There was an empty moment, in which they heard the voices in the room beyond; and then, through the open window, up out of the sunny street, came a wandering strain from Verdi, trailing off into silence as the itinerant musician moved further away.

"I have come here," Robert said slowly and distinctly, looking all the while at the portrait at the further end of the room, and noting, with that extraordinary faculty of the mind to observe trivial things in the extremest pain, how cruel was the curve of the beautiful lip, and vaguely aware that he was associating it with the white glitter of cherry blossoms and the careless sweetness of Sidney's voice, — "I have come here to tell you that I am an unworthy man; to tell you that my life is yours, that all that I have or hope is yours, but I am not worthy that you should look upon me. I have come here to tell you this." Miss Sally was bewildered; there were tears in Robert's eyes, and his lips were unsteady. "I am unworthy that you should marry me," he said.

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Sally cheerfully. "Of course you are worthy for anybody to marry. But you are not well, or you would not be so low-spirited. I saw that the moment I came in." She looked at him with affectionate concern. His words were merely a symptom, in Miss Sally's mind, — he had taken cold, he was overtired; and her solicitude suggested her manual, or, at the very least, Alan. She put her hand upon his arm, blushing a little at the boldness of a caress. "You must be more careful of yourself."

Robert stared at her blankly; his face was full of helpless despair. As for Miss Sally, she reflected, with comfortable common sense, that when a man was in such a nervous state the only thing to do was to take his mind away from himself; and so, in her pleasant voice, she chattered of half a dozen pleasant things, never waiting for his replies, and ending, with a woman's instinctive and happy interest in a wedding, with the assertion that she and Robert must give Katherine something practical.

"Dear me," declared Miss Sally, "I suppose it's sympathy, but I am perfectly delighted for them!"

Robert had been so flung back upon himself by her failure to understand him that, during all this talk, he could only struggle dumbly towards the point at which he had begun, and when at last he said, "I cannot lie to you; you must know how base I am, how dishonorable," it was evident that he had not heard one word she had been saying. "I want you to know what I am, and then, if you will trust me, if you will tell me that you will marry me, oh, I shall thank God — I" — What else he said he never knew; only that over and over again, after the truth was told, he implored her to let him devote his miserable life to her, to let him atone for his terrible mistake, to be his wife.

He did not look at her, but he felt that she was drawing herself away from him. The changes in the atmosphere of the soul are as unmistakable as they are intangible. The broken and humiliated man knew, before she spoke, that it was the sister of Mortimer Lee who answered him; little kindly Miss Sally had gone out of his life forever. She rose, and stood looking down at him for a moment; when she spoke, her voice was perfectly calm, though her face was pale. Robert felt, although he dared not look at her, that she even smiled slightly.

"Mr. Steele," — he started, the tone was so like her brother's, — "pray do not be disturbed. Pray do not give it another thought."

"I honor you above any woman I have ever known; your goodness makes it easier to believe in God's goodness. But I could not deceive you; I could not let you think I had given you what it is not in my weak, miserable nature to give to any one, — love such as you ought to receive. But take all I can give, Miss Lee; take my life, and loyalty, and gratitude; let things be as they have been."

"There has never been anything," she answered, with such placid dignity

that Robert dared not entreat her, "and, don't you see, there never can be. There is nothing more to be said, please." She looked at him, and then all the gentleness came back into her face and her eyes filled. "I am so sorry for you," she said simply. Then, quietly, she left him.

Robert Steele did not move, even to follow her with his eyes; he sat there upon the yellow sofa, his head sunk upon his breast, his hands hanging listlessly between his knees. The shadows from the swinging branches of the ailantus-tree in the courtyard fell across a square of sunshine on the carpet at his feet; little by little the bar of light lifted and lifted, until it touched the calm eyes of Sidney's mother.

He watched the silent, joyous dance of sun and shadows; he was incapable of thought.

He saw Alan cross the courtyard, and heard the iron gate creak on its rusty hinges, as he went out into the lane. A little later, Major Lee came up the steps; and then he heard Sidney tell her father, carelessly, that her aunt had a headache, and would not be down to dinner. No one caught sight of him in the darker end of the parlor, half hidden by the open door. It must have been long after noon when he left the house; he did not stay because he hoped to see Miss Sally again, but only because he had not the strength to go away.

It was nearly five o'clock when Alan Crossan entered his house. The day had been a good one to the doctor. The glory of the morning had touched every hour afterwards. He was still elate and joyous, but on the threshold of the library he stopped, appalled. In his absorption, these last few weeks, he had become perfectly accustomed to what he thought of as the meaningless distress in Robert's face, and scarcely any accentuation of that pain could have startled him. But there was no distress in it now; only

dull silence. He went over and touched him on the shoulder, in an authoritative way.

"You have taken morphine," he said.

XXI.

Mrs. Paul had not seen her son for nearly six weeks, when, the first Sunday evening that he was in Mercer after he had received Sidney's message, he entered her drawing-room. During that time she had passed from rage to contempt, then to indifference, and now she had reached something like fright. Not that she feared losing John's affection, — it was not credible to Mrs. Paul that she could lose the affection of any one; but she had an awful glimpse of a desolate old age. Who would play at draughts with her in the long evenings? Who would listen patiently to her gibes and sneers? Scarlett might do the latter, perhaps, — that was what she was paid for, — but there was no feeling in her silent endurance. Sidney might be summoned for the former, except that of late Mrs. Paul had found Sidney less interesting. Not from any change in the girl, but because her project concerning Mr. Steele had fallen through, and mostly because her own interests and disappointments pressed upon her and shut Sidney out. She was in a state of tremulous fierceness when at last the night came on which John Paul, with new and leisurely indifference, presented himself at her door.

"Well," she said, rapping the little table at her side sharply, "you are here, are you? I told Sidney that if you were sorry for your conduct you might come home." John raised his eyebrows. "Yes," Mrs. Paul declared, "I'm willing to overlook your behavior. Every man has in him the capacity of absolute idiocy at some time or other in his life, and that was your opportunity. Well, you improved it, Johnny, —

you improved it. I'm willing to forgive and forget," she continued. "We'll say no more about it. Just wind up this Independent Press folly as soon as you can. Do you want any money for it?"

But there was something in her son's look that troubled her. In spite of her bold words, her voice shook. In the brief answer that John made, Mrs. Paul heard her defeat announced; heard, but could not realize nor accept it. She grew so angry that her son bent his eyes upon the ground, and refused to look at her.

"You shall not marry that woman!" she cried; "or, if you do, not a cent of my money shall you have, — do you hear me? And she shall never enter my house, — do you understand me? I will not see her."

John had been standing silently all this time, frowning at the jug of lilacs in the fireplace; once he lifted from the mantelpiece a carved and fretted ball of ivory, which held another within its circling mystery, and looked at it critically; then he put it down, and waited for his mother to continue; but he glanced at the clock in an absent, indifferent way.

"You are a cruel and unnatural son!" she said, her voice breaking into tears.

John looked at her with attention. "Yes, I think I am unnatural, but I can't help it now; neither of us can help it now. I am what you have made me; I suppose I am hard. I am sorry."

"Hard? You are stone! My only son!"

John sighed. Human nature is as helpless to restore as to create love. But had he ever loved his mother? He had certainly never analyzed his feeling for her. Affection for one's mother is a matter of course; it is a conventionality, in a way. But now something had snapped, something had broken; he no longer took his affection for granted.

"No," he thought sadly, looking away

from her convulsed face, "I do not love you; and I shall never forgive you." He knew quite well that, no matter what gloss of reconciliation might cover that awful scene when she had accused and condoned at once, he could never forget it.

Those promises of pardon which we bestow so readily are apt to be given without thought of this terrible and inescapable power of memory. The lover or the husband, the mother or the child, may love as deeply as before the quarrel or the crime, but the remembrance of one bad or cruel word, the color of a tone, the meaning in the glance of an eye, will too often linger in the soul; such a recollection will start up between two kisses, force itself beneath the hand that blesses, be renewed in vows of renewed tenderness. No assertions of forgiveness or of love can blot it out; it is as immortal as the soul.

Perhaps Mrs. Paul read the inexorable truth in her son's face; her anger was drowned in a new emotion. She looked up suddenly at Annette's picture.

"Oh, why did you die?" she said, half aloud. "It is your fault. I would have been different" —

"I must go," John was saying constrainedly. "Should you need me at any time, I will come at once. Mother, I wish you would let Katherine come to see you?"

But she burst out into such bitter insult to the woman he loved that, without another word, he left her.

She did not even ring for Scarlett when he had gone, and she was wonderfully quiet all that evening. Davids noticed that she left the tea-table without eating, and he hazarded the remark to Scarlett that he believed she cared more for Mr. John than she had ever let on. Scarlett's response of silence made him, as usual, quite angry, but left him with that sense of her wisdom which the mystery of reserve is sure to produce.

"Lord!" said Davids, "if I could

hold my tongue like her, she'd think me something great!"

Mrs. Paul was experiencing this same fear of silence. If John had argued, if he had attempted to explain, she could have had all the solace of her own rush of angry words. She felt, unanswered, like a flying brig, left suddenly to the waves without the driving force of the hurricane. Her own fury tossed and beat her, but without John's anger she could make no progress.

She did not sleep much that night; she thought persistently of Miss Townsend. She wished, with hot resentment, that she could see her, at a distance, — that she could know what sort of a person it was who had wrought this change in her son; for through the calmest indifference she had been entirely ignorant of John's possibilities. Alone in the darkness of her bedroom, the slow and scanty tears burned in her eyes and dropped upon her pillow; the old grief for the dead Annette, the grief which had railed at Heaven, but had hidden itself so completely that no one knew that it existed, was sobbed out again in despair and hatred of all the world. "Why did she die? Mortimer is right; it is not worth while to love any one. Oh, I wish she had never been born!" The thought came to her at last, — it was towards dawn, and the furniture was beginning to shape itself out of the shadows, as the windows grew into oblongs of gray light, — the thought came to her that she might go to see this young woman; yes, and tell her what she thought of her, and what would be the result if she married John, — which, of course, would end the matter, for all the girl wanted was money. Rage which can be expressed in action is almost pleasure. Mrs. Paul fell asleep when she had thought this all out; but Scarlett was startled by her white face and haggard eyes, when she brought in the coffee the next morning.

"Tell Davids," Mrs. Paul said, as she

sat before the oval mirror of her dressing-table, and watched the woman puff her hair with delicate and gentle little fingers, — "tell Davids to go to the major's, and say Mrs. Paul's love, and will Miss Lee step over for a few minutes after breakfast?"

"Miss Sally?" asked Scarlett, whose sense of justice always made this little protest for Miss Sally's dignity.

"Of course not!" cried Mrs. Paul. "I said Miss Lee."

Sidney came, and was asked, in the most casual way in the world, where "that Townsend girl" lived, although the desire for such information was not explained.

Mrs. Paul had ordered the carriage for two o'clock, and she drove towards Red Lane with a face which tried to hide its eagerness beneath the greatest indifference. She had been full of excuses all that morning, explaining to herself that this apparent weakening was only strength. Johnny should see he could not defy her; she would put a stop to his absurdities once for all. No fear that the young woman would want to marry him when she knew the facts of the case.

Miss Katherine Townsend, however, was away from home, and Mrs. Paul's anger was for the moment restrained. "I will wait," she said, sweeping past Maria, who was very much overcome by the caller's rustling silks, as well as by her impatient and disdainful eyes. It was curious that the servant's vacant face and the plainness of the house should have aroused in Mrs. Paul, not anger at John, but the old indignation at what, long ago, she had called the "low tastes" of her husband. "He gets it from his father," she thought, her lip curling as she looked about at the severe but cheerful room.

The walls between the windows and doors were covered with bookshelves, so that there was no room for pictures; the piano was open, and sheets of music

were scattered beside it; there was no carpet on the painted floor, "only," said Mrs. Paul to herself, "those detestable slippery rugs." On the table was a great India china bowl full of locust blossoms. The shutters were bowed, for the day was warm, and one ray of sunshine fell between them, striking white upon the flowers, but the rest of the room was shadowy; so dusky, indeed, that Mrs. Paul did not observe Ted standing in the doorway, his grave little head on one side and his hands behind him.

"Who," he observed at last, "are you?"

"Oh," thought Mrs. Paul, "this is the brother. Of course the child is pert and forward."

"Kitty says," said Ted gently, "'at it's polite to speak when you are spoken to."

"You are an impertinent boy!" Mrs. Paul assured him. She put her glasses on and inspected him.

"No," Ted corrected her, "I'm not an impertinent boy. I'm Kitty's big brother."

"I am Mrs. Paul," explained his auditor, — "now you can run away, please."

"Oh," cried Ted, with evident delight, "are you John's sister? We love John. Kitty and Carrie, Louisa and me."

Little Ted had no knowledge of any other relationship than brother and sister, so his remark had no flattery in it, but Mrs. Paul smiled involuntarily. "I am his mother," she said. ("A scheming, ill-bred person," she added, in her own mind, "teaching the children to talk about Johnny in such a way, to please him, of course.")

"Should you like to see the pups?" Ted asked, anxious to be agreeable. "John gave 'em to me."

"Oh, pray be quiet!" returned Mrs. Paul impatiently. "When is your sister coming home?"

"Do you mean Kitty?" The child

leaned his elbow confidently on Mrs. Paul's knee, and looked into her face. "You have n't got such pretty eyes as John."

There was no reply.

"Kitty thinks his eyes are beautiful," declared Ted calmly, "an' she's coming home 'most any time. Kitty does just as she pleases, you know."

Mrs. Paul's face expressed only silent endurance.

"Does John love you the same as I love Kitty?" Ted continued, after a pause, during which he inspected the lace upon Mrs. Paul's wrap. A moment later, he exclaimed gayly, "There she is! Kitty, there's somebody here!"

For once Katherine scarcely noticed him. She had guessed whose was the carriage at the door, and she had summoned all her happiness and her courage to her aid. She entered with a smile, in which there was the faintest gleam of amusement.

"You are Mrs. Paul," she said, with an outstretched hand, which, as Mrs. Paul did not notice it, began to wheel an easier chair forward. "How good of you to come to see me! But pray take a more comfortable seat."

Words fluttered upon Mrs. Paul's lips, and left her silent. This dignified young woman was so different from her expectations that she had to take a moment to adjust her anger to her circumstances.

Katherine, meanwhile, had drawn her little brother to her side. The old sofa upon which she sat, with its uncomfortable mahogany arms and its faded damask covering, had an air of past grandeur about it which impressed Mrs. Paul, although she did not know it. All the furniture in the room had this same suggestiveness, as well as the rows of leather-covered books upon the shelves.

"She comes of People," Mrs. Paul thought angrily. "Her conduct is inexcusable!"

"I trust you have not had to wait

very long?" Katherine was saying. "And, Ted, you have not been a bore, have you?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Paul, "he has been quite — quite talkative." She was furious at herself for ending her sentence in that way.

"Had I known that you were coming, I should have been at home," said Katherine.

But Mrs. Paul was not to be drawn into commonplace civilities. "Miss Townsend, will you be so kind as to send this child away? What I wish to say perhaps he had better not hear."

"Certainly," answered Katherine gravely. But when Ted, with his usual reluctance, had left them, she said, with quiet dignity, that had in it a curious condescension, "Mrs. Paul, I know very well that John's engagement to me is a disappointment to you, and I appreciate with all my heart your coming here to see me."

"You are quite right," returned Mrs. Paul; "it is a disappointment. It is for that reason that I am here. Of course my son will do what he wishes with his future, but at the same time it is only proper that you should know what that future will be — if — if he displeases me." Katherine's slight, waiting smile, full of courteous and decent deference for her age, confounded Mrs. Paul. She was perhaps more puzzled than angry, and the sensation was so new that she was at a loss for words. Those which she had prepared for the upstart music teacher were not to be spoken to this young woman. "Yes, it is a very great disappointment, I regret to say," she ended.

"I hope you will believe," Katherine Townsend answered, "that I have realized perfectly that it might be so. I do not mean because I am poor, — that is something which neither you nor I could consider, — but I have the care of my brother and sisters, and it is a very serious thing for a man to marry

when he must assume such responsibilities."

"I am glad to see that you appreciate that," said Mrs. Paul. "I" —

"Yes," interposed Miss Townsend quietly, "of course I know that. And yet I have felt that this very assumption would give him the strength which your strength has really withheld from him. He has had no responsibility in life, I think, has he? I am sure you understand me. I do not mean to reproach your love for him, which has spared him, but surely responsibility will help him, too? But I am talking too much of my own concerns." She stopped, smiling in half apology. "It is such a tiresome drive over from the hill; will you not excuse me for one moment, and let me fetch you a cup of tea?" She rose, ignoring Mrs. Paul's quick negative. "Pray let me," she said, and left the room.

In the hall she drew a long breath and set her lips; then she went into the kitchen, and with an intent haste, which silenced Maria, she made the tea herself, and arranged the small tray upon which she was to carry it to her guest. It was a bold stroke, she reflected, and the risk was great in leaving Mrs. Paul alone to collect her thoughts and her objections; but it had been the only thing that had suggested itself to Katherine. The excitement and restraint made her eyes bright, and there was a little color in her cheeks; and when, tranquilly and without haste, she came back to the parlor, she was almost handsome. Mrs. Paul could not help seeing that, nor the quiet way in which Katherine seemed to dismiss the subject of John and his engagement. She began, as she poured the tea, to talk, lightly, with cutting words, of this person or of that. Had Mrs. Paul heard of that absurd affair in Ashurst? What a painful thing for the family such a scandal must be! And what did she think of that ridiculous love-story that, just now, every one was reading? And

that gave Katherine Townsend the chance to say things as bitter and as untrue as even her guest might have done.

"A book," Mrs. Paul was constrained to say, "which tries to denounce second marriage is silly, is immoral."

"Who is it that says a second marriage is the triumph of hope over experience?" queried Katherine gayly. "Truly, I don't like the idea myself, but it's better than Major Lee's theory." This with a slight shrug. Even as she spoke, she was excusing herself by saying she would confess to Sidney Lee what she had said, never for a moment realizing how incapable Sidney was of understanding the situation, or approving of that temporary insincerity which is a weapon of society, and rarely implies a moral quality.

At that suggestion of a sneer, Mrs. Paul saw her anger slipping away from her. She made an effort to recover herself. "At least, absurd as it is, Mortimer Lee's view would prevent many unhappy marriages; and I am sure you will agree with me that no marriages are so unhappy as those which are unequal in — in any way. It is of this, Miss Townsend, that I wish to speak to you."

Then Katherine, who had given away her warm and honest heart as loyally as any woman ever did, lifted her eyebrows a little and seemed to consider. "Yes," she said cynically, "of course; except that the reasons for an unequal marriage are always so apparent. No one ought to be deceived. Regard has very little to do with it. It is invariably personal advantage which is considered; happiness is not expected." She held her breath after that; perhaps she had gone too far? Yet if it made Mrs. Paul feel that, in her own case, she acknowledged no inequality, much was gained, even at the expense of a slur upon love. ("This is bowing in the house of Rimmon," she thought, with shame and elation together.)

But Mrs. Paul smiled. At least this young woman was no fool, — there was to be no love-talk, no tears; and yet, as she tried to turn to that subject which she had come to discuss, she found such a discussion as difficult, although not as disagreeable, as though she had been answered by tears and protestations. She could not make her threat about money to this young person who treated money with such high-handed indifference; indeed, so skillfully did Katherine parry the slightest hint of the disapprobation which Mrs. Paul was here to express that the older woman became aware that, although she was not to be allowed to say what was in her mind, Miss Townsend knew perfectly well all she wished to say.

There are few who are not more or less impressed by cleverness; but Mrs. Paul respected it, even when it was to her cost. As for Katherine, she was exhilarated by her opportunity; to anticipate Mrs. Paul's sneers was like a game. That she was not sincere she was aware, but she silenced her conscience by a promise to repent as soon as her wrong-doing was ended. For the present, she must not lose the chance of assuring Mrs. Paul that, for her part, she believed that vanity was the beginning of most of the virtues, and expediency of the rest, — or any such flip-pant untruth as Mrs. Paul's conversation might suggest; and Mrs. Paul's conversation never lacked suggestion.

The older woman's final reserve broke down. "My dear," she cried, "you are delightful. The Providence that takes care of children and fools has guided Johnny. As for your brother and sisters, no doubt we can find a proper boarding-school" — She ignored Miss Townsend's laughing negative. Mrs. Paul was never half-way in anything; she was as charmed as she had been enraged.

"But I am afraid," Katherine said, — "I am afraid that I must beg you to

excuse me. I have a lesson to give in just twenty minutes, and I must go. I am so sorry!" She rose as she spoke, extending her hand in very courteous and calm dismissal. "It has been a pleasure to see you," she said, with no more enthusiasm than politeness demanded.

Mrs. Paul was beaming. She glanced at Katherine keenly for a moment, as she took her arm. "Where have you learned to walk?" she demanded. "One does not expect deportment from Little Mercer. But what am I thinking of? Your mother was a Drayton, of course! I remember now: young Steele told me so, and Sidney, but I had forgotten it. So foolish in Johnny not to remind me! How could I suppose that anybody he would care for could have antecedents?"

"But poor John," said Katherine lightly, — "he was more concerned with living than with dead relatives. Four Townsends are bad enough, without a dozen Draytons too."

"Oh," Mrs. Paul assured her, "I have no doubt that they are very well, — the children; I assure you I sha'n't mind them much." They had reached the carriage, and a thought struck her. "You are going out to give a lesson? (Nonsense, all nonsense; we'll stop that at once!) Then just get right in with me, and I'll take you wherever you want to go. It has begun to rain, you see."

"That will be delightful!" Katherine assented. She had not removed her bonnet when she entered the parlor, so without any delay she took the place by Mrs. Paul's side. The enjoyment of leaning back among the carriage cushions, and directing the coachman to drive to one of those cheap suburban villas, which irritate the eyes and look as though they had been made with a jig-saw, was something Katherine never forgot.

"You are to come to see me to-morrow morning," commanded Mrs. Paul, more pleasantly excited and interested than she had been for many a day. "I

shall send for Johnny, and we will wind up this nonsense of the paper."

Katherine laughed and shook her head. "I am so sorry, but I am occupied to-morrow morning. I must not disappoint a pupil for my own pleasure, you know." Under all her calm, Katherine was flushed with victory. She had triumphed, yet it was at the cost of her self-respect. She realized this when she stood at the carriage door saying good-by.

"My dear, you are a clever woman, and I congratulate you. (No one can say I have not always appreciated cleverness.) You don't make any sentimental pretenses, — I like that. As for Johnny, I dare say you will make the best of him; he's only stupid, — that's all."

Katherine grew hot with shame; she could scarcely control her voice to thank Mrs. Paul for having carried her to her pupil's door. She had succeeded too well.

Mrs. Paul, when she drove away, was in that state of radiant satisfaction which demands a spectator. So it was something to come across Miss Sally trudging home in the rain, and to stop and insist that she should get into the carriage.

"Why in the world," she cried, "didn't you tell me about Katherine Townsend?" She would not drive home immediately, "for I want to talk to you," she said. And so Miss Sally, sitting opposite, shivering a little in her damp skirts, listened with genuine pleasure to Mrs. Paul's praises of Katherine. "It is really a pleasure to talk to such a young woman; and a great relief, after what I have endured these last few years. Why did nobody tell me what she was like? Of course I could not know; the fact that Johnny was in love with her made me think she could not amount to much. Johnny has no sense about women. I was always afraid he might think he was in love with you. But, thank the Lord, he never reached that state! So it was natural that I should object to her, not having seen her, and neither you nor Sidney having

the sense to tell me what kind of a woman she was."

"I should think," ventured Miss Sally, shivering a good deal, "that you would have known she must be a sweet, good girl, just because John cared for her."

"Sweet? good?" repeated Mrs. Paul contemptuously. "That's like you, Sally. And it's like you to say I must have known, *because* — Now that you are engaged yourself, you really are too silly."

Miss Sally swallowed once or twice, and then looked out of the window. "I am not engaged, Mrs. Paul."

Mrs. Paul's "What?" was explosive. "When did you break it off? What an idiot you were, Sally, to let him go! You will never get the chance again. Why did you do it?"

"I — I did n't break it off," said the other simply; "he told me he had made a mistake. So there was n't anything to break off, you see."

XXII.

If Mrs. Paul had not been so absorbed in Katherine, she would have felt in Miss Sally's broken engagement the collapse of a person who has lost a grievance. As it was, she thought of it only to repeat the news, two or three days later, to Robert's astounded and dismayed friend, and to rail at Sally for a fool to have let young Steele slip through her fingers. When Alan Crossan really grasped the fact that Robert had thrown Miss Sally over, — it was thus Mrs. Paul expressed it, — he stood in shocked silence for a moment; it was too tremendous for comment. Then came the instant rebound: it was impossible; it simply could not be; by believing such a slander he again had wronged his friend. Why, it was only a week ago that Robert had come to look for Miss Sally in the garden — Then, like a blow, came the remembrance of the evident return to morphine in the afternoon of that

day, and since then Robert had been away from home.

The doctor scarcely heard Mrs. Paul's triumphant talk of Katherine; he only waited for a pause to say good-by, and then he went at once, not knowing why, to the major's. There, at first, it seemed as though this terrible news was confirmed. Sidney met him, looking puzzled and half annoyed.

"Aunt Sally is ill, I think. She has a cold. I was going to send for you, Alan, though you won't mind if she keeps on taking her little pills too, will you?"

"Is — is anything else wrong, Sidney?" he said. "Does Mr. Steele know she is ill? Has he been here to-day?"

Sidney shook her head. "There is nothing wrong; what could be wrong? Aunt Sally is ill, and I can't tell what she wants done downstairs. She is sleepy all the time." She frowned; she was troubled, and she was impatient of all trouble.

It was no time to ask questions; Alan had to forget Robert. A physician's private anxieties are out of place by the bedside of a patient, and Miss Sally was really sick. That walk in the rain, and then the long, shivering ride with Mrs. Paul, had come upon a little body which the new emotions of the last few months, and especially of the last week, had greatly taxed. Miss Sally was exhausted. Her pathetic desire to appear stronger and wiser than she was had been a continual strain; but that desire had gone now, and she felt instead the old content, the old enjoyment of a narrow life. And yet such content was a mysterious pain to Miss Sally.

In the night of that day upon which Mr. Steele had told her he did not love her, she had cried as though her heart would break. She knew, vaguely, that her grief was not because she had lost her lover, yet she knew no more than that. She was incapable of finding the reason for her tears, or of understanding

that there is no bitterer pain than the knowledge that the real grievance is the lack of grief.

There, in the dark, kneeling at the side of her high bed, she cried until, from weariness, she fell asleep; sinking down upon the floor, her head resting against the carved bedpost. In the morning she awoke, stiff and chilled, and in a dazed way groped about in her mind to find her sorrow. She caught a glimpse in her mirror of her small anxious face, stained with last night's tears, and pressed into wrinkles and creases where it had rested on the gathers of the valance. The tears were still very near the surface. She drew a little sobbing breath for pity of herself. But perhaps at that moment she dimly understood that really it was relief which had come to her, and not sorrow, and that the dear and commonplace little life was hers again. There would be no more effort, no new emotions. She cried as she smoothed her hair and bathed her tired eyes, because, without understanding it, she knew how soon her tears would be dried. It was a little soul's appreciation of how impossible for it is greatness. But no one could have guessed this cause of grief, least of all Robert Steele, drowning his misery in the old familiar dreams of opium. He had shut himself up in a hotel in the city, and given all his thoughts to the contemplation of his own baseness; and when that grew too terrible to be borne, taking up that strange little instrument of heaven and hell, and by a prick in his arm forgetting. There was a fitness in such sinning, he said to himself, deliberately yielding to temptation. He had flung Miss Sally's saving love away, so he had best fall back into the misery from which she had rescued him. Perhaps no one, not even Alan, could have appreciated the sincerity of a man allowing himself to sin, as a punishment to himself.

But the doctor, on that day, a week

later, when he found Miss Sally ill, had no knowledge of Robert or his condition, and he could not spare a thought for him in concern for her. Alan looked worried when he rejoined Sidney in the library.

She was reading, and it was evidently not easy for her to leave her book.

"Yes," he said, "Miss Sally is ill; but don't be alarmed." Sidney looked surprised; evidently, nothing had been further from her thoughts than anything so unpleasant as alarm. "So far as I can see, she has nothing on her mind. (Mrs. Paul was wrong; I knew she was.) But I don't like that room for her: there is no sunshine, and too much draught. The room across the hall would be better. I think she ought to be moved at once."

"But," said Sidney, in consternation, and putting her book down, "that is — is" —

"Your room?" Alan finished. "Why, Sidney!" The selfishness which could admit of such a thought startled him for a moment.

Sidney did not speak. To put some one else before herself required an adjustment of ideas; but when that was done, the resulting consciousness was not altogether unpleasant.

"I think," said Alan slowly, "I'll ask Miss Katherine Townsend to come in this afternoon, for a while. I'm sure she's a capital nurse. And Miss Sally ought not to be alone."

"Oh!" Sidney answered blankly, so plainly distressed at her duty that Alan could not be silent.

"Sidney, don't you care for Miss Sally?"

"Yes, of course I care," she said; but there was no offended affection in her face, nor did she say "love." In such matters the major had taught her to call things by their right names.

"Then," cried Alan, "why don't you want to be with her, and to give up your room to her?"

"Because," she explained, "it is n't pleasant, Alan."

The doctor looked at her. "But is this sort of thing pleasant,—this selfishly refusing to see what is painful?"

"It is n't unpleasant," she replied. But she was troubled; Alan seemed to disapprove of her, she thought.

"Oh, Sidney," he said, "it distresses me to have you unwomanly and selfish. I cannot bear to see you selfish." This was the first time that they had been alone since that morning in the garden.

She smiled. "But look; why do you want me to be different? Because it is unpleasant to see what you call selfishness?"

"And it is not right," added the doctor.

"What is 'right'?" she asked. "Oh, Alan, you and I act from the same motive,—*comfort*; only you are more subtle about it than I. You call 'comfort' 'right'; it's expedient to be good, you know." She laughed, and looked at him so frankly, with such entire absence of that beautiful consciousness which had filled him with hope, that Alan's heart sank.

"Sidney," he said passionately, "I told you that you needed love to make you really live. It is regeneration, as well as beauty! Do you remember what I told you? Oh, you could not be selfish if—you had love in your heart!"

He stood close beside her; it seemed as though a wave of light quivered across his face as his eyes sought hers. Miss Sally, right and wrong, the subtleties of altruism and selfishness, were forgotten; the woman he loved was looking into his face.

"Oh, begin to live, Sidney,—begin to live, *now*!"

It was an extraordinary moment, which seemed to Alan an eternity, as, with her hand crushed in his, he demanded life from the frightened silence of her face. The scene stamped itself upon his brain: the sunshine streaming

in through the long, open windows; the murmurs of the busy street; the Virginia creeper swaying from the eaves of the west wing; the sudden sparkle of a crystal ball upon the writing-table; and through all a wandering breath of mignonette from the garden, and the ripple of a song from little Susan, singing in the kitchen.

Alan's voice sounded strangely in his ears. His individuality was swept into that Power of which each individual is but the fleeting expression. It was Life which called to Sidney; it was the Past, it was Humanity, it was all Nature,—nay, it was her own soul which entreated her from Alan's lips.

"Love is more than death; it is life itself. I love you."

She did not take her hand from his, nor turn her eyes away; she looked at him in absolute silence, dazed and uncomprehending. Alan had one moment of blankness, which was so intense that it seemed a physical shock; it was as though he had uttered that "Come forth!" into the ears of the dead.

"Do you love me?" His tone compelled an answer.

Sidney, looking at him as though she could not take her eyes away from his, slowly shook her head. The spell of the moment was lifted; the sense of power was gone. The young man was no longer the creator, summoning life, but the lover, pleading, fearing, scarcely daring to hope.

"Oh, you are not in earnest? Think! Don't you,—a little?"

"No," she answered. Her voice was as the voice of one who dreams; but she knew, keenly and intensely, what she was doing and saying. It was this knowledge which brought the absorbed vacancy into her eyes. This, then, was love?—this look in Alan's face; this strange earnestness, which was, she thought vaguely, like anger; this breathless pain in his voice. How terrible was love! "Alan, Alan," she said,

"please do not be so unhappy, please do not love me."

"Not love you? Why, I should not be alive if I did not love you, Sidney. It seems as if it were my very soul, this love. Don't you care for me at all?"

But already he despaired; it did not need that she should answer him, trembling, "Indeed, I do not; truly I do not," to assure him that his entreaties fell upon ears which could not understand them. He felt, watching the dismay growing in her calm face, as though he had been telling his love to a marble woman. For a moment he did not feel the despair of a rejected lover. It seemed to him, looking at her passionless pity, as though the girl were incapable of emotion; there was something unhuman about it, which gave him, at the heart of his love, a curious sense of repulsion.

"I am so sorry for you, Sidney," he heard himself say; and then he burst out once more: "Sidney, you don't know what I am trying to tell you, you don't know what love means! But you must learn; let me teach you?" He took her hand again, with a gentleness which may come when love is great enough to forget itself.

Sidney looked away, and sighed. "Alan, don't say anything more." Her voice was so ultimate that the young man was silenced for a moment; then he said simply, —

"Don't you think you could learn to love me, Sidney?"

"Truly I don't," she answered. There were tears in her eyes. Alan turned sharply away.

He went over to the window, and stood with his hands behind him, staring into the garden.

"Alan?" Sidney said at last.

"Yes?" he answered quietly, but he did not look at her.

"I — I think I must go to aunt Sally" — she began, her voice unsteady.

He turned quickly. "Wait one moment," he said. "I want to write a prescription for her."

The crystal ball in its ebony circle still flashed in the sunshine; the murmur of the bees and the scent of flowers came through the windows. Life and the day went on; little Susan was still singing in the kitchen, and, like a green and flowing arras, the woodbine wavered in the wind. All was the same, and yet, to this young man and woman, how infinitely and eternally different!

"Will you have this filled, please?" the doctor inquired, making queer cabalistic marks upon his prescription paper. He did not lift his eyes to hers; the repression of the moment made his face stern.

Sidney did not answer. A soul had revealed itself to her in this last half hour; all her twenty-five years had brought her no such wisdom as had come in these quick moments. What had been a word to her had flashed before her eyes, a living creature. Love had looked at her, had implored her. Sidney had that feeling of escape which comes to one who has seen another overwhelmed by a danger which he fears. Alan left her with a very brief farewell; but she sat there by the window, with the prescription paper in her hand, until long after the time her aunt should have taken her medicine, — sat there, in fact, until Katherine Townsend, entering, with an anxious look upon her face, asked her how Miss Sally was.

Katherine had seen Alan, and when she heard that Miss Sally was ill she said she would go to her at once. "For I am afraid," she added good-naturedly, "that Miss Sidney Lee is too dreamy to be of much use in a sick-room?"

Alan was apparently too absorbed to express an opinion. "Doctors think of nothing but their patients," Katherine complained to herself. She would have been glad to talk of Sidney, who interested her extremely, but Alan was silent,

and she did not pursue the subject; she had an interest and anxiety of her own.

"Dr. Crossan, I want to ask you something. Mrs. Paul told me that — that cousin Robert had broken his engagement, and now you say Miss Sally is ill; and it almost seems — But I would not believe Mrs. Paul!"

Alan came back with a start; he had forgotten Robert and Miss Sally too. "Mrs. Paul told me the same thing, but it cannot be true. Miss Sally's illness has nothing to do with any nervous condition. She has a cold, and she is feverish; pneumonia is what I fear. Miss Townsend, I would not believe such a thing of Robert, if he told me so himself!"

Katherine's face brightened. "I thank you for saying that. I don't think I really believed it, only Mrs. Paul said — But never mind that. Then it is not broken off, you think?"

"I don't know," Alan answered. "It may be at an end; Miss Sally may have broken it off, you know. I have n't seen Bob for a week. But Mrs. Paul insinuated — if you will pardon the word — that Steele had asked to be released, and of course that is impossible. I wonder why Mrs. Paul always puts the worst construction upon everything?"

Then, with a comment upon the weather, he left her. It is odd what attention one can pay to the commonplace, with one's soul in a tumult of pain. He thought of Robert again, only to declare to himself, briefly, that this thing Mrs. Paul had said was obviously false; and then he forgot him until later in the afternoon, when he reached home.

Robert Steele was waiting for him in their library. He was resting his elbows on the table, and his face was hidden in his hands. "Alan," he said, "how is Miss Sally? I called there, and they told me she was ill."

His manner confessed him. The doctor was flung out of his trust and confidence. "She is ill," he said sternly. "She is very much prostrated, also. I suppose you know why that is?"

"Yes, I know," answered the wretched man before him.

Alan stared at him with dismay. "Steele, tell me what this means. Is your engagement broken?"

"Yes."

"But it is not true that you did it? That is what is said, but — but of course it's a lie!"

"It is true," returned Robert, running his finger along the carving on the edge of the table, and not lifting his head.

"Good heavens, Steele, what are you saying? I don't believe it! You are an honorable man. It is some piece of insane folly which you have fastened upon yourself which has made her dismiss you. But then, why are you so miserable? Did you" — he lowered his voice — "did you love her, after all?"

"No," answered the other, "I never loved her, and I told her so. I told her that it had been a mistake from the beginning."

Alan did not speak.

Robert raised his head. "Do you want me to go away?"

Alan looked at him speechlessly. Robert had not loved Miss Sally? He had realized that he had made a mistake? The doctor could easily believe all that, but — tell her! Was it not a sufficient injury to fail in love without adding the insult of telling her so? His face grew darkly red. "I am done with him," he thought.

"Do you want me to go away?" Robert repeated, in that dull, hopeless voice.

"I do," said the doctor.

Without a word, Robert Steele rose and left the room.

Margaret Deland.

IN A VOLUME OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

STRANGE spoil from this weird garden Memory brings;
 Here, hard by Flower de Luce, the night-blast sows
 Moonstruck Thessalian herbs; o'erhead (who knows?)
 Or from beneath, a sough of missioned wings;
 The soil, enriched with mould of Coptic kings,
 Bears, intertwining, substances and shows,
 And in the midst about their mystic rose
 The Muses dance, while rapt Apollo sings.
 All-potent Phantasy, the spell is thine;
 Thou lay'st thy careless finger on a word,
 And there forever shall thine effluence shine,
 The witchery of thy rhythmic pulse be heard;
 Yea, where thy foot hath left its pressure fine,
 Though but in passing, haunts the Attic bird.

James Russell Lowell.

THE STATUS OF ATHLETICS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

ONE of the popular delusions about colleges is the notion that college students are a race apart: that they have temptations quite different from and more numerous than those met by other young men; that they have different amusements, different standards, — in a word, a different human nature. Those who live among students know that they are, in the main, very like their twin brothers at home or in business: they are not much wiser, and are as prone to do absurd things; on the other hand, they have more leisure, more command of their time, a wider range of interest, and a tickling sense of belonging to a guild of learning; on the whole, they are more likely than other young men to avoid bad or vicious habits.

The same principle applies in athletics as in more important things. College athletes are not a peculiar genus of the *homo juvenis*; they are only amateur athletes. College athletic clubs are gov-

erned by the same rules and principles as other amateur clubs. Yet there are some reasons why the interest in college athletics is sharper, why abuses are more apt to creep in, and why public attention should be directed more carefully to the manner in which college athletics are conducted.

That there is a great public interest in college athletics is plain twice a year from the items and squibs of the daily press; and this is an interest which has grown up within the last thirty years. The enjoyment of sports is as old as the toys of Egyptian children, or the ball-game of Nausicaa and her maids.

Σφαίρη καὶ δ' ἄρ' ἔπαιζον . . . αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μακρὸν ἄνυσαν.

"With the ball they played, . . . and mightily they shrieked."

The contest of animal with animal, of men with animals, and still more of men with men, has excited Greek, Roman, and barbarian. There is no doubt that a stand-up fight between two trained

men or bodies of men, whether fought with fists, rapiers, Winchester rifles, or army corps, is the most absorbing of human diversions. In modern athletic sports, however, the contest is not usually against a man's person; our preference is for races and competitions rather than for set-tos.

This milder and manlier form of sport is due to England. While German youths still exercised with a sword and American youths with a trotting-sulky, young Englishmen ran, rowed, played cricket, and revived football and tennis. The development has been due in part to the ancient customs of the people, in part to climate, in great part to the English schools. School-boys' sports have, during the past fifty years, been carried into the universities and into private life.

To England, then, we owe the example followed in our outdoor sports; and in England the practice has been brought under certain generally accepted principles. In the first place, no sport among gentlemen can be directed against the life or limbs of an antagonist. To inflict bodily injury was the great object of the Greek boxer and the Roman gladiator. Now, even in boxing, to wound is to be awkward. For better security, almost all athletic sports avoid personal contact; players strike the ball, but not one another.

To carry out the principle of avoiding bodily injuries, and to make the game more interesting, a second principle is applied: the sports are all hedged in by elaborate rules. Every complicated game, especially football, seems to the uninitiated an elaborate system of how-not-to-do-it. Strength, fleetness, and agility are to be applied only in specified ways. Here is an example, taken from the Intercollegiate football rules: "A player may throw or pass the ball in any direction except toward opponent's goal." Yet the sole object of the game is somehow to move the ball

precisely in the direction forbidden by throw or pass. The basis of the sport is always the tacit assumption that the game is between gentlemen who wish to win, but who accept and observe the limitations set by the rules. The principle that an umpire shall be provided has been established, but the practice is intended only to meet the case of a gentlemanly disagreement. Only under the intense competition of the last ten years has it been found necessary to provide double umpires, or to give an umpire summary powers of punishment where a player willfully breaks rules. The necessity shows that the standard of sport has fallen; it shows that a professional spirit has crept in.

What is a professional? He is defined and set apart by the third great principle of modern sport. A sharp line is drawn between those who practice sport for their own pleasure and those who practice it for money. Here is the statement of the distinction, laid down in the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, defining an amateur:—

"One who has not entered in an open competition; or for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee; or under a fictitious name; or has not competed with or against a professional for any prize or where admission fee is charged; or who has not instructed, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or for gain or any emolument; or where membership of any athletic club of any kind was not brought about or does not continue because of any mutual understanding, express or implied, whereby his becoming or continuing a member of such club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him whatever, direct or indirect; and who shall in other and all respects conform to the rules and regulations of this organization."

For so rigid a rule there are abundant reasons. A man who competes

from a love of sport prefers not to compete with a man who has gained superior skill by making his sport an occupation. A gentleman has no reason for concealing his name. If a man's success in his calling depends upon his winning, or if his livelihood is at stake, he is more apt to break or to strain rules; and the experience of the world has shown that a man who receives money for winning a contest may sometimes, by the offer of more money, be induced to lose. Contests of professionals, therefore, are not so sure to be carried through on the merits of the competitors. From the element of trickery, professional sports offer a field for betting and for other forms of gambling. There are hundreds of perfectly honest professionals, but in accepting money for their services they give up the element of personal pleasure, and change their sport into a task.

In America, boat-racing and games of ball are as old as boyhood, rivers, and town commons, but in the colleges and outside they were very simple and unorganized school-boy sports till about thirty years ago. Regular teams began in boating, and there was a race with Yale in 1852. In 1858, the present president of Harvard University was a member of the famous Harvard crew which brought the first six-oared shell in ahead of a rival Boston boat.

The Civil War gave a singular impetus to field sports of all kinds. Perhaps the boys in blue brought home a love of fresh air and exercise from their marches and bivouacs; perhaps the German turnvereine taught Americans the use of their muscles; perhaps gentle croquet led to more active sports. In 1863 came the first organized games of intercollegiate baseball. The sport spread throughout the country, and the college teams met on equal, sometimes on superior terms, — the mighty and forgotten Lowells, Peconics, and Redstockings. The Canadians taught us football and lacrosse

about 1877. Lawn tennis and bicycling came in a little later. Amateur records in track athletics began to be taken about 1875.

For the conduct of these sports there are permanent and recognized amateur organizations outside of the colleges; athletic clubs have begun to spring up, with expensive houses and apparatus; but the chief seat of amateur sport is in the colleges. Here are assemblages of young men having unusual control over their own time; here is a strong feeling of *esprit de corps*; here, out of the many players offering themselves, a first-rate team may easily be formed. Not one in twenty of the spectators at a professional baseball game knows one of the players personally, or ever himself handles the bat. The athletic spirit in the colleges is greatly stimulated by the fact that the whole college feels a personal interest in the players. College authorities acknowledge, willingly or unwillingly, that athletic sports must be allowed and even encouraged. There is a growing sentiment that exercise is essential for the most efficient use of the mind. In the colleges are the best facilities both for exercise and for contest. No large college is now considered complete without a good gymnasium and some instruction in field sports. The college athletic associations are more numerous and important than other amateur organizations. In the colleges, therefore, the growth and effect of athletics are more clearly discernible than elsewhere.

The first distinct result of athletics, as seen in the colleges, is a considerable increase in the average of bodily strength. The popular caricature of the college student is no longer the stoop-shouldered, long-haired grind, but a person of abnormal biceps and rudimentary brains. As a fact, the most popular man in any college class to-day is usually a good student who can do something in athletics better than anybody

else. The effect of this accepted standard of complete manliness is seen on men who never take part in athletic contests. The bodily vigor and health of students in the colleges have visibly risen in twenty years: the variety of exercise is greater; a larger number take exercise. Experienced directors and trainers apply scientific methods of developing the body. Dr. Sargent states, as the result of 3537 measurements since 1879, that he has now a record of 248 men in Harvard College, each of whom is stronger than was the strongest man in 1880. Of course there is a tendency to admire muscle and strength for themselves instead of as a means of health or enjoyment, but the physical results of athletic sports are highly beneficial.

An equally striking change is the great development of skill in athletics. The famous baseball teams of the sixties could not now make a run against a good nine; the records in athletics are constantly being broken. This skill is gained, however, at the cost of increased expenditure of time. Rowing men must settle down to their work in December, if they hope to win in July. Captains of teams spend more and more thought on selecting and placing players, on training, on planning campaigns. Hence college teams far surpass all other amateurs, and are but little inferior to the best professional teams. The inevitable result is that, to the participants, the element of sport is fast disappearing. It is very agreeable to be recognized as a "star player" and to travel with a team; but any one who watches a great contest must admit that it is play only for the excited spectators; the participants find both practice and match hard, unremitting work. To suppose that this fact discourages men from trying for the teams is a mistake. Where one man gets on a team, ten try; where ten try, twenty play "for the fun of the thing." The standard of skill required

for enjoyment in a "scrub" game has not been raised. Nevertheless, the great matches, especially in football, are coming to have the interest of gladiatorial contests; players are not there to pass a pleasant afternoon or to show their skill, but to beat. "It is magnificent, but it is — war."

Such elaborate contests cannot be carried on without great preparation and expense. In addition to gymnasium trainers, paid by the college authorities, many teams have coaches, often professionals. Another great source of expense is the training-tables; the board often costs double the ordinary rate, and the difference — sometimes the whole — is paid by the management. Whenever a team travels, it makes up a little array of players, managers, and attendants, whose expenses are paid by the organization. Men so solicitous to win spare no money that will insure greater comfort. The incidental expenses for such organizations are sometimes appalling: uniforms, accoutrements, the traveling expenses of managers and delegates, the keeping of grounds in order, — these are but a part of the items. In one single year, for a campaign lasting about seven weeks, the Harvard Football Association has paid out \$6361.63, or an average of \$350 for every actual player. On the other hand, the same organization has received in one year upwards of \$11,400. To handle and judiciously to expend sums so considerable might perhaps give the financial officers of athletic associations good business training; but the money is usually handled carelessly and expended lavishly. Here is a verbatim transcript of an account rendered by the treasurer of a college organization a few years ago: —

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions, season tickets, and other sources	\$2917.69
Gate receipts	3291.74
	\$6209.43

EXPENDITURES.

Uniforms	\$320.50
Yale-Amherst trip	371.45
Brown-Princeton	318.36
New Haven (exhibition)	190.06
New York (Yale game)	410.42
Umpires	100.00
Printing, advertising, and sundries	3443.94
	\$5155.72
Balance in Bank	1053.71
	\$6209.43

One of the most vexatious things about college athletics is the india-rubber inertia which makes it difficult to induce any treasurer or manager to keep full and lucid accounts and to take vouchers. Not very long ago, a perfectly honest young fellow, who had been asked to account for the magnitude of certain expenditures, explained in good faith that he was sure a particular bill had been thrice presented and paid; but he had taken no receipts.

As expense has increased, various moral evils have grown, also. In all the older colleges there are men who receive from home more money than they can put to good account for their personal expenses. Among that class of men betting grows up; and the example is followed by a few who can less afford to lose. Betting on the field can be repressed by denying the use of grounds to the organization which permits it; outside betting cannot be controlled, save by public opinion; and, as it takes the insidious form of loyally "backing up the team," college public opinion is not sufficiently pronounced against the practice. Of late years, the custom has sprung up for bodies of college men to attend the theatres in the city where the great game has that day been played, and, by cheering, the waving of flags, and the interruption of the performance, to make their preferences known. An excited, irresponsible state of mind seems to be induced by the tremendous competition of the greater sports, and to be more marked in the larger cities.

A similar excitement manifests itself among the general public. The colleges at Cambridge and New Haven were nearly deserted on the day of the recent Yale-Harvard game at Springfield. In New York, on Thanksgiving Day, 1889, there was paid for tickets to the Yale-Princeton game more than \$25,000; and people in North Carolina mountain towns watched the telegraphic bulletin. Not even Patti can command such audiences or take so much money for one performance. The newspapers give the public the impression that the whole interest of the colleges is absorbed in gladiatorial shows.

To the evils just mentioned — irregularity, extravagance, excitement — there is added a still more serious evil, that of professionalism in college athletics. The first approach to the professional spirit is found in the few young men who become regular members of the college in order to develop and exhibit their skill as athletes. No college ought to have a place for such men. Occasionally they enter late, and disappear at the end of the athletic season; more frequently they keep on, year after year, preventing other possible candidates from getting on the teams. Another phase of the disposition to make sport the end rather than the means is the pressure brought to bear on athletic men, who have graduated from college, to return and to go upon teams. A further advance of the same spirit is seen in those students who accept from proprietors of summer hotels offers of board, and sometimes of incidental expenses, as an inducement to play during the season, and who thus come within the strict definition of professionals. Another step is to receive money for occasional games; and, finally, a considerable number of college students or graduates have accepted summer employment from professional clubs, or have become teachers of athletics, and have thus separated themselves from all amateur organiza-

tions, within college or outside. Some of these men have, by their sport, acquired the means honorably to clear off college debts, or to provide for a professional education. No one can complain of their taking money for the practice of their skill; but the element of pleasure or of physical benefit—that is, the element of sport—disappears, and the purpose for which college athletics exist ceases, the moment a man begins to consider his skill a pecuniary resource.

Serious as are the evils connected with athletic sports, the writer believes that they are more than counterbalanced by the effect on the health of the students, and by the opportunity given for working off youthful spirits in a harmless way. Students themselves are sensible of the evils, but the expectation that they would in their own way find a remedy has not been realized. Students' organizations are loose; college generations are very short; traditions quickly fade; and there is lack of permanent policy. Captains usually serve a single year, and each feels like one of the ten Greek generals on his day of command. It is almost impossible for one college to obtain any reform without negotiation with other colleges, and diplomacy enough to secure an extradition treaty with Great Britain. Organizations controlled by graduates do better because they hold the undergraduates down to a definite policy. Those colleges in which the graduates have most influence, as Yale and Princeton, have proved upon the field and the river the excellence of graduate management. But the system is not very much freer than that of the untrammelled undergraduates from the evil of extravagance, sharp practice, and wastefulness of time. The teams are better; the morale of the sports is little improved.

College Faculties have been unwilling to take responsibility for athletic contests, and have from the first rather

tolerated them as an unavoidable evil. They began by legislating against broken windows and broken heads. As it was evident that athletic sports were a vigorous growth, the next step was to make provision for exercise by building new gymnasiums. In some cases physical examinations have been required, as at Amherst, or exercise has been made obligatory, as at Cornell.

Then came a time when it was discovered that students were making appointments which took them away from college work, or which unduly absorbed the attention of their fellows. A mild system of interference was adopted, with gentle rules as to time, place, and number of games. Some colleges, notably Yale, have gone no further, preferring to leave the whole matter to students. Additional legislation has been difficult: any serious limitations have been resented by the students; and the smaller colleges have hesitated to take any step which might keep students away. Most of the larger colleges, however, have appointed Faculty committees on athletics, whose office has been to exercise moral suasion over the students, and sometimes actually to regulate. There has been little interference with student organizations; money has been collected by subscription, and it has been a delicate matter to protect voluntary subscribers from their own agents. With the present large revenues from gate money a system of audit has been found indispensable. In some colleges it is exercised by graduate committees. At Harvard, by strenuous exertion, the organizations have been brought to agree to the appointment of a graduate treasurer, and to the deposit of surpluses arising from gate money, to be used for general athletic purposes.

The evils incident to the keen competition of intercollegiate athletics have received little check from individual Faculties. The trouble is, of course, that any restriction put upon a team is

a handicap, unless applied to its competitors. Half a dozen years ago, therefore, Harvard proposed a system of general regulation by the authorities of all the principal colleges; but it was found impossible to get an agreement. For a time Harvard forbade her teams to play against professionals. That restriction has since been withdrawn, as tending to keep up an irritation between students and Faculty: every defeat was ascribed to the want of practice with professionals.

The futility of the restriction was shown by the fact that in the face of it the professional spirit steadily grew at Harvard and elsewhere. Evasion of the rules became more common; men were brought into the colleges who had no serious purpose of study; the behavior of men on the field was rough and sometimes coarse. The governing boards began to take alarm, and the Harvard Overseers, in the spring of 1888, came almost to the resolution to prohibit intercollegiate contests. At this point a committee of the Faculty made an investigation, and reported that "intercollegiate contests stimulate athletics, stimulate general exercise, and thus favorably affect the health and moral tone of the university." They suggested a mixed committee of members from the Faculty, graduates, and undergraduates, with adequate powers. That committee was appointed, and has formulated a policy of regulation.

The difficulties of restriction have already been set forth. Since the principal evils of athletics are those of excess rather than of inherent wrong, they are hard to regulate by statute. In many cases, they arise from a neglect by the students to look after the details of their own contests, and such neglect cannot be supplemented by supervision. Busy Faculties have neither the time nor the inclination to form and hold a consistent policy in regard to athletics. It is felt that athletic sports are only a

very incidental and subsidiary part of college life, and that control of them requires the time and interest of professors who are better employed in teaching; and hence that they should either be unrestricted or wholly prohibited. Such is the argument of those who advocate the prohibition of intercollegiate contests. It seems to furnish an easy solution to say, "Let the boys attend to their studies."

To solve the question in this offhand manner is impossible. If there were no athletic clubs or athletic young men outside the colleges, perhaps the matter might be one for academic discipline; if intercollegiate contests were less attractive to students and their friends, to graduates and men interested in the colleges, they might be relegated to the place they occupied twenty years ago, and again become simply an agreeable diversion for half holidays and vacations. If athletics had not many distinctly bracing effects on the physical and moral tone of young men, the system of contests might be treated as an evil *per se*. If there were not at bottom a healthy moral sentiment among the students, opposed to professionalism and kindred evils, the governing boards might attempt to supply an artificial conscience. No votes of the Faculty or other governing boards can permanently put an end to intercollegiate athletic contests at the present day, because nine tenths of the students and at least seven tenths of the graduates consider them desirable.

Can, then, no principles of limitation and restriction be found, which students, graduates, and governing boards will unite in thinking reasonable? Most certainly there are such principles. The first business of every man, whether in a bank, in a law office, or in a college, is to perform his daily task: students, therefore, will readily accommodate themselves to regulations intended to bring contests out of the hours of college exercises, and to restrict the number

of games played abroad. Important contests at a distance from home, or in a city not the seat of either contesting college, plainly lead to irregularities and to interference with study, and the effects of the excitement thus induced extend far beyond the day of the contest. The experience of the Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports has shown that students are candid enough to admit the necessity of reducing the geographical compass of their sports. The first principle of regulation is to subordinate athletics to study.

The second principle is that every organization of every kind which goes before the public as emanating from a college, or bearing its name, shall present none but genuine representatives of that college, and shall do nothing discreditable to *alma mater*. The principle applies as much to theatrical and musical performances as to athletic contests. No man ought to be permitted to sing, to act, or to contest as a member of a college organization, if he is under college censure, or if he is a student only for a few months, or if he comes only to pursue his favorite amusement. At Harvard such men are now ineligible, either by Faculty regulation or by the action of the athletic committee; and the students second the policy. It is equally important to keep alive the feeling that the members of teams compete for the fame of their college, and not for any pecuniary gain to themselves: for this reason, students who have enjoyed a money profit from the practice of their sport must be excluded rigorously, although their regular standing as members of the college may be unquestioned. Here, again, so soon as students clearly perceive how and why professionalism degrades amateur sport, they heartily join in an attempt to keep out professionals.

A third principle is that of publicity. No organization which, from its connection with a college, secures subscriptions

from undergraduates and graduates, enjoys the use of college grounds or buildings, or appears before the public under the college name has any right to conceal its accounts, or to refuse to the authorities of the college a knowledge of its methods, its system of training, and the men who are to make up its teams. The system of irresponsible handling of large funds, of irresponsible selection of players, and of irresponsible diplomacy with other colleges is one which acknowledges only half the principle of freedom. A boy chooses his college, but abides by its discipline. A student chooses or accepts his studies; but, in every college, his instructors require him to satisfy them that he pursues the work that he has undertaken. College athletic sports, as now conducted, are no longer private enterprises; much more than college societies they affect the good name and the efficiency of individual colleges and of college education, and the college authorities have a right to know what goes on.

In applying the three principles above specified, — the subordination of athletics, exclusion of men not representative, and publicity, — the coöperation of students is essential, and is freely given. There is no want of good will, but a "plentiful lack" of good business habits. Somewhere in the organization of a university there must therefore be authority to require the observance of rules laid down under the three principles enunciated; and the judicious application of such rules requires the expenditure of a great deal of time. The detail will inevitably fall into confusion if not carefully looked after, for the simple reason that college students are boyish, thoughtless, and slack, and that college generations change quickly. The time necessary for supervision is well spent, if it brings young men to see the reasons for a punctilious standard in the selection and management of athletic teams. Penalties may be simple, and yet effective.

tive. To deprive a man of the privilege of taking part in athletic contests is often a memorable punishment to him and to his fellows; to deprive an organization of the use of grounds or buildings, for sufficient cause, will prevent the recurrence of the cause. Within the limitations suggested, students should be left to control their own affairs and to make their own arrangements, without being troubled by successive petty enactments. Regulations should be few; conferences should be many.

In whom should the authority over athletic sports primarily be vested? The Harvard Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports is composed of nine members: three members of the Faculty and three graduates, all six appointed for a year by the Corporation and con-

firmed by the Overseers; and three undergraduates, chosen by representatives of athletic organizations. Its decisions may be subjected to revision by the governing boards. The combination has proved singularly harmonious; and the undergraduate members habitually show a spirit of open-mindedness and conservatism which reflects the best sentiment of the college.

This is not a perfect system, but it is suggestive of methods which ought to prevail everywhere. Athletic sports and competitions and intercollegiate contests are an established part of the life of American colleges. The evils incident to them can best be met by judicious legislation, founded on a few reasonable principles, and by giving to students full freedom within these limitations.

Albert Bushnell Hart.

THE TOWN POOR.

MRS. WILLIAM TRIMBLE and Miss Rebecca Wright were driving along Hampden east road, one afternoon in early spring. Their progress was slow. Mrs. Trimble's sorrel horse was old and stiff, and the wheels were clogged by clay mud. The frost was not yet out of the ground, although the snow was nearly gone, except in a few places on the north side of the woods, or where it had drifted all winter against a length of fence.

"There must be a good deal o' snow to the nor'ard of us yet," said weather-wise Mrs. Trimble. "I feel it in the air; 't is more than the ground-damp. We ain't goin' to have real nice weather till the up-country snow 's all gone."

"I heard say yesterday that there was good sleddin' yet, all up through Parsley," responded Miss Wright. "I should n't like to live up in them northern places. My cousin Ellen's husband

was a Parsley man, an' he was obliged, as you may have heard, to go up north to his father's second wife's funeral; got back day before yesterday. 'T was about twenty-one miles, an' they started on wheels; but when they'd gone nine or ten miles, they found 't was no sort o' use, an' left their wagon an' took a sleigh. The man that owned it charged 'em four an' six, too. I should n't have thought he would; they told him they was goin' to a funeral; an' they had their own buffaloes an' everything."

"Well, I expect it's a good deal harder scratchin', up that way; they have to git money where they can; the farms is very poor as you go north," suggested Mrs. Trimble kindly. "'T ain't none too rich a country where we be, but I've always been grateful I wa'n't born up to Parsley."

The old horse plodded along, and the sun, coming out from the heavy spring

clouds, saw a sudden shine of light along the muddy road. Sister Wright drew the large veil forward over the high top of her bonnet. She was not used to driving, or to being much in the open air; but Mrs. Trimble was an active business woman, and looked after her own affairs herself, in all weathers. The late Mr. Trimble had left her a good farm, but not much ready money, and it was often said that she was better off in the end than if he had lived. She regretted his loss deeply, however; it was impossible for her to speak of him, even with intimate friends, without emotion, and nobody had ever hinted that this emotion was insincere. She was most warm-hearted and generous, and in her limited way played the part of Lady Bountiful in the town of Hampden.

"Why, there's where the Bray girls lives, ain't it?" she exclaimed, as, beyond a thicket of witch-hazel and scrub-oak, they came in sight of a weather-beaten, solitary farmhouse. The barn was too far away for thrift or comfort, and they could see long lines of light through the shrunken boards as they came nearer. The fields looked both stony and sodden. Somehow, even Parsley itself could be hardly more forlorn.

"Yes 'm," said Miss Wright, "that's where they live now, poor things. I know the place, though I ain't been up here for years. You don't suppose, Mis' Trimble — I ain't seen the girls out to meetin' all winter. I've re'lly been covetin' " —

"Why, yes, Rebecca, of course we could stop," answered Mrs. Trimble heartily. "The exercises was over earlier 'n I expected, an' you're goin' to remain over night long o' me, you know. There won't be no tea till we git there, so we can't be late. I'm in the habit o' sendin' a basket to the Bray girls when any o' our folks is comin' this way, but I ain't been to see 'em since they moved up here. Why, it must be a good deal over a year ago. I know 't was in

the late winter they had to make the move. 'T was cruel hard, I must say, an' if I had n't been down with my pleurisy fever I'd have stirred round an' done somethin' about it. There was a good deal o' sickness at the time, an' — well, 't was kind o' rushed through, breakin' of 'em up, an' lots o' folks blamed the selec'men; but when 't was done, 't was done, an' nobody took holt to undo it. Ann an' Mandy looked same's ever when they come to meetin', 'long in the summer, — kind o' wishful, perhaps. They've always sent me word they was gittin' on pretty comfortable."

"That would be their way," said Rebecca Wright. "They never was any hand to complain, though Mandy's less cheerful than Ann. If Mandy'd been spared such poor eyesight, an' Ann had n't got her lame wrist that wa'n't set right, they'd kep' off the town fast enough. They both shed tears when they talked to me about havin' to break up, when I went to see 'em before I went over to brother Asa's. You see we was brought up neighbors an' went to school together, the Brays an' me. 'T was a special Providence brought us home this road, I've been so covetin' a chance to git to see 'em. My lameness hampers me."

"I'm glad we come this way, myself," said Mrs. Trimble.

"I'd like to see just how they fare," Miss Rebecca Wright continued. "They give their consent to goin' on the town because they knew they'd got to be dependent, an' so they felt 't would come easier for all than for a few to help 'em. They acted real dignified an' right-minded, contrary to what most do in such cases, but they was dreadful anxious to see who would bid 'em off, town-meeting day; they did so hope 't would be somebody right in the village. I just sat down an' cried good when I found Abel Janes's folks had got hold of 'em. They always had the name of bein' slack an' poor-spirited, an' they

did it just for what they got out o' the town. The selectmen this last year ain't what we have had. I hope they 've been considerate about the Bray girls."

"I should have be'n more considerate about fetchin' of you up," apologized Mrs. Trimble. "I 've got my horse, an' you 're lame-footed; 't is too far for you to come. But time does slip away with busy folks, an' I forgit a good deal I ought to remember."

"There 's nobody more considerate than you be," protested Miss Rebecca Wright.

Mrs. Trimble made no answer, but took out her whip and gently touched the sorrel horse, who walked considerably faster, but did not think it worth while to trot. It was a long, round-about way to the house, farther down the road and up a lane.

"I never had any opinion of the Bray girls' father, leavin' 'em as he did," said Mrs. Trimble.

"He was much praised in his time, though there was always some said his early life had n't been up to the mark," explained her companion. "He was a great favorite of our then preacher, the Reverend Daniel Longbrother. They did a good deal for the parish, but they did it their own way. Deacon Bray was one that did his part in the repairs without urging. You know 't was in his time the first repairs was made, when they got out the old soundin'-board an' them handsome square pews. It cost an awful sight o' money, too. They had n't done payin' up that debt when they set to to alter it again an' git the walls frescoed. My grandmother was one that always spoke her mind right out, an' she was dreadful opposed to breakin' up the square pews where she 'd always set. They was countin' up what 't would cost in parish meetin', an' she riz right up an' said 't would n't cost nothin' to let 'em stay, an' there wa'n't a house carpenter left in the parish that could do such nice work, an' time would

come when the great-grandchildren would give their eye-teeth to have the old meetin'-house look just as it did then. But haul the inside to pieces they would and did."

"There come to be a real fight over it, did n't there?" agreed Mrs. Trimble soothingly. "Well, 't wa'n't good taste. I remember the old house well. I come here as a child to visit a cousin o' mother's, an' Mr. Trimble's folks was neighbors, an' we was drawed to each other then, young 's we was. Mr. Trimble spoke of it many 's the time, — the first time he ever see me, in a leghorn hat with a feather; 't was one that mother had, an' pressed over."

"When I think of them old sermons that used to be preached in that old meetin'-house of all, I'm glad it's altered over, so's not to remind folks," said Miss Rebecca Wright, after a suitable pause. "Them old brimstone discourses, you know, Mis' Trimble. Preachers is far more reasonable, nowadays. Why, I set an' thought, last Sabbath, as I listened, that if old Mr. Longbrother an' Deacon Bray could hear the difference they 'd crack the ground over 'em like pole beans, an' come right up 'long-side their headstones."

Mrs. Trimble laughed heartily, and shook the reins three or four times by way of emphasis. "There 's no gitting round you," she said, much pleased. "I should think Deacon Bray would want to rise, any way, if 't was so he could, an' knew how his poor girls was far-in'. A man ought to provide for his folks he's got to leave behind him, specially if they 're women. To be sure, they had their little home; but we've seen how, with all their industrious ways, they had n't means to keep it. I s'pose he thought he 'd got time enough to lay by, when he give so generous in collections; but he did n't lay by, an' there they be. He might have took lessons from the squirrels; even them little wild creatur's makes them their

winter hoards, an' men-folks ought to know enough if squirrels does. 'Be just before you are generous:' that's what was always set for the B's in the copy-books, when I was to school, and it often runs through my mind."

"'As for man, his days are as grass,'—that was for A; the two go well together," added Miss Rebecca Wright soberly. "My good gracious, ain't this a starved-lookin' place? It makes me ache to think them nice Bray girls has to brook it here."

The sorrel horse, though somewhat puzzled by an unexpected deviation from his homeward way, willingly came to a stand by the gnawed corner of the doorway fence, which evidently served as hitching-place. Two or three ragged old hens were picking about the yard, and at last a face appeared at the kitchen window, tied up in a handkerchief, as if it were a case of toothache. By the time our friends reached the side door next this window, Mrs. Janes came disconsolately to open it for them, shutting it again as soon as possible, though the air felt more chilly inside the house.

"Take seats," said Mrs. Janes briefly. "You'll have to see me just as I be. I have been suffering these four days with the ague, and everything to do. Mr. Janes is to court, on the jury. 'T was inconvenient to spare him. I should be pleased to have you lay off your things."

Comfortable Mrs. Trimble looked about the cheerless kitchen, and could not think of anything to say; so she smiled blandly and shook her head in answer to the invitation. "We'll just set a few minutes with you, to pass the time o' day, an' then we must go in an' have a word with the Miss Brays, bein' old acquaintance. It ain't been so we could git to call on 'em before. I don't know's you're acquainted with Miss Rebecca Wright. She's been out of town a good deal."

"I heared she was stopping over to Plainfields with her brother's folks,"

replied Mrs. Janes, rocking herself with irregular motion, as she sat close to the stove. "Got back some time in the fall, I believe?"

"Yes'm," said Miss Rebecca, with an undue sense of guilt and conviction. "We've been to the installation over to the East Parish, an' thought we'd stop in; we took this road home to see if 't was any better. How is the Miss Brays gittin' on?"

"They're well's common," answered Mrs. Janes grudgingly. "I was put out with Mr. Janes for fetchin' of 'em here, with all I've got to do, an' I own I was kind o' surly to 'em 'long to the first of it. He gits the money from the town, an' it helps him out; but he bid 'em off for five dollars a month, an' we can't do much for 'em at no such price as that. I went an' dealt with the selec'-men, an' made 'em promise to find their firewood an' some other things extra. They was glad to git rid o' the matter the fourth time I went, an' would ha' promised 'most anything. But Mr. Janes don't keep me half the time in oven-wood, he's off so much; an' we was cramped o' room, any way. I have to store things up garrit a good deal, an' that keeps me trampin' right through their room. I do the best for 'em I can, Mis' Trimble, but 'tain't so easy for me as 't is for you, with all your means to do with."

The poor woman looked pinched and miserable herself, though it was evident that she had no gift at house or home keeping. Mrs. Trimble's heart was wrung with pain, as she thought of the unwelcome inmates of such a place; but she held her peace bravely, while Miss Rebecca again gave some brief information in regard to the installation.

"You go right up them back stairs," the hostess directed at last. "I'm glad some o' you church folks has seen fit to come an' visit 'em. There ain't been nobody here this long spell, an' they've aged a sight since they come. They

always send down a taste out of your baskets, Mis' Trimble, an' I relish it, I tell you. I'll shut the door after you, if you don't object. I feel every draught o' cold air."

"I've always heard she was a great hand to make a poor mouth. Wa'n't she from somewheres up Parsley way?" whispered Miss Rebecca, as they stumbled in the half-light.

"Poor meechin' body, wherever she come from," replied Mrs. Trimble, as she knocked at the door.

There was silence for a moment after this unusual sound; then one of the Bray sisters opened the door. The eager guests stared into a small, low room, brown with age, and gray, too, as if former dust and cobwebs could not be made wholly to disappear. The two elderly women who stood there looked like captives. Their withered faces wore a look of apprehension, and the room itself was more bare and plain than was fitting to their evident refinement of character and self-respect. There was an uncovered small table in the middle of the floor, with some crackers on a plate; and, for some reason or other, this added a great deal to the general desolation.

But Miss Ann Bray, the elder sister, who carried her right arm in a sling, with piteously drooping fingers, gazed at the visitors with radiant joy. She had not seen them arrive. The one window gave only the view at the back of the house, across the fields, and their coming was indeed a surprise. The next minute she was laughing and crying together. "Oh, sister!" she said, "if here ain't our dear Mis' Trimble! — an' my heart o' goodness, 't is 'Becca Wright, too! What dear good creatur's you be! I've felt all day as if somethin' good was goin' to happen, an' was just sayin' to myself 't was most sundown now, but I wouldn't let on to Mandany I'd give up hope quite yet. You see, the scissors stuck in the floor this very

mornin', an' it's always a reliable sign. There, I've got to kiss ye both again!"

"I don't know where we can all set," lamented sister Mandana. "There ain't but the one chair an' the bed; t'other chair's too rickety; an' we've been promised another these ten days; but first they've forgot it, an' next Mis' Janes can't spare it, — one excuse an' another. I'm goin' to git a stump o' wood an' nail a board on to it, when I can git outdoor again," said Mandana, in a plaintive voice. "There, I ain't goin' to complain o' nothin', now you've come," she added; and the guests sat down, Mrs. Trimble, as was proper, in the one chair.

"We've sat on the bed many's the time with you, 'Becca, an' talked over our girl nonsense, ain't we? You know where 't was, — in the little back bedroom we had when we was girls, an' used to peek out at our beaux through the strings o' mornin'-glories," laughed Ann Bray delightedly, her thin face shining more and more with joy. "I brought some o' them mornin'-glory seeds along when we come away, we'd raised 'em so many years; an' we got 'em started all right, but the hens found 'em out. I declare I chased them poor hens, foolish as 't was; but the mornin'-glories I'd counted on a sight to remind me o' home. You see, our debts was so large, after my long sickness an' all, that we did n't feel 't was right to keep back anything we could help from the auction."

It was impossible for any one to speak for a moment or two; the sisters felt their own uprooted condition afresh, and their guests for the first time really comprehended the piteous contrast between that neat little village house, which now seemed a palace of comfort, and this cold, unpainted upper room in the remote Janes farmhouse. It was an unwelcome thought to Mrs. Trimble that the well-to-do town of Hampden could provide no better for its poor than this, and her round face flushed with resentment

and the shame of personal responsibility. "The girls shall be well settled in the village before another winter, if I pay their board myself," she made an inward resolution, and took another almost tearful look at the broken stove, the miserable bed, and the sisters' one hair-covered trunk, on which Mandana was sitting. But the poor place was filled with a golden spirit of hospitality.

Rebecca was again discoursing eloquently of the installation; it was so much easier to speak of general subjects, and the sisters had evidently been longing to hear some news. Since the late summer they had not been to church, and presently Mrs. Trimble asked the reason.

"Now, don't you go to pouring out our woes, Mandy!" begged little old Ann, looking shy and almost girlish, and as if she insisted upon playing that life was still all before them and all pleasure. "Don't you go to spoilin' their visit with our complaints! They know well's we do that changes must come, an' we 'd been so wonted to our home things that this come hard at first; but then they felt for us, I know just as well's can be. 'T will soon be summer again, an' 't is real pleasant right out in the fields here, when there ain't too hot a spell. I've got to know a sight o' new singin' birds since we come."

"Give me the folks I've always known," sighed the younger sister, who looked older than Miss Ann, and less even-tempered. "You may have your birds, if you want 'em. I do re'lly long to go to meetin' an' see folks go by up the aisle. Now, I will speak of it, Ann, whatever you say. We need, each of us, a pair o' good stout shoes an' rubbers, — ours are all wore out; an' we've asked an' asked, an' they never think to bring 'em, an' " —

Poor old Mandana, on the trunk, covered her face with her arms and sobbed aloud. The elder sister stood over her, and patted her on the thin shoulder like a child, and tried to comfort her. It

crossed Mrs. Trimble's mind that it was not the first time one had wept and the other had comforted. The sad scene must have been repeated many times in that long, drear winter. She would see them forever after in her mind as fixed as a picture, and her own tears fell fast.

"You did n't see Mis' Janes's cunning little boy, the next one to the baby, did you?" asked Ann Bray, turning round quickly at last, and going cheerfully on with the conversation. "Now, hush, Mandy, dear; they'll think you're childish! He's a dear, friendly little creatur', an' likes to stay with us a good deal, though we feel's if 't was too cold for him, now we are waitin' to get us more wood."

"When I think of the acres o' woodland in this town!" groaned Rebecca Wright. "I believe I'm goin' to preach next Sunday, 'stead o' the minister, an' I'll make the sparks fly. I've always heard the saying, 'What's everybody's business is nobody's business,' an' I've come to believe it."

"Now, don't you, 'Becca. You've happened on a kind of a poor time with us, but we've got more belongings than you see here, an' a good large cluset, where we can store those things there ain't room to have about. You an' Miss Trimble have happened on a kind of poor day, you know. Soon's I git me some stout shoes an' rubbers, as Mandy says, I can fetch home plenty o' little dry boughs o' pine; you remember I was always a great hand to roam in the woods? If we could only have a front room, so 't we could look out on the road an' see the passin', an' was shod for meetin', I don' know's we should complain. Now we're just goin' to give you what we've got, an' make out with a good welcome. We make more tea 'n we want in the mornin', an' then let the fire go down, since 't has been so mild. We've got a *good* cluset" (disappearing as she spoke), "an' I know this to be good tea, 'cause it's some o' yourn, Mis'

Trimble. An' here are our sprigged chiny cups that R'becca knows by sight, if Mis' Trimble don't. We kep' out four of 'em, an' put the even half dozen with the rest of the auction stuff. I've often wondered who'd got 'em, but I never asked, for fear 't would be somebody that would distress us. They was mother's, you know."

The four cups were poured, and the little table pushed to the bed, where Rebecca Wright still sat, and Mandana, wiping her eyes, came and joined her. Mrs. Trimble sat in her chair at the end, and Ann trotted about the room in pleased content for a while, and in and out of the closet, as if she still had much to do; then she came and stood opposite Mrs. Trimble. She was very short and small, and there was no painful sense of her being obliged to stand. The four cups were not quite full of cold tea, but there was a clean old tablecloth folded double, and a plate with three pairs of crackers neatly piled, and a small — it must be owned, a very small — piece of hard white cheese. Then, for a treat, in a glass dish, there was a little preserved peach, the last — Miss Rebecca knew it instinctively — of the household stores brought from their old home. It was very sugary, this bit of peach; and as she helped her guests and sister Mandy, Miss Ann Bray said, half unconsciously, as she often had said with less reason in the old days, "Our preserves ain't so good as usual this year; this is beginnin' to candy." Both the guests protested, while Rebecca added that the taste of it carried her back, and made her feel young again. The Brays had always managed to keep one or two peach-trees alive in their corner of a garden. "I've been keeping this preserve for a treat," said her friend. "I'm glad to have you eat some, 'Becca. Last summer I often wished you was home an' could come an' see us, 'stead o' bein' away off to Plainfields."

The crackers did not taste too dry.

Miss Ann took the last of the peach on her own cracker; there could not have been quite a small spoonful, after the others were helped, but she asked them first if they would not have some more. Then there was a silence, and in the silence a wave of tender feeling rose high in the hearts of the four elderly women. At this moment the setting sun flooded the poor plain room with light; the unpainted wood was all of a golden-brown, and Ann Bray, with her gray hair and aged face, stood at the head of the table in a kind of aureole. Mrs. Trimble's face was all a-quiver as she looked at her; she thought of the text about two or three *being* gathered together, and was half afraid.

"I believe we ought to 've asked Mis' Janes if she would n't come up," said Ann. "She's real good feelin', but she's had it very hard, an' gits discouraged. I can't find that she's ever had anything real pleasant to look back to, as we have. There, next time we'll make a good heartenin' time for her too."

The sorrel horse had taken a long nap by the gnawed fence-rail, and the cool air after sundown made him impatient to be gone. The two friends jolted homeward in the gathering darkness, through the stiffening mud, and neither Mrs. Trimble nor Rebecca Wright said a word until they were out of sight as well as out of sound of the Janes house. Time must elapse before they could reach a more familiar part of the road and resume conversation on its natural level.

"I consider myself to blame," insisted Mrs. Trimble at last. "I haven't no words of accusation for nobody else, an' I ain't one to take comfort in callin' names to the board o' *selec'men*. I make no reproaches, an' I take it all on my own shoulders; but I'm goin' to stir about me, I tell you! I shall begin early to-morrow. They're goin' back to

their own house, — it's been standin' empty all winter, — an' the town's goin' to give 'em the rent an' what firewood they need; it won't come to more than the board's payin' out now. An' you an' me 'll take this same horse an' wagon, an' ride an' go afoot by turns, an' git means enough together to buy back their furniture an' whatever was sold at that plaguy auction; an' then we 'll put it all back, an' tell 'em they've got to move to a new place, an' just carry 'em right back again where they come from. An' don't you never tell, R'becca, but here I be a widow woman, layin' up what I make from my farm for nobody knows who, an' I 'm goin' to do for them Bray girls all I 'm a mind to. I should be sca't to wake up in heaven, an' hear anybody there ask how the Bray girls was. Don't talk to me about the town o' Hampden, an' don't ever let me hear the name o' town poor! I 'm ashamed to go home an' see what's set out for supper. I wish I'd brought 'em right along."

"I was goin' to ask if we could n't git the new doctor to go up an' do

somethin' for poor Ann's arm," said Miss Rebecca. "They say he's very smart. If she could get so's to braid straw or hook rugs again, she 'd soon be earnin' a little somethin'. An' may be he could do somethin' for Mandy's eyes. They did use to live so neat an' lady-like. Somehow I could n't speak to tell 'em there that 't was I bought them six best cups an' saucers, time of the auction; they went very low, as everythin' else did, an' I thought I could save it some other way. They shall have 'em back an' welcome. You're real whole-hearted, Mis' Trimble. I expect Ann 'll be sayin' that her father's child'n wa'n't goin' to be left desolate, an' that all the bread he cast on the waters 's comin' back through you."

"I don't care what she says, dear creatur'!" exclaimed Mrs. Trimble. "I 'm full o' regrets I took time for that installation, an' set there seepin' in a lot o' talk this whole day long, except for its kind of bringin' us to the Bray girls. I wish to my heart 't was to-morrow mornin' a'ready, an' I a-startin' for the selec'men."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

ODYSSEUS AND NAUSICAA.

THE ancients had, for the most part, an unquestioning belief in one Homer, who wrote — or at least composed — both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and indeed many minor poems as well, in the same literal sense that Dante constructed the most elaborate monument of the human imagination, the *Divina Commedia*. Probably no intelligent student holds quite that belief now. All attentive readers, even those filled with most reverence for these songs fresh from the morning of the world, see that they are, at any rate, disfigured by some later additions from various comparatively feeble and

injudicious hands. Moreover, the prevailing, though by no means universal, conviction of scholars is that the spirit of more than one generation breathes through each of these great works. As I have suggested elsewhere, the *Iliad*, in particular, perhaps resembles some cathedrals of the earlier mediæval time, in which various portions plainly date from different ages, though all are fused into a harmonious unity far nobler, it may be, than the conception shaped even in the master mind of him who gave the first general plan to the structure.

It is much more generally conceded,

however, that the *Odyssey* is apparently the creation of a later and more refined generation than the one which found expression for its ideals of life in the grimmer battle scenes of the *Iliad*. And so we must bid farewell to the ancient and pleasing fiction that Homer composed the *Iliad* for men, to be sung in the camp and the banquet-hall, the *Odyssey* for the gentler ears of women.

"Non è vero: ma fu ben trovato!"

And not women alone, but many men, lovers of peace and home, would make the same choice. Though we gaze with dazzled and admiring eyes where

"Athwart the sunrise of our western day

The form of great Achilles high and clear
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian
spear,"

nevertheless, from

"The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,"

from the brief feverish life of him who shall only win

"Honor, a friend, anguish, untimely death,"

we turn not all regretfully to the poem which appeals so much more strongly to that deep-rooted, lifelong passion of our Anglo-Saxon hearts, the love of home.

Odysseus wanders widely, and gathers wisdom and profit, as the open-eyed traveler must. This the poet tells us in the first lines of the *Odyssey*:—

Sing to me, Muse, of the man of many devices, who widely

Wandered, when he had ruined the sacred city of Troia.

Many the men whose towns he beheld, and learned of their customs.

But the very next verse reminds us of the goal which the wanderer kept always in view:—

Striving to rescue his life, and secure the return of his comrades.

In a council of the gods, held at the opening of the poem, Pallas Athene pleads for her favorite in words which bring out most clearly the pathos of the situation:—

"Yet is my spirit distressed in behalf of the crafty Odysseus,

Hapless man, who afar from his loved ones suffers affliction

Long, in the seagirt island that lies in the midst of the waters.

Covered with woods is the isle, and upon it there dwelleth a goddess,

Daughter of terrible Atlas. . . .

She, his child, is detaining the hapless man in his sorrow.

Ever with gentle words and wheedling she strives to beguile him,

So that he may be forgetful of Ithaca: yet is Odysseus

Eager to see though it were but the smoke from his country uprising,

Longing for death."

Seven years the loveliest and gentlest of divinities, Calypso, the Lady of the Mist, has detained him in her fair, wave-encircled isle, desiring him to be her husband. Yet, though all his companions have perished amid the miseries and dangers of the former voyages, he still pines, day and night, to venture forth once more, to brave the deadliest hate of the sea's lord, Poseidon, if perchance he may come, before he dies, home again to rugged, ungrateful Ithaca, to the faithful, prudent Penelope, who is, he well knows, no longer fair or young, and who could never have been a rival of Calypso's divine loveliness.

A few lines, which refuse to take in English even the crudest approach to the hexameter form, have been gracefully paraphrased thus by Bryant:—

"He wasted his sweet life

In yearning for his home. Night after night

He lay perforce within the hollow cave,

The unwilling by the fond; and day by day

He sat upon the rocks that edged the shore,

And in continued weeping and in sighs

And vain repinings wore the hours away,

Gazing through tears upon the unresting sea."

At last the heavenly gods have pity on the homesick exile, and Zeus orders Hermes to go to Calypso's island abode and bid her release Odysseus. It may be mentioned that the earlier portion of the poem contains two plots, imperfectly connected with one another: the fortunes of Telemachos in Ithaca and while wandering about Greece in search of his

father ; and the adventures of Odysseus himself, during the same days, in some far realm of fairyland beyond the sea, which I, at least, cannot locate in any region to be reached by mortal bark or traveler's feet. Hence, after the brief general introduction, the first four books describe the doings of Telemachos, and in the fifth we first see Odysseus himself, in the isle which is the centre of the sea.

It is well known that a learned fellow-townsmen has written a most fascinating and ingenious book to prove that Homer is well aware of the sphericity of the earth, that Odysseus' voyages include a circumnavigation of the globe, and that the island of Calypso is, in truth, a clear reminiscence of the long-lost earthly Paradise, which was situated at the North Pole. I confess with shame my own inability to grasp with firmness the details of this magnificent geometrical demonstration. In any case, however, the original Greek hearers of the poet can hardly have been aware of any such authentic foundation for what they probably regarded as only a pleasing myth. And so, if we err in letting fall the luminous yet impenetrable veil of romantic imagination between Ithaca and Scheria, we err with the best of good company : with him who told the tale, and those who heard and loved it first.

But let us hear Zeus' command to Hermes : —

"Hermes, since thou art also on other occasion our herald,
Tell to the nymph of the braided tresses our counsel unerring,
Even the homeward return of the patient-hearted Odysseus.
How he shall go, unaccompanied either of gods or of mortals :
Yet on a well-bound raft, though suffering grievous disaster,
On the twentieth day to the fertile land of Phæacians,
Scheria, he shall come, to a people like the immortals.
They shall send him by ship to his native country beloved,

Giving him store of bronze and gold and raiment in plenty,
More than ever Odysseus had won for himself out of Ilios,
Though he had fared untroubled, securing his share of the booty.
So is it destined that he shall see his loved ones, returning
Unto his high-roofed hall and unto the land of his fathers."

Donning his winged sandals and clasping his magic wand, the messenger Hermes set forth without a murmur upon his errand. He darted earthward, traversed the wide purple sea, and neared the far-off island : —

Journeyed until he was come where the nymph of the beautiful tresses
Lived in a spacious cave ; and within her dwelling he found her.
There on the hearth was a great fire blazing, and far through the island
Floated the fragrance of well-cleft cedar and sandal-wood burning.
She was herself within, with sweet voice singing, and meanwhile
Busy was she at the loom, and with golden shuttle was weaving.
Round and about her cave a luxuriant forest extended ;
Poplar-trees were there, and alders, and odorous cypress.
. . . Four springs set in order with shining water were running :
Near were they to each other, yet turned in as many directions.

(These four springs become, of course, in the argument above mentioned, the four rivers of Eden.)

All about soft meadows of violets bloomed, and of parsley.
Even a deathless god might therefore, hither approaching,
Gaze upon what he saw, and be in spirit delighted.

As the poet's last words plainly intimate, such a trim, orderly scene was in truth the Greek ideal of natural beauty, rather than a wider, more varied panorama, with snow-capped mountains for its frame. Perhaps the struggle of man with the savage forces of Nature was still too near and well remembered for him to find delight in her wilder aspects.

Homer assures us that the immortals always know each other when they meet, no matter how widely sundered their abodes ; but not even in this enchanted spot do they have the power, attained by the islanders in Mr. Bellamy's ingenious sketch, of reading each other's thoughts without words. Hermes, therefore, utters the bidding of Zeus, though in gentler and less imperative form, with a frank confession of his own unwillingness to bring the message. The poet then continues : —

So did he speak, and Calypso, divine among
goddesses, shuddered.
Then she uttered to him these wingèd words,
and made answer :

"Merciless are ye, O gods, and more than
the rest are ye jealous,
Ye who, when goddesses openly mate with men,
are indignant."

Calypso relates briefly how she rescued Odysseus when the wind and the billow drove him toward her isle, clinging to the keel of his wrecked vessel after all his comrades had perished. Such passing allusions to the hero's previous adventures are intended by the poet to arouse, rather than to gratify, the curiosity of his hearers. Odysseus, after his safe arrival at the court of the Phæacians, will relate his fortunes since the fall of Troy, just as Æneas, at Dido's banquet, tells the tale of his life. Calypso continues : —

"Often I said I would make him immortal and
youthful forever.
Yet, for the purpose of Zeus, who is lord of
the ægis, may nowise
Be by another divinity thwarted or kept from
fulfillment,
Let him depart, since He hath so commanded
and bidden,
Over the restless sea. Nor yet myself will I
send him,
Since no vessels equipped with oars are mine,
nor companions,
Who on his way might bear him across the
sea's broad ridges.
Yet will I heartily aid him with counsel, and
hide from him nothing,
So that he all unscathed may come to the land
of his fathers."

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This prompt and sincere submission to the inevitable parting should win our sympathy the more fully for the gentle, loving nymph, who has nothing in common with capricious and cruel Circe. As Hermes hastens back to Olympus, Calypso seeks Odysseus in his favorite seat by the shore, and bids him no longer wear out his life with weeping, but straightway build a raft for his homeward voyage.

So did she speak, but the godlike, enduring
Odysseus shuddered.

Then he uttered to her these wingèd words,
and responded :

"Surely some other intent, not merely to aid
my departure,
Hast thou, in bidding me cross on a raft yon
gulf of the waters,
Difficult, dread, that not even the well-shaped
vessels may traverse,
Though so swiftly they fare, in the Zeus-sent
breezes exultant.

Not on a raft would I set foot while thou art
unwilling,

If thou consent not to swear with a mighty
oath that in no wise

Thou wilt plot for me another and grievous
disaster."

Calypso, smiling and caressing him, assures him of her good faith. She cannot, however, refrain from reminding him of her own superiority in beauty to mortal women, and of the immortality which she would have bestowed upon him. The reply of Odysseus is perhaps more than any other passage the keynote of the poem : —

"Queen and goddess, for that, pray, be not
wroth, for I also
Well am aware that the heedful Penelope,
either in stature
Or in beauty of face, is, compared with thee,
less noble.
She is a mortal, in truth, thou deathless and
ageless forever.
Yet, even so, I all my days am wishful and
eager
Homeward to make my way, and behold my
day of returning.
If yet again some god on the wine-dark waters
shall wreck me,
I will endure, with a heart in my breast that
is patient of trouble.
Truly already I greatly have toiled and greatly
have suffered,

Both on the waves and in war; and thereto
let this also be added."

The next four days are spent by Odysseus in constructing the raft, which is elaborately described, and deserves rather to be called a boat. On the fifth day he sets sail, with a goodly store of wine, water, and food, provided by Calypso. For seventeen days he voyages homeward, but on the eighteenth Poseidon espies him from afar. The sea-god's wrath is still hot on account of his favorite son, the Cyclops Polyphemos, who was blinded by Odysseus. A terrible storm is aroused, the light craft is quickly stripped of mast and sail, and Odysseus, still clinging to the wreck, is tossed about helpless among the billows. But a semi-divine sea-creature in feminine form comes to his aid.

Ino, of beautiful ankles, the daughter of
Kadmos, beheld him, —
Leucothea, who once was of human speech and
a mortal,
Now hath a share in the honors of gods in the
depths of the waters.

The mortal Ino takes the name Leucothea when transformed into a sea-divinity. The epithet "fair-ankled" is possibly introduced to assure us that she has not the form popularly ascribed to a mermaid.

She took pity on exiled Odysseus in grievous
misfortune.

Out of the watery deep she arose in the guise
of a seagull,

Seated herself on the well-joined raft, and
spoke, and addressed him:

"Wretched one, why is Poseidon, the shaker
of earth, thus embittered
Fiercely, so that he raises against thee full many
disasters?

Yet he shall not destroy thee, although so terribly
wrathful.

Only do thou as I bid thee: thou seemest not
lacking in shrewdness.

Strip off thy garments, and leave thy raft for
the breezes to carry,

But do thou swim with thine arms, and struggle
to win thee a landing

On the Phæacians' shore, whereon thou art destined
to save thee.

Here, too, take this veil, and under thy breast
shalt thou spread it, —

It is divine, — and have no fear that thou suffer
or perish.

Yet, so soon as thou with thy hands shalt lay
hold of the mainland,

Loosen it then from about thee, and into the
wine-dark waters,

Ere thou turnest to go, thou shalt cast it afar
from the sea-beach."

There is perhaps a reminiscence of this casting away of the magic veil in the tale of King Arthur's death, where Bedivere flings the sacred sword Excalibur back into the mere.

Odysseus hesitates, and is again fearful of treachery, as he was with Calypso. It may be that this constant dread of bad faith is the fitting penalty for his own excessive cunning and trickiness. But when a mighty billow utterly shatters his wrecked craft, and leaves him clinging to a single plank, the aid of the goddess is accepted. Poseidon now, with an exultant jeer, turns away, as he knows that Odysseus is not destined to perish on the sea; and Athene is permitted to quiet the waves and adverse winds. For two days and two nights the hero swims wearily onward, in constant fear of death. On the third morning, uplifted on a great wave, he sees the coast of Phæacia near at hand. But here a new peril awaits him. Once the mighty breaker dashes him against the steep cliffs that line the shore, but, carried back by the reflux wave, he has just strength to escape again outside the line of surf. Here he swims on parallel with the shore-line, until he feels the warmer current of a river which flows into the sea. To the river-god he straightway utters a fervent prayer.

"Hearken, O lord, whosoever thou art!

Unto thee, the much longed for,

Now am I come, in my flight from the sea and
the threats of Poseidon.

Reverend even among the gods whose life is
eternal

He is held, who comes as a wanderer, even as
I now,

After my weary toil, am come to thy knees and
thy current.

Show thou pity, O lord; for truly thy suppliant
am I."

Such passages as this make it clear that to the Homeric poets the river-god was quite as real as the stream itself. Perhaps not one even among the Greeks of later ages, save Æschylos in the Prometheus, is so fully possessed by a belief in this conscious personal life in forest, mountain, and stream. There is far greater power of imagination, and many-fold more poetic ingenuity, exerted in shaping such a conception as the Sabrina of Milton's Comus; but we are so much the more aware of the poet's untiring efforts to convince himself and us. The singer of the Odyssey has no need to "make believe."

The river-god at once stays his stream, and enables the weary swimmer to reach the bank. Here, after a moment of utter exhaustion, Odysseus casts the veil seaward, and Leucothea's hands receive it: the "lovely hands" which lingered in Milton's memory, and so are immortalized a second time in a famous passage of Comus. After some hesitation between the chilling winds of the shore and the wild beasts of the forest, he climbs the slope to the edge of the wood, and lies down in the olive thicket, covering himself with the dead leaves.

And Athene

Over his eyes poured slumber, that she might straightway release him
From the fatigue of his grievous toil, by closing his eyelids.

Such are the final words in the fifth book of the Odyssey. These divisions of the poem are by no means so old as the time of the singer, but the scenes of this book, at any rate, have a natural connection and unity, as well as a charm and beauty of detail, which are of course lost in the mere summary given here.

The scene now changes to the palace of the Phæacian king, from which is to come the aid so sorely needed by the shipwrecked exile. The sixth book opens with the following lines:—

So did he slumber there, the enduring, god-like Odysseus,
Since he was overborne by fatigue and sleep;
but Athene
Went meanwhile to the city and people of the Phæacians.
These had formerly dwelt within wide-wayed Hypereia,
Near to the Cyclops, a race of men exceedingly haughty,
Who had harassed them ever, and who were in force more mighty.
Then Nausithoös, like to a god, transplanted and led them
Unto Scheria, far removed from the trafficking nations.
Round their town he constructed a wall, and built habitations;
Temples, too, for the gods, and divided among them the cornlands.
Stricken by fate, he already had passed to the dwelling of Hades;
Now Alkinoös ruled; by the gods was he gifted with wisdom.
Toward his palace proceeded the gray-eyed goddess Athene,
Planning a homeward return for Odysseus, lofty of spirit.

This brief historical sketch of the Phæacians need give us no fear lest Odysseus, in his eighteen days' voyage from Calypso's island, may have crossed the boundary line from fairyland into prosaic reality. Hypereia, their former home, is merely "Upland," a casual invention of the poet. Nausithoös, their earlier leader, is simply "He of the fleet ship;" and indeed nearly all the names we meet in these Phæacian scenes are derivatives from the Greek word *naus*, a ship. The whole episode in Scheria is apparently a rather sportive creation of the Homeric fancy. The allusion to the Cyclops as their former neighbors is no doubt intended to remind us that we are not yet escaped from the realm of the marvelous.

The latter half of the Odyssey is of a quite different character, consisting almost wholly of realistic scenes in Ithaca. The all-night homeward voyage of the sleeping Odysseus on the magic bark of the Phæacians, at the beginning of the thirteenth book, is the voyage from

dreamland into real life, and so the turning-point of the entire story.¹

It is at the threshold of the episode in Scheria that we meet the lovable little princess Nausicaa, who is our proper subject. The frame of romance from which she steps forth to greet us enables us to enjoy the more fully the simplicity, the truthfulness to nature, and the idealized beauty of this slight but imperishable sketch. Let us venture to peep discreetly over Pallas Athene's august shoulder, as she enters her favorite's bower.

Into a chamber most cunningly built she
passed, where a maiden
Sleeping lay, who in figure and face the im-
mortals resembled,
Named Nausicaa, child to Alkinoös, lofty of
spirit.
Maidens twain were beside her, with beauty
endowed by the Graces;
Near to the door they lay, and shut were the
glimmering portals.
Fleet as the breath of the wind to the couch of
the maiden she darted.

Athene assumes the guise of Nausicaa's favorite girl companion as she speaks.

"Why did thy mother, Nausicaa, bear thee
a maiden so heedless?
Shining raiment is thine, which now neglected
is lying;
Yet is thy marriage at hand, when thou must
be fairly appareled,
And must garments give unto those who home-
ward shall lead thee,
Since thereby among men goes forth thy good
reputation.
Therein, too, is thy father delighted, and rev-
erend mother.
Come, with the dawning of day let us hasten
forth to the washing,
Seeing by no means long mayst thou yet tarry
a virgin.
Thou already art wooed by the noblest of all
the Phæacians

¹ It will be seen that the writer declines to accept the identification of Coreyra, the modern Corfu, with Scheria. In this skepticism he is emboldened by the protecting shield of the Ajax among English-speaking Hellenists. See Jebb's *Homer*, page 46.

² A more exact rendering would be "Papa, dear;" the term of endearment being identical

Everywhere, of the land wherein thou also art native.

Come, now, urge at the dawning of day thy illustrious father

Mules and a cart to make ready for thee, wherein thou wilt carry

Raiment of men, and robes, and the shining coverlets also."

She, thus speaking, departed, the gray-eyed goddess Athene,

Unto Olympos, where we are told that the gods' habitation

Ever untroubled abides, nor yet by the tempests is shaken;

Nor is it wet by the rain, nor reached by snow, but about it

Clear is the cloudless air, and white is the sunshine upon it.

Through all ages within it the blessed gods are rejoicing.

Having admonished the maid, the gray-eyed One thither departed.

Among many imitations of this passage, the most familiar to us is no doubt the description of the "island valley of Avilion," to which Arthur hopes to pass, and where he may heal him of his grievous wound.

Presently morning came, enthroned in beauty, arousing

Graceful-robed Nausicaa: first at the vision she marvelled,

Then through her home she passed to repeat her dream to her parents,

Well-loved father and mother. She found them within, for the mother

Sat at the side of the hearth, in the midst of her women attendants,

Spinning the sea-dyed purple yarn; at the doorway her father

Met her, upon his way to join the illustrious chieftains,

Sitting in council, whither the noble Phæacians had called him.

Standing close at his side, she addressed her father beloved:

"Father, dear,² would you make ready for me a wagon, a high one,

Strong in the wheels, that I may carry our beautiful garments,

in Greek and English, as in many other languages. Professor Merriam, in his most excellent edition of this portion of the *Odyssey*, The Phæacians of Homer, quotes Pope's rendering of this line, as a striking example of that translator's method in dealing with his original:—

³ Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
And may his child the royal car obtain?"

Those which now are lying soiled, to be washed
in the river ?

Ay, and for you yourself it is seemly, when in
the council

You with the chiefs are sitting, to have fresh
raiment upon you.

Five dear sons besides within your palace are
living ;

Two of them married already, but three yet
blooming and youthful."

The keen observation in the next line
is evidently applicable more especially
to the three blooming young bachelor
brothers of the willful little maid : —

"They are desirous always of having the new-
washed garments

When to the dance they go. Of all this in my
mind am I thoughtful."

Thus did she speak, for she shamed her,
fruitful marriage to mention.

This omission is, however, by no
means the only variation between the
words of Pallas and those of Nausicaa.
The girl's quick wit and ingenuity are
abundantly indicated in this seemingly
artless speech. Her innocent craft in
leaving her chief motive unuttered does
not trouble her indulgent parent.

Yet understanding all this her affectionate
father made answer :

"Neither the mules, my daughter, nor any-
thing else do I grudge thee."

So, in obedience to the king's com-
mand, the mule-team is at once har-
nessed in the courtyard of the palace.

Meantime, the maiden brought from the
chamber the shining garments.

These on the polished wagon she carefully
placed, and the mother

Put in a basket food of all kinds, suiting her
wishes.

Dainties as well she packed, and into a bottle
of goat-skin

Poured some wine ; and the maiden had mean-
while mounted the wagon.

Liquid olive-oil in a golden vial she gave her,
After the bath to anoint herself and the women
attendants.

Into her hands then the whip and the reins all
shining she gathered,

Scourged them to run, and loud was the sound
of the clattering mule-hoofs.

They unceasingly hastened, and carried the
maid with the garments ;

Yet not alone, but with her there followed the
women attendants.

Though the goddess Athene has in-
terfered in person to control the action
of the princess, yet the train of events
just described is so naturally and viv-
idly drawn out, the meeting which is
evidently to be brought about is being
prepared so easily and credibly, that we
ourselves seem to be glancing in eager
expectation from the exhausted hero,
asleep in the thicket, to the bright-eyed
charioteer, followed by her troop of mer-
ry companions, as she approaches the
river-mouth.

When they now had arrived at the beautiful
stream of the river, —

Where were the pools unfailing, and clear and
abundant the water

Gushed from beneath, sufficient for cleansing
the foulest of raiment, —

There did the girls unharness the mules from
under the wagon.

Then they drove them to graze by the side of
the eddying river,

Cropping the fragrant clover. But they them-
selves from the wagon

Took in their arms the garments, and carried
them into the water,

Trod them there in the pits, — commencing a
rivalry straightway.

What could be more realistic than
this girlish determination to make a
frolic even of the most wearisome
drudgery ?

Then, when they had washed and cleansed
completely the garments,

Spread them in order along by the beach of
the sea, where the billow,

Dashing against the shore most strongly, was
washing the pebbles.

When they had bathed and anointed themselves
with the oil of the olive,

Then by the bank of the river the noonday
meal they provided,

Waiting until their clothes should dry in the
glow of the sunshine.

Presently, when they were sated with eating,
the maids and the princess

Started a game of ball, first laying aside their
head-dress.

The elaborate comparison of Nausi-
caa to Artemis, which follows, will be
familiar to most readers through the
close imitation, or rather translation, of

it by Virgil, who applies it, with less fitness, to Dido.

Foremost in song and in dance white-armed
Nausicaa led them,
Even as Artemis passes, the huntress, over the
mountains,
She who in chasing the boar or the fleet deer
taketh her pastime;
With her the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus,
who is lord of the ægis,
Woodland-dwellers, are sporting; and Leto re-
joices in spirit;
Loftily over them all her head and brow she
upraises.
All are beautiful there, yet she is easily fore-
most.
So in the midst of her girls was supreme that
maiden unwedded.

The poet now again mentions Pallas, and describes her as intervening once more at this point to control the course of events in Odysseus' interest. This passing reminder of the *deus ex machina* does not, however, prevent the simple idyllic plot from unraveling itself in a most natural and unforced manner.

Then did the princess throw their ball at one
of the handmaids.
Yet she missed the girl, and it fell in the
eddy of the river.
So they screamed full loudly: — and godlike
Odysseus was wakened,
Sat upright, and pondered within his heart
and his spirit:
"Woe is me! What mortals are these whose
land I have entered?
Are they lawless, I wonder, and savage, regard-
less of justice?
Or are they kind unto strangers, and rev'rent
the spirit within them?
Surely a womanish cry, as of maidens, resound-
ed about me.
Nymphs, it may be, that dwell on the craggy
peaks of the mountains,
Or that live in the sources of rivers and grassy
morasses.
Or am I near, perchance, unto human language
and mortals?
Come, now, let me myself make trial thereof,
and behold them."
Having thus spoken, the godlike Odysseus
crept from the bushes;
Yet with his powerful hand he broke off a
branch in the thicket.
Covered with foliage, to hide his nakedness,
screening his body.

The comparison of Odysseus to a hun-
gry lion leaving his covert, which occurs
here, may be omitted; its chief value
being to illustrate the indebtedness of
the poet who composed the *Odyssey* to
the older *Iliad*. The figure is much
more effective, as originally employed,
in describing Sarpedon rushing eagerly
to battle.

Loathsome to them he appeared, by the brine
of the sea disfigured.
Hither and thither they fled to the jutting
points of the shoreland.
Only Alkinoös' daughter remained; for Athene
imparted
Courage into her heart, and conquered the ter-
ror within her.

Under the circumstances, Odysseus did
not venture to approach and clasp the
princess' knees, — the regular attitude
for a suppliant to assume, — but, stand-
ing aloof from her, he
Straightway uttered to her a speech that was
winning and crafty, —
an art in which he was above all men a
master.

"I am thy suppliant, princess! Art thou
some god or a mortal?
If thou art one of the gods that have their
abode in the heavens,
Unto Artemis, child of imperial Zeus, do I
deem thee
Likest in beauty of face, as well as in stature
and bearing.
But if of mortals thou 'rt one, that have on the
earth their abiding,
Treble blessed in thee are thy father and re-
verend mother,
Treble blessed thy brethren; and surely the
spirit within them
Glowe evermore with delight for thy sake when
they behold thee
Entering into the dance, who art so lovely a
blossom.
Happy in heart is he, moreover, above all
others,
Who by gifts shall prevail, and unto his dwell-
ing shall lead thee.
Never before with mine eyes have I beheld
such a mortal,
Whether a woman or man. As I gaze, awe
seizes upon me!"

Casting about in his mind for a com-
parison, he can only liken her to a
graceful young palm-tree which he had

once seen at Delos, beside Apollo's altar. The passage is of interest for two quite distinct reasons. It shows that in the poet's day, at any rate, the island-sanctuary of Apollo was already noted, and visited by voyagers from other Greek lands; and also that the palm-tree was then a rare and much-admired novelty in the Ægean. With a brief reference to his latest voyage, in which it may be noted that he makes no allusion to the gracious creatures of her own sex who had cherished or aided him, he continues:—

"Yet have mercy, O queen! After suffering many disasters,
First unto thee am I come. I know not one of the others
Whoso make their home within this city or country.
But do thou show me the town, and give me some tattered garment,
If perchance when thou camest some wrap thou hadst for the linen."

But close upon this most humble request and almost extravagant self-abasement, the unknown wanderer ends his appeal with noble and pathetic words.

"So may the gods accord thee whatever in spirit thou cravest:
Husband and home may they grant, and glorious harmony also.
Since there is nothing, in truth, more mighty than this, or more noble,
When two dwell in a home concordant in spirit together,
Husband and wife: unto foes a source of many vexations,
Joy to their friends; yet they themselves most truly shall know it!"

Either the compliments at the beginning of this speech, or the tender sentiments at the close, have already produced a powerful effect upon the heart of the gentle princess.

Then unto him in her turn white-armed Nausicaa answered:

"Stranger, thou dost not seem an ignoble man, nor a senseless;
Zeus, the Olympian, himself apportions their blessings to mortals,
Both to the base and the noble, to each as suiteth his pleasure;

This hath he laid upon thee, and thou must in patience endure it.

Yet now, since thou into our state art entered, and country,

Neither of raiment shalt thou be in lack, nor of aught whatsoever

Is for a hard-pressed suppliant, meeting with succor, befitting.

Yes, and the town I will show thee, and tell thee the name of the people.

'T is the Phæacians who dwell in this our city and country.

I myself am the child of Alkinoös, lofty of spirit,

On whom all the Phæacians' dominion and force are dependent."

Then turning aside from him, the princess recalls the fugitive maidens.

"Stay, my attendants! Why at beholding a man are ye fleeing?

Did ye suppose him, perchance, to be of a hostile nation?

Surely no man is alive, nor shall he be living hereafter,

Who would venture to enter the land of the men of Phæacia

Offering harm; for we of the gods are dearly beloved.

Out of the way, too, we dwell, in the midst of the billowy waters,

Farthest of all mankind; no others have dealings among us.

Nay, this is some ill-fated man come wandering hither,

Whom we must care for now, because all strangers and beggars

Stand in the charge of Zeus, and a gift, though little, is welcome.

Come, then, give both drink and food to the stranger, and bid him

Bathe in the stream, my attendants, where from the wind there is shelter."

Odysseus is accordingly provided with robe and tunic and the vial of olive-oil. After he has bathed and anointed himself, Pallas Athene makes him far stouter and more beautiful than before. So, as he sits resting a little apart, Nausicaa addresses her companions with truly Homeric frankness.

"Listen to me, my white-armed maids, that I something may tell you.

Not without the approval of all the gods in Olympus

Hath this man come hither, among the Phæacians, the godlike.

'Tis but a brief while since that I really
thought him uncomely.
Now is he like to the gods who abide in the
open heavens.
Would that such an one as he could be called
my husband,
Having his dwelling here and contented among
us to tarry! "

It will be interesting to set here, for
comparison, a few lines from the great-
est of living poets, who long ago, intro-
ducing his earliest Arthurian verses as

"Weak Homeric echoes, nothing worth,"

intimated thereby his own consciousness
of a kinship in spirit which many of his
readers have recognized.

"Marr'd as he was, he seem'd the goodliest
man
That ever among ladies ate in hall,
And noblest, when she lifted up her eyes.
However marr'd, of more than twice her
years,
Seam'd with an ancient sword-cut on his cheek,
And bruised and bronzed, she lifted up her eyes
And loved him, with that love that was her
doom."

Nausicaa again orders that food and
drink be set before the stranger, and the
poet records that he ate ravenously;
adding apologetically that he

long from food had been fasting.

A vigorous appetite is a constant char-
acteristic of Odysseus in the *Iliad* and
Odyssey. On one occasion, in the for-
mer tale, he is employed on arduous en-
terprises nearly all night, and a careful
reader, if not absorbed in the loftier fea-
tures of the poem, may note that thrice
between sunset and morning he accepts
an invitation to a hearty meal, and ap-
parently on each occasion does full jus-
tice to the cheer. This thoroughly hu-
man trait has not escaped the attention
of the poet who invented this Phæa-
cian episode, and who certainly was in
little danger of erring in the direction
of excessive dignity and seriousness.
When Odysseus, despite this breaking
of his fast, makes a pathetic appeal for
food to Nausicaa's parents, a few hours

later, it is in words whose extravagance
is carried to the verge of grotesqueness.
Among the heroes of the mythic age,
perhaps Heracles only is more notable
as a valiant trencher-knight.

Nausicaa now makes preparations for
her return homeward, and, having
mounted the wagon, she thus addresses
Odysseus:—

"Stranger, arise, and townward fare, that I
may conduct thee
Unto the house of my wise father, in which I
assure thee
Thou shalt behold whosoever are noblest of all
the Phæacians.
Yet thou must do as I say: thou seem'st not
lacking in shrewdness.
While we are passing along by the fields and
the farms of our people,
So far among my maids, close after the mules
and the wagon
Thou mayst come, with speed, and I will be
guide on the journey.
But as we come to the town, round which is
a high-built rampart,
And upon either side of the city a beautiful
harbor"—

Nausicaa runs off into an admiring
description of her home, until she is even
guilty of forgetting the main clause of
her original sentence! It appears that
the narrow road over the isthmus into
the town is the favorite resort of idlers,
whose discourteous remarks the princess
dreads to face in Odysseus' company.
With quick fancy she imagines what
they would say:—

"Who is yon stranger who follows Nausicaa?
Handsome and stately
Is he. Where did she find him? She'll have
him herself for her husband!
Either she rescued him as a castaway out of
his vessel,
One of a far-off people, — since none there are
who are near us, —
Or some god much prayed for is down from
the heavens descended
At her petition, and he for his wife shall have
her forever.
So is it better, if she has gone and found her
a husband
Out of another land, for these of her folk, the
Phæacians,
She disdains, though many and excellent men
are her suitors.'"

Lest we should fancy the last words to be a mere fiction of Nausicaa to raise herself in the handsome stranger's esteem, the poet has taken care to put the same assertion, in somewhat stronger form, into the mouth of Pallas Athene, when she appears in the night to the princess, at the opening of the sixth book.

"So would they talk, and for me it would be a disgrace! — and I also should with another girl be angry, whoever so acted;
Who, in spite of her friends, while her father and mother were living,
Mingled freely with men, ere yet she was publicly wedded."

It is quite possible that these very proper remarks of the king's daughter, on the duty of maidenly modesty, are prompted in part by the consciousness that her own innocent loquacity has just carried her somewhat too far.

"Stranger, and thou must now to my words give attention, that quickly
Thou mayst obtain safe-conduct, and homeward return, from my father.
Near to the road thou wilt notice a beautiful grove of Athene, —
Poplars: within it a fountain flows, and a meadow surrounds it.
There my father's domain is found, and his fruitful inclosure."

Here, then, outside the town, Odysseus is to remain behind until the girls have had time to reach home. Then he also may pass into the city, where he will have no difficulty in finding the palace, so inferior are the ordinary Phæacian houses to the stately abode of Alkinöös.

"But so soon as the hero's dwelling and courtyard receive thee
Make thy way at once through the hall, till thou come to my mother.
She has her seat at the side of the hearth, in the gleam of the firelight,
Spinning her yarn, sea-purple in color, a marvel to look on, —
Leaning on one of the columns. Her hand-maids are seated behind her."

The unwearied diligence of Arete, the queen, whom Odysseus will find at dusk

employed as her daughter had left her in the early morning, may well remind us of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and Bertha, the beautiful spinner.

"On that selfsame pillar my father's chair is resting.
There he sits, and like an immortal his wine he is quaffing.
Yet thou must pass him by, and unto the knees of my mother
Stretch thy hands, that thou mayst behold thy day of returning
Quickly and joyfully, though thy land is exceedingly distant."

The keen-witted little princess has already discovered who is the real ruler in cabin and hall.

The sun is setting when they reach the sacred grove of Pallas, where Odysseus obediently tarries behind, and makes a fervent prayer to the goddess of the sanctuary. Here the sixth book closes.

From the seventh book, which describes the reception of Odysseus in the palace, we can cull only a few of the opening lines.

There did he make his prayer, the godlike, enduring Odysseus,
While on her way to the city the strong mules carried the maiden.
When she now had arrived at her father's glorious palace,
There at the doorway she checked them.
Around her were gathered her brothers, — Like unto gods were they to behold, — and they from the wagon
Straightway unharnessed the mules, and carried the raiment within doors.
She to her chamber passed, where an ancient dame from Apeira
Lighted a fire for her, — her servant Eurymedousa;
... Lighted a fire in her room, and there made ready her supper.

So Nausicaa slips quietly out of the story. Only once more do we have a glimpse of her. Odysseus meets with the kindly reception which she had promised him. All the next day he is entertained with athletic contests, dancing, and the harper's lay. The story of this day fills the eighth book. At nightfall,

after a luxurious bath, he is descending to the banquet-hall.

But Nausicaa, who by the gods was gifted with beauty,
There in the well-built hall at the side of a pillar was standing.

On Odysseus gazed she with wonder when she beheld him ;

Then these winged words she uttered to him and addressed him :

"Farewell, stranger ! And in thy native country hereafter

Think of me, unto whom thou first for thy life art indebted."

Thus did the crafty Odysseus address her then and responded :

"O Nausicaa, noble - hearted Alkinoös' daughter,

Verily so may Zeus, the Thunderer, husband of Herè,

Grant that I come to my home, and behold my day of returning,

As, even there, unto thee as a god I would pay my devotions,

All my days, evermore ; for my life thou hast rescued, O maiden."

The epithet "crafty" is the usual one of Odysseus, and need have no reference to the situation at the moment. But surely it is a proof of consummate skill, as well as of the highest courtesy, when he thus, with magnificent hyperbole, in his hasty words of final farewell, elevates to the position of a goddess, or of a patron saint as it were, the pure-hearted girl who had so frankly intimated her desire to retain him in a closer relation. What other parting words could have done so much to heal the hurt and save her pride ? Tennyson could devise none, but must needs let even courtly Lancelot ride sadly away without farewell.

"This was the one discourtesy that he used."

And so Odysseus and Nausicaa part : for not even in merry Phæacia does the Greek poet venture to let his women mingle with the men in the banquet-hall.

¹ One Attic drama may indeed have included among its characters a Nausicaa, drawn by a not unworthy hand. We are told that when Sophocles' play *The Phæacians* was acted, the poet broke through his usual custom and himself appeared as an actor, winning much ap-

Of the hero's later fortunes all the world knows. At the banquet, the minstrel, singing of the siege of Troy, stirs the unknown guest to tears, and, being courteously questioned by his host, Odysseus reveals his name, the most illustrious of all who survived the fatal strife in the Scamandrian plain. The next four books of the poem, from the ninth to the twelfth, contain his account of former wanderings on the homeward voyage from the Troad. After another day spent in feasting and in listening to the harper Demodocos, he is permitted at nightfall to embark for home. He straightway falls into a deep sleep, and is still slumbering heavily when the Phæacians set him ashore, with many precious gifts, upon a remote corner of his own rugged Ithaca.

The last twelve books of the poem relate how, by craft and valor, he won his throne and wife again. Later poets, of every age and speech, have attempted to weave still farther the web of his adventurous life. In one of the most beautiful cantos of the *Inferno*, he himself tells the tale of his last voyage and death, and Tennyson's poem *Ulysses* is so perfect in form and so touching in thought as to make us willingly forget, with the poet, that Odysseus' faithful comrades,

"Who ever with a frolic welcome took
The storm and sunshine,"

had all perished on the way, before the hero came again to his own.

But of Nausicaa the *Odyssey* has not another word to tell ; and what later singer might venture to bid her live even a single day more ?

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
Or the lost clue regain ?"¹

It has been intimated more than once already that the translator sees, or fancies, especially by his beauty and grace in the dancing and rhythmic ball-play. This latter allusion, however, is probably not to the maidens' diversion on the beach, but rather to a dance of youths, with which Odysseus was entertained on the following day.

cies he sees, a clear though purely accidental resemblance between the stories of Nausicaa and of the lily maid of Astolat. Each loves at first sight the most illustrious hero of her day, when he comes, unknown and unaccompanied, to her home. Each saves the life of the stranger, and proffers him a pure maidenly love which he cannot return. Even the circumstances of the good knight's final departure are not wholly unlike in the two tales; for when Odysseus, embarking for home, bids a grateful and loving farewell to his hosts, he does not venture to mention Nausicaa by name, and it is not certain that she was present. The wanderer's last words are addressed to Arete, the queen, invoking a blessing on her household and her folk.

And yet, surely no one would be tempted to press the parallel farther, and to fancy that the Phæacian maid pined away, like Elaine, for love of her lost hero. When, at the banquet, the night before his departure, the shipwrecked stranger revealed himself as Odysseus, far famed above all men, the destroyer of Ilios, the exciting news doubtless spread through the servants' hall to the women's rooms, and faithful old Eurymedousa brought the tidings, perchance, even to the sequestered chamber of the princess. Nausicaa's heart may have stirred with pride to think that so long as the strange story of the crafty Ithacan's life should be told or sung, in after-days, she would always live in one of its brightest scenes; but the husband of heedful Penelope, the father of Telemachos, must quickly have lost the power over her heart which the unknown suppliant had so easily gained. If Telemachos' wanderings had brought *him* to that sunny Scherian beach — But let us cast no tempting suggestion in the path of any too audacious nineteenth-century would-be Homeric! Indeed, this same happy solution occurred to the mind of a later Hellenic poet.

And the moral? It has been uttered

already in memorable words. There was a learned but inconclusive discussion in a famous weekly journal, not long ago, whether it was a pagan sage or a Christian saint who coined the aphorism, "*Maledicti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.*" (Confusion to those who have said our good things before us.) It matters little, however, which invented the phrase, for the sentiment is one of which the church father or the heathen philosopher alike should have been ashamed. What has really never been said had better not be said, because it is presumably false; and we never lose the privilege of trying to utter the old thought better than all others have done, and so making it our own. But, more than that, one of the greatest debts we owe to our predecessors is their simple, adequate utterance of great and inspiring truths, in such impressive form that they pass current like perfect and indestructible coin, making every generation of common men so much the richer by each philosophic maxim or golden poetic phrase.

And certainly, it was only with delight that the translator, just as he was about to undertake the present sketch, welcomed in these pages a little lay sermon on the tale of Nausicaa,¹ so brief and graceful, so full and suggestive, that it would be presumptuous indeed to add thereto, or even to attempt a summary of the essay in question. It may be permitted, however, to call attention to a single sentence in that paper: "I am not recalling it" (the story of Nausicaa) "because it is a conspicuous instance of the true realism that is touched with the ideality of genius, which is the immortal element in literature, but as an illustration of the other necessary quality in all productions of the human mind that remain age after age, and that is simplicity." It is greatly to be hoped that we may yet have from the same hand

¹ Simplicity, by Charles Dudley Warner. *The Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1889.

that other lesson which is thus given only passing mention; for the essayist is evidently in agreement with us that Nausicaa is as happy an example as could well be found, not only of the essential simplicity of the greatest artistic creations, but of the other indispensable requirements, truthfulness and beauty; or, as he apparently prefers to combine the two in one, truthfulness to the beautiful side of humanity or nature, which is infinitely more real and eternal than ugliness and imperfection.

The episode of Nausicaa was not written, like Bekker's Charicles, to illustrate

the every-day life of the ancient Greeks. It cannot be used as evidence regarding the frequency of washing-days in the Homeric age. It is no proof that Hellenic princesses went picnicking in remote spots, unprotected and unchaperoned. It is a romance. The whole Phæacian episode is inextricably intertwined with marvelous and superhuman incidents and characters. But it is true, nevertheless, — true to the essential laws of art and of humanity. And therefore of Nausicaa, as of Rosalind, of Perdita, or of Miranda, it may well be said, "Who, pray, is alive, if she be dead?"

William Cranston Lawton.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

VIII.

I HAD intended to devote this particular report to an account of my replies to certain questions which have been addressed to me, — questions which I have a right to suppose interest the public, and which, therefore, I was justified in bringing before *The Teacups*, and presenting to the readers of these articles.

Some may care for one of these questions, and some for another. A good many young people think nothing about life as it presents itself in the far horizon, bounded by the snowy ridges of threescore and the dim peaks beyond that remote barrier. Again, there are numbers of persons who know nothing at all about the Jews; while, on the other hand, there are those who can, or think they can, detect the Israelitish blood in many of their acquaintances who believe themselves of the purest Japhetic origin, and are full of prejudices about the Semitic race.

I do not mean to be cheated out of my intentions. I propose to answer my questioners on the two points just

referred to, but I find myself so much interested in the personal affairs of *The Teacups* that I must deal with them before attacking those less exciting subjects. There is no use, let me say here, in addressing to me letters marked "personal," "private," "confidential," and so forth, asking me how I came to know what happened in certain conversations of which I shall give a partial account. If there is a very sensitive phonograph lying about here and there in unsuspected corners, that might account for some part of my revelations. If Delilah, whose hearing is of almost supernatural delicacy, reports to me what she overhears, it might explain a part of the mystery. I do not want to accuse Delilah, but a young person who assures me she can hear my watch ticking in my pocket, when I am in the next room, might undoubtedly tell many secrets, if so disposed. Number Five is pretty nearly omniscient, and she and I are on the best terms with each other. These are all the hints I shall give you at present.

The Teacups of whom the least has

been heard at our table are the Tutor and the Musician. The Tutor is a modest young man, kept down a little, I think, by the presence of older persons, like the Professor and myself. I have met him several times, of late, walking with different lady Teacups: once with the American Annex; twice with the English Annex; once with the two Annexes together; once with Number Five.

I have mentioned the fact that the Tutor is a poet as among his claims to our attention. I must add that I do not think any the worse of him for expressing his emotions and experiences in verse. For though rhyming is often a bad sign in a young man, especially if he is already out of his teens, there are those to whom it is as natural, one might almost say as necessary, as it is to a young bird to fly. One does not care to see barnyard fowls tumbling about in trying to use their wings. They have a pair of good, stout drumsticks, and had better keep to them, for the most part. But that feeling does not apply to young eagles, or even to young swallows and sparrows. The Tutor is by no means one of those ignorant, silly, conceited phrase-tinklers, who live on the music of their own jingling syllables and the flattery of their foolish friends. I think Number Five must appreciate him. He is sincere, warm-hearted, — his poetry shows that, — not in haste to be famous, and he looks to me as if he only wanted *love* to steady him. With one of those two young girls he ought certainly to be captivated, if he is not already. *Twice* walking with the English Annex, I met him, and they were so deeply absorbed in conversation they hardly noticed me. He has been talking over the matter with Number Five, who is just the kind of person for a confidante.

"I know I feel very lonely," he was saying, "and I only wish I felt sure that I could make another person happy. My life would be transfigured if I could find such a one, whom I could love well

enough to give my life to her, — for her, if that were needful, — and who felt an affinity for me, if any one could."

"And why not your English maiden?" said Number Five.

"What makes you think I care more for her than for her American friend?" said the Tutor.

"Why, haven't I met you walking with her, and didn't you both seem greatly interested in the subject you were discussing? I thought, of course, it was something more or less sentimental that you were talking about."

"I was explaining that 'enclitic de' in Browning's Grammarian's Funeral. I don't think there was anything very sentimental about that. She is an inquisitive creature, that English girl. She is very fond of asking me questions, — in fact, both of them are. There is one curious difference between them: the English girl settles down into her answers and is quiet; the American girl is never satisfied with yesterday's conclusions; she is always reopening old questions in the light of some new fact or some novel idea. I suppose that people bred from childhood to lean their backs against the wall of the Creed and the church catechism find it hard to sit up straight on the republican stool, which obliges them to stiffen their own backs. Which of these two girls would be the safest choice for a young man? I should really like to hear what answer you would make if I consulted you seriously, with a view to my own choice, — on the supposition that there was a fair chance that either of them might be won."

"The one you are in love with," answered Number Five.

"But what if it were a case of 'How happy could I be with either'? Which offers the best chance of happiness, — a marriage between two persons of the same country, or a marriage where one of the parties is of foreign birth? Everything else being equal, which is best for an American to marry, an American or

an English girl? We need not confine the question to those two young persons, but put it more generally."

"There are reasons on both sides," answered Number Five. "I have often talked this matter over with The Dictator. This is the way he speaks about it. — English blood is apt to tell well on the stock upon which it is engrafted. Over and over again he has noticed finely grown specimens of human beings, and on inquiry has found that one or both of the parents or grandparents were of British origin. The chances are that the descendants of the imported stock will be of a richer organization, more florid, more muscular, with mellow voices, than the native whose blood has been unmingled with that of new emigrants since the earlier colonial times. — So talks The Dictator. — I myself think the American will find his English wife concentrates herself more readily and more exclusively on her husband, — for the obvious reason that she is obliged to live mainly in him. I remember hearing an old friend of my early days say, 'A woman does not bear transplanting.' It does not do to trust these old sayings, and yet they almost always have some foundation in the experience of mankind, which has repeated them from generation to generation. Happy is the married woman of foreign birth who can say to her husband, as Andromache said to Hector, after enumerating all the dear relatives she had lost, —

'Yet while my Hector still survives, I see

My father, mother, brethren, all in thee!'

How many a sorrowing wife, exiled from her native country, dreams of the mother she shall see no more! How many a widow, in a strange land, wishes that her poor, worn-out body could be laid among her kinsfolk, in the little churchyard where she used to gather daisies in her childhood! It takes a great deal of love to keep down the 'climbing sorrow' that swells up in a woman's throat when such memories seize upon her, in

her moments of desolation. But if a foreign-born woman does willingly give up all for a man, and never looks backward, like Lot's wife, she is a prize that it is worth running a risk to gain, — that is, if she has the making of a good woman in her; and a few years will go far towards naturalizing her."

The Tutor listened to Number Five with much apparent interest. "And now," he said, "what do you think of her companion?"

"A charming girl for a man of a quiet, easy temperament. The great trouble is with her voice. It is pitched a full note too high. It is aggressive, disturbing, and would wear out a nervous man without his ever knowing what was the matter with him. A good many crazy Northern people would recover their reason if they could live for a year or two among the blacks of the Southern States. But the penetrating, perturbing quality of the voices of many of our Northern women has a great deal to answer for in the way of determining love and friendship. You remember that dear friend of ours who left us not long since? If there were more voices like hers, the world would be a different place to live in. I do not believe any man or woman ever came within the range of those sweet, tranquil tones without being hushed, captivated, entranced I might almost say, by their calming, soothing influence. Can you not imagine the tones in which those words, 'Peace, be still,' were spoken? Such was the effect of the voice to which but a few weeks ago we were listening. It is hard to believe that it has died out of human consciousness. Can such a voice be spared from that world of happiness to which we fondly look forward, where we love to dream, if we do not believe with assured conviction, that whatever is loveliest in this our mortal condition shall be with us again as an undying possession? Your English friend has a very agreeable voice, in

round, mellow, cheery, and her articulation is charming. Other things being equal, I think you, who are, perhaps, oversensitive, would live from two to three years longer with her than with the other. I suppose a man who lived within hearing of a murmuring brook would find his life shortened if a saw-mill were set up within earshot of his dwelling."

"And so you advise me to make love to the English girl, do you?" asked the Tutor.

Number Five laughed. It was not a loud laugh, — she never laughed noisily; it was not a very hearty laugh; the idea did not seem to amuse her much.

"No," she said, "I won't take the responsibility. Perhaps this is a case in which the true reading of Gay's line would be

How happy could I be with *neither*.

There are several young women in the world besides our two Annexes."

I question whether the Tutor had asked those questions very seriously, and I doubt if Number Five thought he was very much in earnest.

One of The Teacups reminded me that I had promised to say something of my answers to certain questions. So I began at once: —

I have given the name of *brain-tappers* to the literary operatives who address persons whose names are well known to the public, asking their opinions or their experiences on subjects which are at the time of general interest. They expect a literary man or a scientific expert to furnish them materials for symposia and similar articles, to be used by them for their own special purposes. Sometimes they expect to pay for the information furnished them; at other times, the honor of being included in a list of noted personages who have received similar requests is thought sufficient compensation. The object with which the brain-

tapper puts his questions may be a purely benevolent and entirely disinterested one. Such are some of those which I have received and answered. There are other cases, in which the brain-tapper is acting much as those persons do who stop a physician in the street to ask him a few questions about their livers or stomachs, or other internal arrangements, instead of going to his office and consulting him, expecting to pay for his advice. Others are more like those busy women who, having the generous intention of making a handsome present to their pastor, at as little expense as may be, send to all their neighbors and acquaintances for scraps of various materials, out of which the imposing "bed-spread" or counterpane is to be elaborated.

That is all very well so long as old pieces of stuff are all they call for, but it is a different matter to ask for clippings out of new and uncut rolls of cloth. So it is one thing to ask an author for liberty to use extracts from his published writings, and it is a very different thing to expect him to write expressly for the editor's or compiler's piece of literary patchwork.

I have received many questions within the last year or two, some of which I am willing to answer, but prefer to answer at my own time, in my own way, through my customary channel of communication with the public. I hope I shall not be misunderstood as implying any reproach against the inquirers who, in order to get at facts which ought to be known, apply to all whom they can reach for information. Their inquisitiveness is not always agreeable or welcome, but we ought to be glad that there are mousing fact-hunters to worry us with queries to which, for the sake of the public, we are bound to give our attention. Let me begin with my brain-tappers.

And first, as the papers have given publicity to the fact that I, The Dictator

of this tea-table, have reached the age of threescore years and twenty, I am requested to give information as to how I managed to do it, and to explain just how they can go and do likewise. I think I can lay down a few rules that will help them to the desired result. There is no certainty in these biological problems, but there are reasonable probabilities upon which it is safe to act.

The first thing to be done is, some years before birth, to advertise for a couple of parents both belonging to long-lived families. Especially let the mother come of a race in which octogenarians and nonagenarians are very common phenomena. There are practical difficulties in following out this suggestion, but possibly the forethought of your progenitors, or that concurrence of circumstances which we call accident, may have arranged this for you.

Do not think that a robust organization is any warrant of long life, nor that a frail and slight bodily constitution necessarily means scanty length of days. Many a strong-limbed young man and many a blooming young woman have I seen failing and dropping away in or before middle life, and many a delicate and slightly constituted person outliving the athletes and the beauties of their generation. Whether the excessive development of the muscular system is compatible with the best condition of general health is, I think, more than doubtful. The muscles are great sponges that suck up and make use of large quantities of blood, and the other organs must be liable to suffer for want of their share.

One of the Seven Wise Men of Greece boiled his wisdom down into two words, μηδὲν ἄγαν, — nothing too much. It is a rule which will apply to food, exercise, labor, sleep, and, in short, to every part of life. This is not so very difficult a matter if one begins in good season and forms regular habits. But what if I should lay down the rule, Be cheerful;

take all the troubles and trials of life with perfect equanimity and a smiling countenance? Admirable directions! Your friend, the curly-haired blonde, with florid complexion, round cheeks, the best possible digestion and respiration, the stomach of an ostrich and the lungs of a pearl-diver, finds it perfectly easy to carry them into practice. You, of leaden complexion, with black and lank hair, lean, hollow-eyed, dyspeptic, nervous, find it not so easy to be always hilarious and happy. The truth is that the persons of that buoyant disposition which comes always heralded by a smile, as a yacht driven by a favoring breeze carries a wreath of sparkling foam before her, are born with their happiness ready made. They cannot help being cheerful any more than their saturnine fellow-mortal can help seeing everything through the cloud he carries with him. I give you the precept, then, *Be cheerful*, for just what it is worth, as I would recommend to you to be six feet, or at least five feet ten, in stature. You cannot settle that matter for yourself, but you can stand up straight, and give your five feet five its full value. You can help along a little by wearing high-heeled shoes. So you can do something to encourage yourself in serenity of aspect and demeanor, keeping your infirmities and troubles in the background instead of making them the staple of your conversation. This piece of advice, if followed, may be worth from three to five years of the fourscore which you hope to attain.

If, on the other hand, instead of going about cheerily in society, making the best of everything and as far as possible forgetting your troubles, you can make up your mind to economize all your stores of vital energy, to hoard your life as a miser hoards his money, you will stand a fair chance of living until you are tired of life, — fortunate if everybody is not tired of you.

One of my prescriptions for longevity

may startle you somewhat. It is this: *Become the subject of a mortal disease.* Let half a dozen doctors thump you, and knead you, and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are threescore years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are, — an octogenarian. In the mean time, your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and kept alive by it, — if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this, — a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once, in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired-out attendants, "I do wish she would get well — *or something*"? Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chambers, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure, and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on lives of persons suffering from mortal disease. It is on this principle of economizing the powers of life that a very eminent American physician — Dr. Weir Mitchell, a man of genius — has founded his treatment of certain cases of nervous exhaustion.

What have I got to say about temperance, the use of animal food, and so

forth? These are questions asked me. Nature has proved a wise teacher, as I think, in my own case. The older I grow, the less use I make of alcoholic stimulants. In fact, I hardly meddle with them at all, except a glass or two of champagne occasionally. I find that by far the best borne of all drinks containing alcohol. I do not suppose my experience can be the foundation of a universal rule. Dr. Holyoke, who lived to be a hundred, used habitually, in moderate quantities, a mixture of cider, water, and rum. I think, as one grows older, less food, especially less animal food, is required. But old people have a right to be epicures, if they can afford it. The pleasures of the palate are among the last gratifications of the senses allowed them. We begin life as little cannibals, — feeding on the flesh and blood of our mothers. We range through all the vegetable and animal products of nature, and I suppose, if the second childhood could return to the food of the first, it might prove a wholesome diet.

What do I say to smoking? I cannot grudge an old man his pipe, but I think tobacco often does a good deal of harm to the health, — to the eyes especially, to the nervous system generally, producing headache, palpitation, and trembling. I myself gave it up many years ago. Philosophically speaking, I think self-narcotization and self-alcoholization are rather ignoble substitutes for undisturbed self-consciousness and unfettered self-control.

Here is another of those brain-tapping letters, of similar character, which I have no objection to answering at my own time and in the place which best suits me. As the questions must be supposed to be asked with a purely scientific and philanthropic purpose, it can make little difference when and where they are answered. For myself, I prefer our own tea-table to the symposia to which I am often invited. I do not quarrel with

those who invite their friends to a banquet to which many strangers are expected to contribute. It is a very easy and pleasant way of giving an entertainment at little cost and with no responsibility. Somebody has been writing to me about "Oatmeal and Literature," and somebody else wants to know whether I have found character influenced by diet; also whether, in my opinion, oatmeal is preferable to pie as an American national food.

In answer to these questions, I should say that I have my beliefs and prejudices; but if I were pressed hard for my proofs of their correctness, I should make but a poor show in the witness-box. Most assuredly I do believe that body and mind are much influenced by the kind of food habitually depended upon. I am persuaded that a too exclusively porcine diet gives a bristly character to the beard and hair, which is borrowed from the animal whose tissues these stiff-bearded compatriots of ours have too largely assimilated. I can never stray among the village people of our windy capes without now and then coming upon a human being who looks as if he had been split, salted, and dried, like the salt-fish which has built up his arid organism. If the body is modified by the food which nourishes it, the mind and character very certainly will be modified by it also. We know enough of their close connection with each other to be sure of that, without any statistical observations to prove it.

Do you really want to know "whether oatmeal is preferable to pie as an American national food"? I suppose the best answer I can give to your question is to tell you what is my own practice. Oatmeal in the morning, as an architect lays a bed of concrete to form a base for his superstructure. Pie when I can get it; that is, of the genuine sort, for I am not patriotic enough to think very highly of the article named after the Father of his Country, who was first in

war, first in peace, — not first in pies, according to my standard.

There is a very odd prejudice against pie as an article of diet. It is common to hear every form of bodily degeneracy and infirmity attributed to this particular favorite food. I see no reason or sense in it. Mr. Emerson believed in pie, and was almost indignant when a fellow-traveller refused the slice he offered him. "Why, Mr. —," said he, "*what is pie made for!*" If every Green Mountain boy has not eaten a thousand times his weight in apple, pumpkin, squash, and mince pie, call me a dumpling. And Colonel Ethan Allen was one of them, — Ethan Allen, who, as they used to say, could wrench off the head of a wrought nail with his teeth.

If you mean to keep as well as possible, the less you think about your health the better. You know enough not to eat or drink what you have found does not agree with you. You ought to know enough not to expose yourself needlessly to draughts. If you take a "constitutional," walk with the wind when you can, and take a closed car against it if you can get one. Walking against the wind is one of the most dangerous kinds of exposure, if you are sensitive to cold. But except a few simple rules such as I have just given, let your health take care of itself as long as it behaves decently. If you want to be sure *not* to reach threescore and twenty, get a little box of homeopathic pellets and a little book of homeopathic prescriptions. I had a poor friend who fell into that way, and became at last a regular Hahnemanniac. He left a box of his little jokers, which at last came into my hands. The poor fellow had cultivated symptoms as other people cultivate roses or chrysanthemums. What a luxury of choice his imagination presented to him! When one watches for symptoms, every organ in the body is ready to put in its claim. By and by a real illness attacked him, and the box of little pellets was shut

up, to minister to his fancied evils no longer.

Let me tell you one thing. I think if patients and physicians were in the habit of recognizing the fact I am going to mention, both would be gainers. The law I refer to must be familiar to all observing physicians, and to all intelligent persons who have observed their own bodily and mental conditions. This is the *curve of health*. It is a mistake to suppose that the normal state of health is represented by a straight horizontal line. Independently of the well-known causes which raise or depress the standard of vitality, there seems to be — I think I may venture to say there is — a rhythmic undulation in the flow of the vital force. The “dynamo” which furnishes the working powers of consciousness and action has its annual, its monthly, its diurnal waves, even its momentary ripples, in the current it furnishes. There are greater and lesser curves in the movement of every day’s life, — a series of ascending and of descending movements, a periodicity depending on the very nature of the force at work in the living organism. Thus we have our good seasons and our bad seasons, our good days and our bad days, life climbing and descending in long or short undulations, which I have called the curve of health.

From this fact spring a great proportion of the errors of medical practice. On it are based the delusions of the various shadowy systems which impose themselves on the ignorant and half-educated public as branches or “schools” of science. A remedy taken at the time of the ascent in the curve of health is found successful. The same remedy taken while the curve is in its downward movement proves a failure.

So long as this biological law exists, so long the charlatan will keep his hold on the ignorant public. So long as it exists, the wisest practitioner will be liable to deceive himself about the effect

of what he calls and loves to think are his *remedies*. Long-continued and sagacious observation will to some extent undeceive him; but were it not for the happy illusion that his useless or even deleterious drugs were doing good service, many a practitioner would give up his calling for one in which he could be more certain that he was really doing good to the subjects of his professional dealings. For myself, I should prefer a physician of a sanguine temperament, who had a firm belief in himself and his methods. I do not wonder at all that the public support a whole community of pretenders who show the portraits of the patients they have “cured.” The best physicians will tell you that, though many patients get well under their treatment, they rarely *cure* anybody. If you are told also that the best physician has many more patients die on his hands than the worst of his fellow-practitioners, you may add these two statements to your bundle of paradoxes, and if they puzzle you I will explain them at some future time.

[I take this opportunity of correcting a statement now going the rounds of the medical and probably other periodicals. In “The Journal of the American Medical Association,” dated April 26, 1890, published at Chicago, I am reported, in quotation marks, as saying, —

“Give me opium, wine, and milk, and I will cure all diseases to which flesh is heir.”

In the first place, I never said I will cure, or can cure, or would or could cure, or had cured any disease. My venerated instructor, Dr. James Jackson, taught me never to use that expression. *Curo* means, I take care of, he used to say, and in that sense, if you mean nothing more, it is properly employed. So, in the amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine, I used to read the words of Ambroise Paré, — “Je le pansay, Dieu le guarist.” (I dressed his wound, and

God cured him.) Next, I am not in the habit of talking about "the diseases to which flesh is heir." The expression has become rather too familiar for repetition, and belongs to the rhetoric of other latitudes. And, lastly, I have said some plain things, perhaps some sharp ones, about the abuse of drugs and the limited number of vitally important remedies, but I am not so ignorantly presumptuous as to make the foolish statement falsely attributed to me.]

I paused a minute or two, and as no one spoke out, I put a question to the Counsellor.

Are you quite sure that you wish to live to be threescore and twenty years old?

"Most certainly I do. Don't they say that Theophrastus lived to his hundred and seventh, and did n't he complain of the shortness of life? At eighty a man has had just about time to get warmly settled in his nest. Do you suppose he does n't enjoy the quiet of that resting-place? No more haggard responsibility to keep him awake nights, — unless he prefers to retain his hold on offices and duties from which he can be excused if he chooses. No more goading ambitions, — he knows he has done his best. No more jealousies, if he were weak enough to feel such ignoble stirrings in his more active season. An octogenarian with a good record, and free from annoying or distressing infirmities, ought to be the happiest of men. Everybody treats him with deference. Everybody wants to help him. He is the ward of the generations that have grown up since he was in the vigor of maturity. Yes, let me live to be fourscore years, and then I will tell you whether I should like a few more years or not."

You carry the feelings of middle age, I said, in imagination, over into the period of senility, and then reason and dream about it as if its whole mode of being

were like that of the earlier period of life. But how many things there are in old age which you must live into if you would expect to have any "realizing sense" of their significance! In the first place, you have no coevals, or next to none. At fifty, your vessel is stanch, and you are on deck with the rest, in all weathers. At sixty, the vessel still floats, and you are in the cabin. At seventy, you, with a few fellow-passengers, are on a raft. At eighty, you are on a spar, to which, possibly, one, or two, or three of your coevals are still clinging. After that, you must expect soon to find yourself alone, if you are still floating, with only a life-preserver to keep your old white-bearded chin above the water.

Kindness? Yes, *pitying* kindness, which is a bitter sweet in which the amiable ingredient can hardly be said to predominate. How pleasant do you think it is to have an arm offered to you when you are walking on a level surface, where there is no chance to trip? How agreeable do you suppose it is to have your well-meaning friends shout and screech at you, as if you were deaf as an adder, instead of only being, as you insist, somewhat hard of hearing? I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted: —

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The world was a garden to me then;
it is a churchyard now.

"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment."

I *am* one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon "the mossy marbles." The young who left my side

early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me, as if they had been recorded on those unforgetting cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level, — that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level, in which old age trudges patiently when it is not using its wings. I say its wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation. I have told you some of the drawbacks of age; I would not have you forget its privileges. When it comes down from its aerial excursions, it has much left to enjoy on the humble plane of being. And so you think you would like to become an octogenarian?

"I should," said the Counsellor, now a man in the high noon of bodily and mental vigor. "Four more — yes, five more — decades would not be too much, I think. And how much I should live to see in that time! I am glad you have laid down some rules by which a man may reasonably expect to leap the eight-barred gate. I won't promise to obey them all, though."

Among the questions addressed to me, as to a large number of other persons, are the following. I take them from

"The American Hebrew" of April 4, 1890. I cannot pretend to answer them all, but I can say something about one or two of them.

"I. Can you, of your own personal experience, find any justification whatever for the entertainment of prejudice towards individuals solely because they are Jews?"

"II. Is this prejudice not due largely to the religious instruction that is given by the church and Sunday-school? For instance, the teachings that the Jews crucified Jesus; that they rejected him, and can only secure salvation by a belief in him, and similar matters that are calculated to excite in the impressionable mind of the child an aversion, if not a loathing, for members of 'the despised race.'"

"III. Have you observed in the social or business life of the Jew, so far as your personal experience has gone, any different standard of conduct than prevails among Christians of the same social status?"

"IV. Can you suggest what should be done to dispel the existing prejudice?"

As to the first question, I have had very slight acquaintance with the children of Israel. I shared more or less the prevailing prejudices against the persecuted race. I used to read in my hymn-book, — I hope I quote correctly, —

"See what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God has built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews."

I grew up inheriting the traditional idea that they were a race lying under a curse for their obstinacy in refusing the gospel. Like other children of New England birth, I walked in the narrow path of Puritan exclusiveness. The great historical church of Christendom was presented to me as Bunyan depicted it: one of the two giants sitting at the door of their caves, with the bones of pilgrims scattered about them, and grinning

at the travellers whom they could no longer devour. In the nurseries of old-fashioned Orthodoxy there was one religion in the world, — one religion, and a multitude of detestable, literally damnable impositions, believed in by uncounted millions, who were doomed to perdition for so believing. The Jews were the believers in one of these false religions. It had been true once, but was now a pernicious and abominable lie. The principal use of the Jews seemed to be to lend money, and to fulfil the predictions of the old prophets of their race.

No doubt the individual sons of Abraham whom we found in our ill-favored and ill-savored streets were apt to be unpleasing specimens of the race. It was against the most adverse influences of legislation, of religious feeling, of social repugnance, that the great names of Jewish origin made themselves illustrious; that the philosophers, the musicians, the financiers, the statesmen, of the last centuries forced the world to recognize and accept them. Benjamin, the son of Isaac, a son of Israel, as his family name makes obvious, has shown how largely Jewish blood has been represented in the great men and women of modern days.

There are two virtues which Christians have found it very hard to exemplify in practice. These are modesty and civility. The Founder of the Christian religion appeared among a people accustomed to look for a Messiah, — a special ambassador from heaven, with an authoritative message. They were intimately acquainted with every expression having reference to this divine messenger. They had a religion of their own, about which Christianity agrees with Judaism in asserting that it was of divine origin. It is a serious fact, to which we do not give all the attention it deserves, that this divinely instructed people were not satisfied with the evidence that the young Rabbi who came to overthrow their ancient church and found a new one was a supernatural being. "We

think he was a great Doctor," said a Jewish companion with whom I was conversing. He meant a great Teacher, I presume, though healing the sick was one of his special offices. Instead of remembering that they were entitled to form their own judgment of the new Teacher, as they had judged of Hillel and other great instructors, Christians, as they called themselves, have insulted, calumniated, oppressed, abased, outraged, "the chosen race" during the long succession of centuries since the Jewish contemporaries of the Founder of Christianity made up their minds that he did not meet the conditions required by the subject of the predictions of their Scriptures. The course of the argument against them is very briefly and effectively stated by Mr. Emerson: —

"This was Jehovah come down out of heaven. I will kill you if you say he was a man."

It seems as if there should be certain laws of etiquette regulating the relation of different religions to each other. It is not civil for a follower of Mahomet to call his neighbor of another creed a "Christian dog." Still more, there should be something like politeness in the bearing of Christian sects toward each other, and of believers in the new dispensation toward those who still adhere to the old. We are in the habit of allowing a certain arrogant assumption to our Roman Catholic brethren. We have got used to their pretensions. They may call us "heretics," if they like. They may speak of us as "infidels," if they choose, especially if they say it in Latin. So long as there is no inquisition, so long as there is no *auto da f  *, we do not mind the hard words much; and we have as good phrases to give them back: the Man of Sin and the Scarlet Woman will serve for examples. But it is better to be civil to each other all round. I doubt if a convert to the religion of Mahomet was ever made by calling a man a Christian dog. I doubt if a Hebrew ever became

a good Christian if the baptismal rite was performed by spitting on his Jewish gabardine. I have often thought of the advance in comity and true charity shown in the title of my late honored friend James Freeman Clarke's book, "The Ten Great Religions." If the creeds of mankind try to understand each other before attempting mutual extermination, they will be sure to find a meaning in beliefs which are different from their own. The old Calvinistic spirit was almost savagely exclusive. While the author of the "Ten Great Religions" was growing up in Boston under the benignant, large-minded teachings of his grandfather, the Reverend James Freeman, the famous Dr. John M. Mason, at New York, was fiercely attacking the noble humanity of "The Universal Prayer." "In preaching," says his biographer, "he once quoted Pope's lines as to God's being adored alike 'by saint, by savage, and by sage,' and pronounced it (in his deepest guttural) 'the most damnable lie.'"

What could the Hebrew expect when a Christian preacher could use such language about a petition breathing the very soul of humanity? Happily, the true human spirit is encroaching on that arrogant and narrow-minded form of selfishness which called itself Christianity.

The golden rule should govern us in dealing with those whom we call unbelievers, with heathen, and with all who do not accept our religious views. The Jews are with us as a perpetual lesson to teach us modesty and civility. The religion we profess is not self-evident. It did not convince the people to whom it was sent. We have no claim to take it for granted that we are all right, and they are all wrong. And, therefore, in the midst of all the triumphs of Christianity, it is well that the stately synagogue should lift its walls by the side of the aspiring cathedral, a perpetual reminder that there are many mansions in the Father's earthly house as well as in

the heavenly one; that civilized humanity, longer in time and broader in space than any historical form of belief, is mightier than any one institution or organization it includes.

Many years ago I argued with myself the proposition which my Hebrew correspondent has suggested. Recognizing the fact that I was born to a birthright of national and social prejudices against "the chosen people," — chosen as the object of contumely and abuse by the rest of the world, — I pictured my own inherited feelings of aversion in all their intensity, and the strain of thought under the influence of which those prejudices gave way to a more human, a more truly Christian feeling of brotherhood. I must ask your indulgence while I quote a few verses from a poem of my own, printed long ago under the title "At the Pantomime."

I was crowded between two children of Israel, and gave free inward expression to my feelings. All at once I happened to look more closely at one of my neighbors, and saw that the youth was the very ideal of the Son of Mary.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue
The mantling blood shows faintly through;
Locks dark as midnight, that divide
And shade the neck on either side;
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam
Clear as a starlit mountain stream;
So looked that other child of Shem,
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

— And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood
That flows unmingled from the Flood, —
Thy scutecheon spotted with the stains
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!
The New World's founding, in thy pride
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,
And lo! the very semblance there
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows
The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,
Thy lips would press his garment's hem
That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,
Dropped like a veil before the scene;
The shadow floated from my soul,
And to my lips a whisper stole, —
“Thy prophets caught the Spirit’s flame,
From thee the Son of Mary came,
With thee the Father deigned to dwell, —
Peace be upon thee, Israel!”

It is not to be expected that intimate relations will be established between Jewish and Christian communities until both become so far rationalized and humanized that their differences are comparatively unimportant. But already there is an evident approximation in the extreme left of what is called liberal Christianity and the representatives of modern Judaism. The life of a man like the late Sir Moses Montefiore reads a lesson from the Old Testament which might well have been inspired by the noblest teachings of the Christian Gospels.

Delilah, and how she got her name.

Est-elle bien gentille, cette petite?
I said one day to Number Five, as our pretty Delilah put her arm between us with a bunch of those tender early radishes that so recall the *ροδοδάκτυλος* *Ἠώς*, the rosy-fingered morning of Homer. The little hand which held the radishes would not have shamed Aurora. That hand has never known drudgery, I feel sure.

When I spoke those French words our little Delilah gave a slight, seemingly involuntary start, and her cheeks grew of as bright a red as her radishes. Ah, said I to myself, does that young girl understand French? It may be worth while to be careful what one says before her.

There is a mystery about this girl. She seems to know her place perfectly, — except, perhaps, when she burst out crying, the other day, which was against all the rules of table-maiden’s etiquette, — and yet she looks as if she had been born to be waited on, and not to perform that humble service for others. We know that once in a while girls

with education and well connected take it into their heads to go into service for a few weeks or months. Sometimes it is from economic motives, — to procure means for their education, or to help members of their families who need assistance. At any rate, they undertake the lighter menial duties of some household where they are not known, and, having stooped — if stooping it is to be considered — to lowly duties, no born and bred servants are more faithful to all their obligations. You must not suppose she was christened Delilah. Any of our ministers would hesitate to give such a heathen name to a Christian child.

The way she came to get it was this: The Professor was going to give a lecture before an occasional audience, one evening. When he took his seat with the other Teacups, the American Annex whispered to the other Annex, “His hair wants cutting, — it looks like fury.” “Quite so,” said the English Annex. “I wish you would tell him so, — I do, awfully.” “I’ll fix it,” said the American girl. So, after the teacups were emptied and the company had left the table, she went up to the Professor. “You read this lecture, don’t you, Professor?” she said. “I do,” he answered. “I should think that lock of hair which falls down over your forehead would trouble you,” she said. “It does sometimes,” replied the Professor. “Let our little maid trim it for you. You’re equal to that, are n’t you?” turning to the handmaiden. “I always used to cut my father’s hair,” she answered. She brought a pair of glittering shears, and before she would let the Professor go she had trimmed his hair and beard as they had not been dealt with for many a day. Everybody said the Professor looked ten years younger. After that our little handmaiden was always called Delilah, among the talking Teacups.

The Mistress keeps a watchful eye on this young girl. I should not be sur-

prised to find that she was carrying out some ideal, some fancy or whim, — possibly nothing more, but springing from some generous, youthful impulse. Perhaps she is working for that little sister at the Blind Asylum. How did she come to understand French? She did certainly blush, and betrayed every sign of understanding the words spoken about her in that language. Sometimes she sings while at her work, and we have all been struck with the pure, musical character of her voice. It is just such a voice as ought to come from that round white throat. We made a discovery about it the other evening.

The Mistress keeps a piano in her room, and we have sometimes had music in the evening. One of The Teacups, to whom I have slightly referred, is an accomplished pianist, and the two Annexes sing very sweetly together, — the American girl having a clear soprano voice, the English girl a mellow contralto. They had sung several tunes, when the Mistress rang for Avis, — for that is our Delilah's real name. She whispered to the young girl, who blushed and trembled. "Don't be frightened," said the Mistress encouragingly. "I have heard you singing 'Too Young for Love,' and I will get our pianist to play it. The young ladies both know it, and you must join in."

The two voices, with the accompaniment, had hardly finished the first line when a pure, ringing, almost childlike voice joined the vocal duet. The sound of her own voice seemed to make her forget her fears, and she warbled as naturally and freely as any young bird of a May morning. Number Five came in while she was singing, and when she got through caught her in her arms and kissed her, as if she were her sister, and not Delilah, our table-maid. Number Five is apt to forget herself and those social differences to which some of us attach so much importance. This is the song in which the little maid took part: —

TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE.

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Tell reddening rosebuds not to blow !

Wait not for spring to pass away. —

Love's summer months begin with May !

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Too young ? Too young ?

Ah, no ! no ! no !

• Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so,

While daisies bloom and tulips glow !

June soon will come with lengthened day

To practice all love learned in May.

Too young for love ?

Ah, say not so !

Too young ? Too young ?

Ah, no ! no ! no !

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

FIRE HORSES.

EVERYBODY knows that a fire-engine horse is a large, strongly built, handsome animal, with a broad forehead and an intelligent eye. He wears neither check nor blinders, and is never blanketted, except when he stands out in the street ; but his coat is nicely groomed, his hoofs are well oiled ; he is usually in the pink of condition ; his social affec-

tions and faculties are highly cultivated ; interested looks follow him when he takes his daily exercise ; and, seen in full progress to a fire, he is an object of respect and admiration, almost of terror.

His work is different from that of any other horse in the world, and it requires a peculiar combination of qualities. The fire steed must be able to

draw an extremely heavy load at a smart gallop; in short, his function is that of a running draft-horse. Engines, with the men who ride on them, usually weigh about 8000 pounds, or four tons: some are a thousand pounds lighter; others as much, or nearly as much, heavier. The chemical engines are less ponderous, varying from 2500 (this kind employs but one horse) to 7500 pounds. The hose carriages attached to the fire engines, and drawn by one horse, are, as a rule, about half the weight of the engines, but sometimes much more. Two-wheel carts were formerly used for this purpose, but they have been superseded, in Boston and in most other cities, by four-wheel wagons, which, though not so picturesque, are much easier for the horse, inasmuch as none of the weight comes upon his back.

Hook and ladder trucks, with their men, vary in weight from 4350 to 10,600 pounds, the only truck which reaches these last-mentioned figures being hauled by three horses, harnessed abreast. There is another very heavy one, weighing 9535 pounds, which is kept on Harrison Avenue, and is drawn by two huge grays, — one of the largest spans in the department. The engines usually fit the horse-car tracks, which is a great advantage; whereas the hook and ladder trucks are too broad for this, and they are so extremely long that a large part of the weight is far from the horses, which of course makes it harder to haul; but, again, the load is more “springy,” not so dead as that of the engine, and the two kinds of apparatus are, on the whole, probably about equally difficult to pull. Some of the longest trucks, as most of my readers know, are provided with a sort of steering apparatus for the hind wheels, so that the helmsman, who sits immediately above the axle, is able to turn them sharply in going around a corner. By this device the necessity of a “wide” turn is avoided, and the driver is able to “cut” the corners as

closely as if he had an ordinary length of vehicle behind him. Sometimes a tough spiral spring, made of steel, is inserted in the trace of a fire horse’s harness, near the whiffletree, the object being to lessen the strain at starting. This extremely ingenious device enables the horses to exert their strength against a yielding connection, instead of against a dead weight, — a certain momentum being acquired by them before the whole load moves. It is on the same principle that the couplings which unite a train of loaded cars must be somewhat loose, in order that the locomotive may start the train. Motion is then communicated from the first car to the second, and so on (as the spectator may readily perceive); whereas, if all the couplings were tense, the whole train would have to start at once.

In the city proper, where most of the runs are short, the whole distance is usually covered at a gallop, except where some hill or obstruction intervenes; and this performance tries the animal of whom it is required through and through, so that if there be a weak spot in him it is soon discovered. In the first place, he must be big and heavy. Boston fire horses vary from 1200 to 1600 pounds; very few, if any, quite reaching the maximum, and most of them weighing about 1400 pounds, — rather less than more. But the fire horse must also be active, as well as big and strong; he must have good feet, good wind, and finally, to execute his ordinary task, he must be in hard condition. When the horses are first bought, they are almost invariably fat and soft; but they are immediately assigned to a station, without any training or preparation. Consequently, they must be humored, and, if need be, restrained somewhat, during their first months of service. Should they be driven hard at this time, they might easily become “touched in the wind,” or otherwise disabled; and this sometimes happens through careless or

unskillful driving. The best and strongest horse in the world, if out of condition, cannot safely be called upon for an extraordinary effort. (There is a hint here, by the way, for fat or elderly people who persist in running for trains.)

Elsewhere the weight of fire horses is commonly about the same as it is in Boston. In Cambridge, in Lynn (which has an excellent department), and in Providence they have none over 1400 pounds; in Chicago the limit is given as 1450; but in Brooklyn comparatively light horses are used, their weight varying from 1150 to 1350 pounds; and the veterinary surgeon attached to this department states that he prefers those approaching the minimum.

As a rule, short-legged and short-backed horses are the best for drawing engines. It is indeed a general equine principle that "weight-pullers" should be formed in this way: they are more nimble, take shorter steps, recover themselves more easily, than longer-legged and longer-striding animals. The trotters who make fast records to skeleton wagons (much heavier than sulkies) are almost invariably of such a construction. I have been told of a pair of tough roans built thus, and weighing not much more than 1200 pounds, who could pull a heavy engine at wonderful speed; but, unfortunately, the near horse had a habit of balking on the threshold of the engine house, when harnessed for a fire, which so delayed the apparatus that his subsequent speed did not make up for the time lost, and he was retired to private life.

One of the best, oldest, and lightest engine horses in Boston is also built on this model. He is a rather plain, brown fellow, weighing only about 1175 pounds, with a strong, short back, splendid shoulder, and stout limbs, with big knees and short cannon-bones. His expression is extremely gentle and intelligent. At present he serves as the off horse on the chemical engine in Bulfinch Street, his mate being a handsome dapple gray,

with white flowing tail. The brown horse is reckoned by the engine men to be twenty-two years old, having been in the service for many years. I suspect that there is some exaggeration in this statement, but he is certainly an old horse. His mate is ten, and considerably larger, but the two step well together, and make a fast team. Their driver assured me that he had once given the protective company a fair beating on Washington Street, in a race to a fire.

Of the gray horse, a good and, I believe, on investigation, a true story is told. In the same building with the chemical engine is an ordinary fire engine, the two "houses" being connected by hallways. At one time the gray horse was transferred to the other engine, and put in one of the stalls behind it. In the middle of the first night after this change had been made, an alarm of fire was sounded. The men tumbled out of bed, rushed down to the engine floor, and found the other horse standing in his place by the pole, ready to have the collar fastened about his neck; but the gray was missing. They looked in his stall, but it was vacant; "neither hide nor hair of him" could be found, and it seemed clear that the animal had been stolen by some bold thief. Presently, however, a horse was heard moving about in the adjoining house, and it proved to be one belonging to the chemical engine, which had already gone to the fire. He was of course immediately put in the place of the missing beast, and the engine finally got under way. The fact was that when the alarm sounded, and the doors of the stable flew open, the gray had gone to his old place on the chemical engine, and pushed aside the horse already standing there, who, finding that he was not wanted, returned to his stall. The men, in the hurry of the moment, harnessed such animals as offered themselves, and were off without discovering the mistake.

There is a reason why ladder-truck horses should be taller than engine horses: the apparatus which they draw is at a much higher level from the ground than is the bulk of an engine, and consequently a low-standing animal would waste part of his efforts in pulling downward instead of pulling forward. Some ladder-truck horses are shaped in one important respect like Maud S., Sunol, and other fast trotters and runners, namely, higher at the rump than at the withers, and with long hind legs. This is not considered a good conformation for a cart horse; but it seems to answer well where, as in the case of a ladder truck, horses are required which have strength, height, and speed.

Such being the kind of horse needed for fire engines, let us now visit a new recruit in his quarters. The weather being warm, the doors of the house are open, a rope being stretched across the entrance. Directly in front of us stands the engine, a polished mass of copper and nickel, with scarlet wheels. The driver's seat is a small box, just big enough to hold him, and behind it, rolled up separately, are strapped the blankets. The harness is suspended from the ceiling in such a manner that it can be let down when the horses stand under it. Back of the engine, and some yards distant as a rule, a partition, composed chiefly of doors, runs across the house. Behind this partition are the stalls; the horses facing the engine, and the front of each stall being a door, with a window in it. Bridles are worn night and day, the bits being slipped out when the animals eat their oats, but kept in while they chew their hay. Some few horses, whose mouths are tender, are bridled in the stables, with the bit hanging loose.

Now, then, we will suppose that an alarm of fire strikes, the hour being midnight. The horses are lying down, out of sight and fast asleep; the men

are upstairs in bed, — all save one, who dozes in a chair beside those mysterious telegraphic instruments, grouped in a corner near the front door. The gas burns brightly, but there is not a sign of animation about the place. It is all so miraculously clean, so neat, well ordered, burnished, and polished, so nearly deserted, so absolutely quiescent, and yet so brilliantly lighted, that it appears rather like an illusion than a reality. The engine might be the huge and magnificent toy of a giant. It looks much too fine for real use. But, as we were saying, an alarm sounds, and the scene changes. In a corner of the ceiling, near the front door, is a circular opening, through which, rising from the floor, there passes a shining brass pole. When the men are called out, they throw themselves on this pole, and come down like a flash of lightning; the feet of the second man almost touching the head of the first, and so on. The horses scramble on their legs, the doors in front of them fly open, and out they rush, their heavy iron-shod hoofs thundering over the floor. Each horse goes to his proper place; the driver, from his seat, lets down the harness; two or three men standing at the pole snap the collars together, fasten the reins to the bits, and off they go. There is nothing more to be done: the girths are not used in running to a fire; the traces are already attached to the whiffletrees and the polestraps to the collars, so that the fastening of two collars and four reins constitutes the harnessing. Often, perhaps commonly, the horses are harnessed and everything is ready for a start before the gong has finished telling the number of the box. Half a minute is about the maximum time for companies in a first-class department to make ready and leave the house; and the ordinary time is, I believe, fifteen or twenty seconds. The fire marshal of the Chicago department informs me that, "on the test of a certain engine, with men in bed and

horses in stalls, the hind wheels of the apparatus crossed the threshold in eleven seconds." For the Brooklyn department the time is given as "from four to eight seconds, according to distance of horses from the engine."

To teach a green nag to come out of his stall at the signal and range himself alongside the pole is not so difficult as might be imagined. We will suppose that a span of new horses are assigned to a certain engine, the old pair, as is the custom, being taken away at the same time. The surroundings are strange and more or less terrible to them, but they are handled very gently and carefully, and gradually lose their fears. The schooling begins at once, the driver being assisted by the other men. The ordinary signal is given, as if for a fire; the stall doors open; the horses are led out, put in position, harnessed, and in a few minutes led back; and then the process is repeated perhaps half a dozen times. Great pains are taken that the animals shall not strike against anything, or by any means become frightened. The unusual spectacle of a harness suspended in the air is apt to disturb them at first, but they are led slowly up to it, induced to smell of it, to inspect it on all sides, and thus to learn that it is perfectly harmless. In the same way they are accustomed to all the other objects about them, being continually patted and encouraged. The chief traits of the horse are the great strength of his memory, especially of his faculty of association, and his timidity. The fireman's task, therefore, is first to convince his pupil, by gentle treatment, that no harm threatens him, and then to establish a connection in his mind between the proper signal, the opening of the stall door, and a progress thence to his station by the engine pole. After being led to their positions what it is thought may prove a sufficient number of times, the horses are allowed to come out at the signal, of their own

accord, a man standing behind to touch them up a little if they do not start promptly when the gong sounds and the doors open.

Of course no two horses learn with equal rapidity, and the difference between them in this respect is greater than might be supposed. Two weeks constitute about the average period of instruction, during which time two or three lessons a day are given: but horses have been known to learn in one lesson; and others, again, have been months in arriving at the same proficiency. A pair of gray horses, newly purchased for the East Street engine, in Boston, were led out three times in the manner just described. They were then left to themselves: the gong sounded, the stall doors opened, and the pair trotted out, each going to his place alongside the pole. They had caught the idea at once. These horses are remarkable not only for intelligence, but for strength and speed. They are both, and the off one especially, of a type different from that of any other fire horses that I have seen, being very tall (the off one is seventeen hands) rangy, slightly wasp-waisted, and having fine, thin necks and small, well-bred heads. They are great gallopers, and the hose-wagon horse has hard work to keep up with them; but this too is a remarkable animal. He is one of the oldest horses in the department, having served ten years, and being, naturally, a little stiff in the legs; but his strength is so great and his courage so good that even these powerful, flying grays cannot draw away from him. He is a big brown horse, with a great shoulder, the best of short legs, and a noble countenance. His original cost was the unusually large sum of \$450, but the bargain has proved a good one for the city. Old as he is, being sixteen or seventeen years at least, he is thought to have made the best run of his life a few weeks ago, galloping all the way from East Street

to Battery Wharf, a distance of a mile, or more. A little blood trickled from his nostrils when he pulled up behind the engine, but otherwise he seemed none the worse for the immense exertion.

Another big horse, of the greyhound type already described, — that is, having long hind legs and standing higher at the rump than at the withers, — was four months in learning the business. He is a gray, with a long, rather coarse head, and small “mouse” ears out of proportion to his size, for he weighs 1380 pounds; but this evidently mongrel beast is not altogether devoid of intelligence, being steady enough on the street to serve as a leader when three horses are used, and on one occasion he allowed the whiffletree to fall on his legs without starting to run. This horse is used with a ladder truck, and his education was finally accomplished by fencing in his path from the stall to the pole with ladders, a method often employed.

Sometimes, it is not want of mind, but nervousness, which makes a fire horse slow to learn the trade, just as some nervous children have difficulty in applying their minds. Such was the case with Peter, a well-bred black horse, used for many years in Boston with the ladder truck in Fort Hill Square. Peter was a noble, strong, spirited animal, and, once taught, he became as prompt and trustworthy as any horse in the department. On one occasion, shortly after his purchase, Peter, exasperated by the schooling, broke away from his instructors, jumped cleanly through an open window without touching the sash, and ran down the street in search of amusement. At another time, while waiting in the blacksmith shop, his shoes having been taken off, but not yet replaced, Peter heard the twelve o'clock alarm strike. This, he knew, indicated the hour of his dinner, and accordingly Peter made off, without saying By your leave to the smith, and presently appeared at the

ladder-house door, neighing for admission.

This fine animal met with a sad fate not long ago. While running to a fire, he came into collision with one of the protective wagons, and his leg was broken in two places, so that he had to be shot where he fell in the street. Something even worse happened several years ago to a fire-engine horse in Boston. He was struck by the pole of another engine, which came out of its house just as the first engine dashed by; the force of the blow, unknown to his driver, broke the animal's leg, but he kept on, traveling, of course, on three legs only, and pulling his share of the immense weight behind him, till the place of the fire was reached, nearly or quite one quarter of a mile further. Then the poor beast dropped to the ground, never to rise again. The fire horse is subject to accidents like these, but we must remember that the fireman's danger is greater yet.

It happens occasionally that a horse is bought who proves to be altogether too nervous for the business: he is in a continual state of tension, will not eat unless taken out of his stall, and is so worried with apprehension of an alarm that it is impossible to use him as a fire horse. In a few other cases, the nervousness, though not so extreme, is sufficient to disturb the animal's health, to impair his digestion, to prevent his taking the needed amount of rest, so that, eventually, he too, after being doctored, perhaps, for an imaginary disease, is transferred to some more peaceful occupation.

Now that we have seen how a fire-engine horse is instructed and where he lives, it might be interesting to know in what manner his daily life is ordered. He takes breakfast, in Boston, at five or half past, in some houses as late as six o'clock, — the meal consisting, as a rule, of two quarts of oats. After breakfast he receives a thorough grooming, and about

ten o'clock he goes out to walk for an hour, with an occasional trot, one horse of a pair being ridden and the other led. At half past eleven or twelve he has dinner, — two quarts of oats again, which also is the allowance for supper, at half past five or six. Some old and delicate horses have nine quarts of oats per day. Usually a bran mash is given once a week, and in some houses a little bran is fed every day. In the afternoon the horse has another hour of exercise, supposing that no fire has occurred. Hay is allowed at night only, and in most of the houses it is fed from the floor, so that the horse can eat it while lying down. For several reasons this method is far better than feeding from a rack, especially for the fire horse, who takes a long while to eat his hay, inasmuch as the bit remains in his mouth. In most cities the grain allowance is about the same as it is in Boston, although in Chicago the horses are fed just twice as much, twelve quarts per day, and in Brooklyn, as I am informed, the allowance varies from twelve to eighteen quarts, which is excessive. In Chicago, it would seem, the fire horses do more work than is required in Boston. Ten companies in the heart of that city average thirty-six runs per month; whereas in Boston the average varies, according to the situation, from eight or ten to twenty-five runs per month. In the suburbs many companies do not go out more than once a week, on the average. The hour for bedding down varies from half past five to eight P. M., at the discretion of the driver. It would be better to make this duty obligatory at the earlier hour, and better yet if the bedding were left under the horses by day as well as by night, especially in the case of those companies which do the most work. The more a horse lies down, the longer his legs and feet are likely to endure; and by the supply of a soft and perpetual couch he can often be induced to lengthen his hours

of repose. At eight P. M., it is the custom all over the city to call the horses out and harness them to the engine, and at this time visitors are apt to drop in. Both firemen and horses are always well known in the vicinity, and many civilities pass between the neighbors and the occupants, human and equine, of the engine houses. The children especially are friends with the horses, calling them by their names, and often treating them to candy and other luxuries. In fact, whenever a fire-engine horse is introduced to a stranger, he expects to receive some dainty, and will poke his nose into the visitor's hands and pockets; nor is he easily discouraged by failure to find anything, being evidently convinced that nobody would be quite so mean as to enter his stable without bringing at least a lump of sugar or the fraction of an apple.

There is a handsome gray horse in the Mason Street station, in Boston, who has a great liking for ice, and, when out for exercise, he can never be persuaded to pass an ice wagon without first thrusting his head in behind and helping himself to a small piece. It is needless to say that the firemen (whom, by the way, I found invariably civil and intelligent) make great pets of their four-footed companions, and are a little inclined to exaggerate their good qualities, — "the finest pair in the department" being discovered in almost every engine house. There is, too, a favorite horse at each station, — not always the strongest or handsomest, but the most affectionate, docile, and sociable; and the visitor is always taken first to this animal's stall, whose virtues are thereupon extolled with generous enthusiasm.

From December to April every engine house contains an equine guest, as an extra horse for making up a "spike team," in case the streets are blocked with snow. Usually this horse is not owned by the department, but is loaned by an ice company or a contractor, —

his keep being reckoned as payment for his services. The new-comer does not serve as a leader: one of the regular team is put in that post, the extra horse taking the other's place at the pole. Some of the engine horses show great intelligence and discretion as leaders. On one occasion a spike team was dashing through a narrow street, where there was barely room to get between a wagon on one side and a light carryall, with women and children in it, on the other. The driver found that he had no control over his leader, and feared a bad accident; but the horse threaded his way so carefully and accurately that the engine swept past the carriage without touching it. When the engine stopped, it appeared that the leader's bit was hanging loose, and that he had served as his own driver.

This same animal—a big bay horse on Fort Hill Square—is also credited with some clever work in his own interest. Immediately in the rear of his stall was a slide where the oats came down, as he had full opportunity to observe at feeding-time. But how could he get them? He was confined in his stall, not of course by a halter, but by a rope stretched behind him, and fastened by an ordinary open hook. First, he discovered that, with some difficulty, he could turn in the stall far enough to get hold of the rope with his teeth, and after many attempts he succeeded in unhooking it. It was then an easy task to step across to the slide, pull it open with his teeth, and thus set running the reservoir of grain above. Two or three times he was found, after achieving this feat, standing in a deluge of oats, and industriously stowing them away in a compartment furnished by nature. But the firemen checkmated him by putting on the rope a snap hook, closed by a spring; and there it may be seen, at once proving the occurrence and preventing its repetition.

There is another sagacious leader,

called John, one of a span of large, handsome, dark mottled grays, used on the Dudley Street ladder truck. These are among the very finest horses in the department: they are strong and symmetrical, with small, clean-cut heads, large eyes, and courageous but gentle expression. John, especially, is as kind as a dog, a favorite with the women and children of the neighborhood, a great pet of the firemen, and quiet as a mouse in the stable, but on the street full of life and animation, and playful enough to have thrown, at one time and another, everybody who has ridden him to exercise, except the captain. John's sense of discipline is so strong that he draws the line there. While used as a leader his stall is different from the usual one; and when, on one occasion, having occupied it for some weeks, the third horse was dispensed with, and John was put back in his old quarters, he rightly and sagaciously concluded that his former place on the engine should be resumed, and accordingly, at the next alarm, he ran to the pole, instead of going in front.

The finest engine horse that I have seen is, I think, the near one of a dark gray team used on the Salem Street engine, in Boston. This is what horsemen call "a big little 'un;" that is, a stout animal on short legs. He is a comparatively small horse, standing 15 hands 3 inches, and weighing 1320 pounds: but he is big where bigness is required. He has a broad chest, a tremendous shoulder, deep lungs, a big barrel, a short back, and strong hind quarters. His legs are flat and clean, his feet of just the right size, and he has a broad forehead and an intelligent eye. Possibly his shoulder is a little too upright, and there is a suspicion of hollowness in his back, but otherwise he seemed to me an ideal engine horse. His mate is handsomer in some respects and more gentle, but a trifle too long in the back and legs.

Beside the engine, hose-wagon, and ladder-truck horses, there are others, used to haul coal and supplies, to carry men and tools for the repair of wires, etc. These are chiefly old, partly broken-down animals, no longer fit for the hard and rapid work of running to fires. Then there are smaller nags, weighing from 950 to 1050 pounds, employed by the engineers in their light wagons. These horses, especially such as are used by the chief engineer, get more practice in running to fires than any others, and they become very clever in picking their way through a crowded street; breaking into a gallop whenever they see an open space before them, and pulling up promptly to avoid collisions. The tough, intelligent, short-stepping Morgan is excellently adapted for this purpose, and one of that breed has been used for eight years past by the veterinary surgeon connected with the department. At least, this animal came from Vermont, and bears all the marks of the Morgan strain. Another, used by the district engineer on Dudley Street, is of about the same size and pattern, and of the same gamy disposition.

The protective (insurance) wagon steeds, though not, strictly speaking, belonging to the fire department, should not be disregarded in this account. They show more "quality" than fire-engine horses, weigh less (about 1150 pounds), stand higher in proportion, and would look, if their tails were docked, like powerful coach horses. There are two protective wagons in Boston: one in Hamilton Street, in the heart of the city, which weighs, with the men, about 7800 pounds; and the other, which is much lighter, at the South End, on Broadway extension. One or both of these wagons respond to every alarm of fire in the city, so that the horses attached to them do a great deal of work. On a certain Fourth of July, one of these companies was called out on nineteen different occasions in the twenty-four

hours; the horses not becoming cool enough throughout that time to be fed, and being supported by draughts of bran and water.

The arrangements in the protective houses differ, for the worse, from those of the fire department. The stalls are in the main room, where the wagon is kept, and at the back of the building is an entrance, the doors of which are apt to be open. The animals are thus exposed to strong and frequent draughts, very bad for horseflesh; and they are also continually annoyed by the noise, by the glare of lights kept burning all night, and by the coming and going of visitors and officials. The object of this arrangement is, of course, to save time; but if the horses stood six feet farther back, and were protected by a partition, probably only one or two seconds more would be required to bring them to the pole. Moreover, they are so often out at night that the suggestion already made in regard to engine horses applies with more force to those engaged in this service, namely, that bedding should be left under them at all times. In the South End house the stalls are open at both ends, so that the horses stand in a thoroughfare for cold breezes; and this was formerly the case in the Hamilton Street station. In the latter house there were for eight years a very fine pair of grays, who were sold, not for unsoundness, but because they were worn out by want of rest. One of them also became vicious. The fact is that, with the possible exception of man, the horse is the most nervous animal in the world, and the least able to endure continual and multiplied annoyances. These grays were last seen drawing a hack, and they have probably long since passed to some lower and more painful stage of equine degradation. Their places were taken by a fine chestnut and brown, well-bred, strong, and speedy horses. At the South End station there is another cross-matched

pair: an oldish gray, a very fine animal still (whose mate fell a victim to pleurisy), and a handsome young black. In fact, the horses of this department seem to have been selected with great judgment.

Connected with a fire department there is usually a veterinary hospital, and in Boston this is situated on Tremont Street; being a part of the building in which ladder truck No. 12 is stationed. It consists of a single box-stall and several straight stalls, but the health of the horses is looked after so carefully that these accommodations are quite sufficient. When I visited the place it contained but two patients. One was a fine gray engine horse, who, while running to a fire, came in collision with a "tow" horse, and was thrown down. His knees and hind legs were badly cut, but none of these injuries proved serious, and he was soon on the road to recovery. The other patient, also an engine horse, was suffering from a bad leg, caused partly by improper shoeing, and partly by the state of his blood. With the exception of these two, all the horses in the department, numbering about two hundred, were in working order, — an excellent showing.

Fire horses, as a rule, give out first and chiefly in their feet. Standing so much as they do on wooden floors, their feet have a tendency to become dry and hard, but this is counteracted by a permanent stuffing of tar and oakum, held in place with a leather pad. Almost all the fire horses of Boston wear these pads, and usually on the hind as well as the fore feet. In other cities, the same result is accomplished by periodical stuffing of the feet with some one of the many materials which horsemen use for this purpose.

¹ Possibly this result might be accomplished satisfactorily by the Charlier process, which consists in channeling the wall of the foot at its base, and inserting in the circular groove so formed a steel shoe. By this method the walls

The worst trouble, however, arises from the concussion produced in the foot by the hard paving-stones of the city. This is bad enough for any horse, but especially bad for the fire horse, because, owing to his great weight, his galloping speed, and his heavy load, he pounds his feet with tremendous force. Often a pair of engine horses whose feet have begun to give out are transferred to a suburban station, where, the roads being less hard and alarms less frequent, they go on very well for some years longer. Great pains are taken with the shoeing, which is under the direct charge of the accomplished "vet" employed by the department. Horses used in the city proper wear corks on all their feet, to give them a better grip on slippery pavements, car-tracks, etc.; but in the suburbs corks are dispensed with, the shoes without them having this advantage, — that they let the foot down lower, so that it supports the weight of the horse in a more natural position. The frog of the foot is intended by nature to lessen the concussion by receiving part of the blow itself; but with an ordinary shoe, especially with one having corks, this function of the frog is very imperfectly discharged, the frog being kept off the ground by the shoe. What the city fire horses (perhaps I might say, what horses in general) need is some method of shoeing which will protect the wall of the foot, and at the same time allow the frog to come in contact with the ground.¹

Fire horses also throw their shoes very frequently, catching them in car-tracks and other projections. In fact, a team can hardly go to a fire without losing at least one shoe between them; and the continual re-shoeing tends, of course, to wear away the hoof. It is desirable,

of the foot are protected as with the ordinary shoe, but, the foot not being raised from the ground, the frog comes into play, just as if no shoe at all were worn.

therefore, to make it grow as fast as possible, and for this purpose it is kept well oiled. Every driver has his own specific, upon the peculiar and wonderful properties of which he will descant with much enthusiasm; but the best of them is probably not more efficacious than a rag tied about the coronet, and kept well moistened with cold water.

Despite the severity of their occasional labors and the hard usage to which their feet are subjected, fire horses in Boston last a considerable time. They are bought, usually, at the age of five or six years (costing about \$325), and they remain in service, on the average, about seven or eight years. In other cities their duration and cost are about the same. In Cambridge, where few of the streets are paved, fire horses are said to last from seven to ten years; but in Brooklyn this period is put as low as six years, — about the length of time that a car horse endures.

In Boston there are at least half a dozen veterans of ten years' standing, and some who have served as fire horses even longer than that. The old hose-cart horse in East Street, of whom I have spoken already, has a record of at least ten years' service. There is another seasoned hoyhnhnm on Harrison Avenue, — a dark chestnut, of the same heavy, low-standing shape, who has seen twelve winters in the business. About five years ago it was thought that he ought to have an easier life, and accordingly he was transferred to an outlying station, where fires seldom occur. But on the occasion of the first alarm to which he responded the old fellow bolted, and made a complete wreck of the hose cart by dashing it against a stone wall. This was his protest at being removed from the house to which he had become accustomed, and from the society of his familiar friends, human and equine; and so he was put back in the old place, where he still remains in full employment. He is reckoned to be

seventeen years old, and he has a contemporary in the Dartmouth Street station, also a hose horse, who entered the department in the same year.

This is "Grief," so named because of his melancholy aspect. He has a way of standing with his fore legs wide apart, his head hanging down between, and a doleful expression of the face. A visitor, who saw him once in this attitude, remarked that he would make a good "image of Grief," and the name seemed so appropriate that it was adopted by common consent. "Grief" is duly inscribed in large letters over his stall, and as "Grief" he is known through the department and to all the neighbors. Grief is a remarkable horse; in color a rich mottled brown, and in shape much resembling the other old horses already described. He has a massive, well-formed shoulder, strong, straight fore legs, powerful hind quarters (too long a cannon-bone, however), a good neck, slightly arched, a rather intelligent, clean-cut head, but mulish ears. His peculiarity is a philosophical, phlegmatic disposition. He has a hearty appetite and a sound digestion, but he never shows the least impatience for his meals. Other horses paw and neigh when they hear the premonitory rattle of the oat-box, but Grief never betrays the least sign of curiosity or interest. The children of the vicinity often come to this house to give the horses candy, and the span of bays who draw the engine always recognize their benefactors, and will follow them about the stable. But Grief, though glad enough to be fed, never takes the slightest notice of any visitor beyond swallowing what is offered to him. He sleeps a great deal, ruminates still more, and allows nothing outside of business to disturb or excite him; and hence, no doubt, his excellent state of preservation.

But Grief wakes up when the alarm strikes. However long or steep the road, however fast may gallop the stout young

bays in front, he always keeps up with the engine. The strength and nervous force that he accumulates in the stable Grief expends lavishly on the way to a fire. His eye is then full of spirit; his expanded nostrils display the red glow within; his neck curves to the task; his splendid shoulder strains against the collar. He looks twice the size of the horse that was dozing in his stall a few minutes before. Arrived at the scene of action, he draws up as close as possible to the engine. Grief likes to get where the sparks fall in showers about him, and there he will stand, shaking his head to dislodge the burning particles, pleased with the shrieks and roar of the engine, with the shouts of the men, with the smoke and flame of the conflagration. At the fire in Boston on Thanksgiving Day of last year, the engine which he followed was burned within twenty-five minutes after it left the house; but Grief stood by it, firm as a rock, till the flames came near and he was led away.

The patriarch of the department is, however, not Grief, but another horse, stationed in East Boston, and called Old Joe. His age is variously estimated, but I gather that it is at least twenty years, and possibly twenty-four. Joe is not so impassive as Grief; he is more like the rest of us, being swayed by curiosity, touched by social affections, and dependent upon society. He has a gentle, intelligent, courageous eye and a good head and ears. His great age is indicated by an extremely hollow back, but otherwise he is still a grand-looking horse. He, too, is a mottled bay or brown, and not unlike Grief, except that he is even larger. In fact, the four old fire horses whom I have particularly described would have made a great team in their youth, — broad-chested, deep-lunged, rather low-standing, short-backed fellows, with immense shoulders, roomy stomachs, and strong hind quarters. Joe is now an engine

horse. His mate, though in comparison with him a mere colt, is, in truth, an oldish beast; and the two agreed some time ago that they would trot out no more from their stalls when the alarm sounded (having, as it seemed to them, done that sort of thing quite long enough), but would proceed from the stable to the pole at a dignified walk. This resolution has been kept. The firemen have tried to hurry them, but without success. Rattan rods (such as school-boys used to be whipped with) are hung behind their stalls, and descend automatically when the alarm strikes; but the old horses laugh at this gentle flagellation; they refuse to hurry their pace, and, alone among the fire horses of Boston, they advance with slow and measured step from the stable to the engine house.

The only remaining question which we have to ask is this: What becomes of them all? What fate is in store for Old Joe, for Grief, for that veteran hose-cart steed in East Street, who gallops with his heavy load till the blood runs from his nostrils? When thoroughly worn out, fire horses are sold, or, more commonly, handed over to a dealer in part payment for new animals. In some cities, in Brooklyn, in New York also, I believe, they are disposed of at auction; and inasmuch as a certain distinction attaches to them even in decrepitude, they always bring a little more than they are worth as beasts of burden. At most, however, they sell for a song. Broken-down horses are bought by poor men; they have scanty fare, little or no clothing, hard boards to lie on, and, commonly, severe toil to endure. The cast-off fire horse must sadly miss his good oats and hay, his clean, warm stable and comfortable bed, his elaborate grooming and gentle treatment, his companions, brute and human, the caresses and sweetmeats to which he was daily treated. Removed from all these luxuries, his life broken up by a sudden and painful

revulsion, we may be sure that the equine veteran, who spent his best years in helping to save our property from destruction, must very shortly present a spectacle of misery and despair. The next

bony animal that the reader sees pulling a tip-cart may be a once proud and petted fire horse, for whom the only possible boon is now the axe of the knacker.

H. C. Merwin.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE RECENT NORWEGIAN WRITERS.

IN the literature of one kind and another that has been, of late, so suddenly and plenteously evoked by the introduction of the poet Ibsen to the English reader, there is often a curious confusion as to his nationality. In the desire to place him somewhere among the Scandinavian races, he is variously called, in the light of what may be an explicable hazy knowledge of the political divisions of that people, either a Norwegian, a Swede, or a Dane; and, as a logical consequence, his language, or at any rate its literary expression, is in kind stated to be either Norwegian, Swedish, or Danish. Most of the English versions of the plays style themselves simply "translations," ignoring, as now well known, the foreign medium from which they come. On the title-page, however, of at least one of these translations we are told that that particular version of the Norwegian poet is "from the Norwegian." The term, from a linguistic point of view, is, nevertheless, in reality much the same sort of a misnomer that it would be for a German to print on the title-page of his translation of Mr. Longfellow "from the American." There would be, in such a case, the important difference that, while the Norwegian writer might maintain that his language is really Norwegian, the American author would, as probably, with propriety have resented the imputation of having written anything but English, and would have viewed as an ill-earned fate a relegation to the pages of that book alone

whose title called down upon itself the outspoken wrath of Matthew Arnold, the *Primer of American Literature*. That there is no literary language properly called "Norwegian" is as true, in its way, as that there is no literary language properly called "American." The conditions may and do differ in Norway and America, where they have had a widely different origin and growth; but the result ultimately attained in both of linguistic dependency is sufficiently similar to allow a very suggestive parallel to be drawn between them.

To assert that a nation's linguistic conditions depend to a great extent upon that nation's political history is a truism that may go without defense. All Teutonic Scandinavia had at one time a single language, the mother tongue of the scalds and the saga-men, which at the end of the so-called Viking Age, or about the year 1000, had already differentiated itself into three more or less homogeneous dialects, to correspond with the three northern countries, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. This ancient Norwegian language, for various reasons truer than its neighbors to its prototype, maintained itself down to the Calmar Union of 1397, when Norway fell under the sovereignty of Denmark. The Danish rule essentially changed the conditions of language that had hitherto prevailed. Although originally identical with the language of Norway, which, as has already been stated, continued down to this time to be the most conservative

of the Scandinavian group, Danish had pursued its own course of development, and in this period of four hundred years had changed more materially than either of its sister dialects. It had become, accordingly, at the time of its introduction into Norway, to all intents and purposes a distinct language, with well-defined characteristics. As the language of political administration, of education, and of the culture of the day, it in course of time gained complete possession of the field. When literature came to be produced, Danish was no less surely and naturally its medium, and only medium, of expression; and down to the separation from Denmark, in 1814, nothing is heard of a Norwegian language any more than of a Norwegian state. While Danish thus acquired, through perfectly intelligible causes, a literary supremacy, Norwegian, none the less, as a spoken language did not cease to exist, and still exists, in unbroken continuity, down to the present day. From the absence of a recognized norm, it has, none the less, utterly lost the homogeneity that it is safe to assume once prevailed, and has since been divided and re-divided into local dialects, that, according to a recent writer, attain the astonishing number of over four hundred, distinguished from each other by appreciable differentiations.

The summary cession of Norway to Sweden by the Peace of Kiel called again into life the dormant national spirit of the Norwegians, and, in accord with the notion of separation that then arose, things are once more patriotically, but often indiscriminately, called "Norwegian." Although linguistic conditions, in the mean time, had undergone scarcely any material changes, the national appellation was soon given to the literary language, also; and we henceforth hear of "Norwegian," which, nevertheless, differs, at the bottom, from the Danish of the time in very little except fiat. In 1848, the desire for a real na-

tional language for Norway, that should completely dispossess the Danish, found a much more definite expression. Ivar Aasen at this time published a Grammar of the Norwegian Folk-Language, in which he sought to establish, on the basis of the popular spoken dialects, an ideal normal form that should be used in common by the whole land. The idea, at first sight, is not a bad one, and it had the advantage, besides, of being carried out by Aasen with extraordinary acumen and wide linguistic knowledge. It failed, in that the result proposed represented an artificial product that had never existed, and, under the circumstances of development, could never have existed; and although its intention was simply to level dialectic differences, it really became to most parts of Norway a new language, which would have to be laboriously acquired as a foreign tongue. The impetus given by Aasen to this matter of a common speech has been continued, with slightly varying direction, down to the present time. It has, however, gained in intensity, until the movement for a *Landsmaal*, or national language, is one of the most important and widely discussed questions of the day in Norway. Champions of a particular form of language, based upon the local dialect of a particular district, in east or west, are met by others, who suggest a compromise on ground between. In one case, the government, by a liberal money appropriation, has assisted in the furtherance of a form proposed in the north, which has met, however, in spite of this recognition, with but scant general favor. What renders the whole matter especially complicated is the fact that, in the local desire for representation in this national language of the future, the various advocates of a *Landsmaal* have thus far been unable definitely to agree upon a single grammatical form. In point of fact, the matter can never be settled in this way. If the possession by Norway of a language that shall really be

entitled to the name "Norwegian" is to depend upon the adoption of a form thus artificially produced and accepted by decree, the difficulties in the way are so insuperable that it is safe to assume they will never be successfully overcome, and she will be left without one to the end of her history.

In the mean time, the question of a *Landsmaal* has, curiously enough, but naturally, too, in the light of surrounding circumstances, been pursuing a way of its own. While the written language of what may truly be called the Norwegian literature of the present is still undeniably Danish, it is, none the less, no longer the Danish of Denmark, but a markedly different speech, rich in characteristic national elements, and strikingly strong in expression where the other, by contrast, is often feeble and effete. This literary language is, however, infinitely nearer Danish, of which it is strictly to be considered simply a differentiated form, than are the popular dialects, which are, in their turn, as has been said, the true modern representatives of the old Norwegian language. This popular speech naturally finds its way not infrequently into literature in stories of Norwegian life, just as dialect stories in English and German are a perfectly well-recognized form of literary expression. But the difference between it and Danish is so great that they are really different languages, certainly more unintelligible in Denmark than either Swedish or German. A note to one of the short stories in the third edition of Björnson's *Fortællinger* (Copenhagen, 1881) puts this matter much more clearly than can a mere general explanation. "A Dangerous Wooing," it goes on to say, "was originally written in the Danish literary language, and afterward translated [sic] into Norwegian peasant dialect. It has, in the latter form, according to the judgment of the Norwegian reader, received a fresher color and tone, so that the author

is no longer able to dis sever them. But since the narrative has thus become less accessible to Danish readers, and since its aim is to give an idea, in simple outlines, of the so-called 'Saturday wooing,' which was originally, and in places is still, a poetic and innocent custom that gives an opportunity to develop both courage and invention, strength and daring, among the youthful wooers of the valley, and holds within it the Norwegian peasant's freshest remembrances of youth, the author has desired to offer the Danish reader a paraphrase."

The real differences between the literary language of Norway and literary Danish are differences in orthography, in vocabulary, and in idiom, but all to a degree scarcely a whit greater than are to be found, for instance, in the literary language of America when contrasted with the English of England. The first volume of Björnson's *Fortællinger*, a book of three hundred and seventy pages, glosses, in the manner of notes at the bottom of the pages, four hundred words and phrases, or a little more than one for each page, and the stories contained in the book are without exception tales of Norwegian life. *Magnhild* (Copenhagen, 1877), another Norwegian story by the same author, a book of one hundred and seventy-four pages, has but thirty words explained in the gloss at the end. The vocabulary, accordingly, cannot be widely different from that of literary Danish, since the whole purpose of the explanations is to make the text intelligible to the Danish reader. None of the works of Ibsen, so far as has been noticed, has been glossed in the manner described; but it is quite safe to assume that the number of these Norwegianisms is no greater in his pages, and in all probability it is not often so great. What differentiates most of all the printed language of the Norwegian writers from the literary Danish of Denmark is the orthography. Björnson and Ibsen in this particular do not essentially

differ. Ibsen's native dialect is that of Skien, in the southwestern part of Norway. Björnson, who has frequently expressed himself on the subject in newspaper articles, brochures, and in his books, uses what may be termed in some respects a middle form between the dialects of the west and east. In his last novel, *The Ways of God* (Copenhagen, 1889), in a note to the reader at the end of the book, he calls attention to the complaints that the Danes, in particular, have raised against his orthography. "The linguistic conditions in Norway are such," he continues, "that if we do not proceed in the direction of the customary pronunciation, the advocates of the provincial dialects have a just cause for criticism; and if we neglect the claim to probability, that also may be made for linguistic forms if the people's speech and habits of thought shall be correctly represented, then that quickly avenges itself in the diction. But the literary language with us has slipped too far away from the colloquial language to permit me to venture to be strictly consistent. The variations, besides, are more than I myself have desired, for I am a bad proof-reader. They, however, who blame me for my good intention should bear in mind what my former publisher assured me, that I lost thousands because of my orthography, — and that I likewise still cling to it."

Björnson's position, thus candidly stated, is wholly a rational one; and the fact that he, the most national of all Norwegian writers, has advocated, by his own use of it, this particular form has given, more than anything else, a definite direction to the movement, and has all but established a national literary norm. Björnson has thus consciously and with result played an important part in the struggle for a *Landemaal*. That the whole matter has proceeded in quite a different manner from that suggested by the more revolutionary "speech-reformers" is, after all, in complete accord

with natural conditions; and it is an inference amply justified by facts of development, both here and elsewhere, that only by this gradual, but persistent, incorporation of national elements into the blood and bone of a sturdy national literature will it be possible for it to gain still greater signification and weight. Ibsen, in *Peer Gynt*, "the Scandinavian Faust," where opportunity is found to scourge with unsparing hand almost every Norwegian foible, does not forget to turn his lash upon the *Landemaal*. Since it shows accurately his own attitude toward this struggle on the part of the speech-reformers for a national language, the passage is, perhaps, worthy of quotation in its entirety, particularly as it has never before been rendered into English. *Peer Gynt*, late in his career, finds himself in a madhouse at Cairo. Begriffenfelt, its director, to strengthen in *Peer's* mind the idea of the self-sufficiency of the individual, assures him that "nearly all in the world at the outset is new," and, offering to show him an example, calls to an "obscure figure:"

Good-day, Huhu! How, goest thou, my lad,
Thus always about with the impress of sadness?

Huhu. Can I well do else, when the nation,
Age by age, dies unexpounded?

[To *Peer Gynt*.] Thou art strange here, wilt
thou listen?

Peer Gynt. [Bows.] God forbid!

Huhu. Thine ear then lend me.

Far in East, like wreath on forehead,

Lies a strand, the Malabarish.

Portuguese and men of Holland

All the land bespan with culture.

In addition, dwell there numbers

Of the real Malabar folk.

These folk, now, have mixed their language;

They are of the land the masters.

But in times long since departed

The orang-outang once ruled there,

Was the forest's man and master;

Free he dared to beat and bind there;

As the hand of nature made him,

So he grinned and so he gaped there;

There to screech he was permitted;

He was ruler in his kingdom.

Ah! but then came strange oppression

And confused the forest language.

Long nights, now, of years four hundred
 Over all the ape folk brooded ;
 And one knows that nights so endless
 Set their stamp upon the people.
 Silenced the old sound in forest ;
 Growing there was heard no longer.
 If to paint our thoughts we're able,
 That must be with help of language.
 What constraint for all conditions !
 Portuguese and men of Holland,
 Malabar folk and mixed races,
 Ill have fared they, each and equal.
 I have eke essayed to combat
 For our forest speech, the true one ;
 Tried new life to give the body ;
 For the right to screech I've striven ;
 Screeched myself, and showed how needful
 In the people's songs its use is.
 Little they esteem my efforts.
 Now, I think, thou 'lt grasp my sorrow.
 Thanks that thou thine ear hast lent me.
 If thou help hast, let me hear it !

Peer Gynt. [*Softly.*] One should howl, so
 stands it written,
 With the wolves when in the forest.
 [*Aloud.*] Dearest friend, as I remember,
 In Morocco are there thickets
 Where orang-outangs assemble
 With no singer or expounder ;
 There their speech was Malabarish,
 It was fair and exemplary.
 If, like other men of station,
 You have left to bless your fellows —
Huhu. Thanks that thou thine ear hast lent
 me.
 I will act as thou advisest.
 [*With a profound gesture.*] Thus the East re-
 jects its singer !
 The West orang-outangs has ever !

[*He goes.*]

Ibsen, as may unmistakably be read from this speech of Huhu, whom he calls, in his list of *dramatis personæ*, "a speech-reformer from the Malabar coast," imputes but little value to the aims and efforts of the would-be reformers, who, like Aasen and many of his successors, would ideally rehabilitate, with the use so far as may be of modern elements, a previous linguistic condition. Like Björnson, however, and in the same direction, he is still performing his part in gradually, but none the less

surely, Norwegianizing the language of Norway by using a rational form that must perforce impress itself upon his countrymen, because of the strength and value of the message it conveys.

Whether Norwegian as a language will ever exist in any other sense than the limited one that it bears at present will depend, not upon the speech-reformers alone, but particularly upon the conscious efforts of great writers in a succeeding generation in the direction taken by Björnson and Ibsen in this. In the mean time, the literary language of Norway is not Norwegian, but Danish, or, if one chooses, Norwegian-Danish. With the rise of Norwegian literature, Norwegian writers are constantly printed and read in Denmark, and Norwegian expressions, in surprising numbers, are as surely finding their way into the literary Danish of the Danes. It would be a singular working of fate if, in some remote future, with a by no means impossible literary preëminence in Norway, a true Norwegian language not only should develop itself by continual differentiation from the Danish, but, through the influence of the stronger upon the weaker, should even thoroughly Norwegianize that language itself. Such an adventitious result, however, naturally does not enter into the plan of even the most patriotic Norseman, whose object is to have a nationality and a language that he may consistently call Norwegian. In both points he may not improbably attain his end. Of all means that can consciously be employed, if such a separation in language as this between Norwegian and Danish is desired and striven for, a national literature, strong in its originality and its consequent self-assertion, may become the most effective and irresistible propaganda for a characteristic national speech.

William H. Carpenter.

A VESUVIAN EPISODE.

THERE hangs on a wall in my rectory one of the Naples pastels familiar to every traveler in Italy. It represents Vesuvius as it appeared under the exceptional conditions of a snow that fell, and for some days robed at least the ridge of Somma and the cone, in December, 1867.

Shortly before this time, a young Englishman, of refined and cultured family and character, visiting Florence greatly broken in health, brought me a letter of introduction from a near relative and my own friend, a clergyman of the Church. This young man, whom I will call Thorpe, exhausted by close and excessive brain work, was suffering from a singular and morbid state of mind. He had long wished to visit Italy, and especially to see Naples and Vesuvius, with a desire so passionately strong that he had come to fear lest it was in itself sinful, and lest to yield to it would be an almost unpardonable act of self-indulgence.

His friends had persuaded him to take the rest from his duties and the mental relaxation which he so greatly needed; and they had even induced him to come to Italy, — so far, at least, as Florence. But, having reached this city, he was arrested by the conviction that he had guiltily yielded to his longing, and that, instead of going on to Naples, he ought at once, if indeed it were not already too late, to return to London. The morbid peculiarity of his state of mind was this: that no sooner did he reach one decision, either to go on or to return, than all the reasons for the opposite course came back on him in their full force; and he alternately either felt the folly of coming to Italy, and then repressing the intense longing which had brought him there, or, if he persuaded himself to stay and to go to Naples, he

was at once haunted by the presentiment that such a course would be punished by *death*.

It was a strange experience which had given this presentiment such power over him.

A friend of his boyhood, visiting Italy, had died in Leghorn, and had been buried in the little cemetery adjoining the English Church. On reaching Italy, Thorpe stopped to spend Sunday in Leghorn, and, before the time for service, he sought this cemetery and his friend's grave. He found it, and on the headstone he read, after the name and date, this appropriate text: "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days." At once and morbidly applying these words to himself as a warning, he sat there for some time, lost in thought, until he was aroused, by the sound of the church organ, to the fact that the service had commenced. With some reluctance he rose, and, after a little delay, left the graveyard and entered the church. As he opened the door, he saw the congregation standing, and realized that the service had proceeded as far as the Psalter. It was the twentieth day of the month. The first words which fell on his ear from the officiating clergyman, as he himself stood in the doorway, were, "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days."

Struck by these words as by a blow, he was only able to stagger to a seat, and was almost oblivious of all that followed, until, during the singing of a hymn, the minister entered the pulpit. The hymn sung, as Thorpe calmed himself to listen, the preacher announced his text, — the twenty-third verse of Psalm cii.: "He brought down my strength in my journey, and shortened my days."

Thorpe sprang up, and rushed from the church.

That this extraordinary concurrence was not imaginary was proven by the fact that I myself subsequently found the grave and this text upon the head-stone. The chaplain also told me that on the day when those words occurred in the Psalter he had preached from them, and that he remembered seeing a young man, on the same day, enter during the reading of the Psalter, and suddenly leave the church as soon as he had given out his text.

In this state of mind and under these circumstances, Thorpe came to Florence. For some weeks I did what I could to interest him, to occupy his mind, and to divert his thoughts from himself. Once, on the impulse of the moment, he did actually start for Naples. He went, however, no farther than Rome, where he was so overcome with the reaction that he returned immediately to Florence, and had been there some days before I learned of his return and found him. I now wrote to his relative, and urged that some member of his family should come to him. Meanwhile, finding that I had a great influence over him, — possibly because of being a clergyman, — I kept him as much as possible with me.

About the middle of December, his relative and my friend, Canon Thorpe, arrived in Florence, and some anxious consultations followed during the next two days.

Thorpe's strong desire to see Vesuvius was now intensified by the reports of an eruption which gave promise to be of more than ordinary interest; but with this the conviction of the sinfulness of such a self-indulgence also grew stronger, and the warning of the thrice-repeated text.

The canon and I finally concurred in thinking that the best hope of breaking the spell lay in actually getting Thorpe to Naples, and, if we could do so, to

Vesuvius; but we could not rid ourselves of some anxiety for the result of taking such a responsibility.

We laid our plans for Monday, the 16th. The canon invited me to dine with them at the hotel. I went, taking my valise, and leaving it, unknown to Thorpe, with the porter. While I chatted with Thorpe before dinner, in the reading-room, the canon saw to it that their luggage was ready to be taken down to the porter during dinner. We talked of everything else for some time, and when dessert was brought on, suddenly and for the first time we turned the conversation to Naples and the eruption. As we had anticipated, Thorpe was at once eager to go; and I said, "Come; the omnibus is now at the door; let us all go this evening." "Good!" responded the canon, rising; and Thorpe adding, "Capital!" we all instantly rose, descended to the door, and got into the omnibus. The porter, having had his instructions, when he saw us get in, threw our luggage on the top. This was all done so rapidly that Thorpe had no time to reflect or to demur. But no sooner had the omnibus started than he exclaimed, first in a query about my own sudden departure, and then, "Our luggage!" I gave some sufficing reply, and the canon that our luggage was with us, and Thorpe then, for a while, acquiesced; but before we reached the station the reaction came. He declared that he dared not commit a sin so presumptuous as this would be. Neither the canon nor I attempted to argue with him, but one of us simply said, "Well, we have started; if we give up Naples, better go back at once to London. The train for Paris starts at about the same time." "Yes," replied Thorpe sadly, "it were better to do so." "Very well," we answered, as we drove up and descended.

While they walked up and down in the station till very nearly the last minute, I, trusting to a speedy counter-reaction,

went for the tickets, and registered the luggage to Naples. As I rejoined them, Thorpe turned and appealed to me solemnly to say if it would really be wrong to go to Naples, as we had just planned. On my assurance that it would not, he responded, "Let us go, then;" and we got instantly into the south-bound train and were off. The matter was now out of his hands, and, seeming satisfied, he soon fell asleep. After that there was no opportunity to turn back. It was a through express, continuing all night to Rome, — where alone we could reverse our plan, — and, our luggage being registered and beyond our present control, go through we must.

We reached Naples Tuesday evening, fatigued enough to predispose us all, above everything else, for a good night's rest. We took only a half hour during the evening to walk out on the Chiaia, — to see Vesuvius lighted up by the glowing lava flowing down its side towards us, and by the lurid clouds of steam and smoke which hung overhead.

The next day was rainy, and we were therefore constrained to spend it indoors. The canon and Thorpe went to the Museo. In fact, during the afternoon, quite a storm broke upon us.

The day following, it had cleared off, and, lo! wondrous to behold, the cone and shoulders of Vesuvius were covered with *snow*, and the volumes of smoke and steam rose high and curled up into the keen, frosty air.

Thorpe was now somewhat reassured by the fact that he had come safely, not only to Italy, but to Naples; and, although he recurred two or three times to his warning and to the improbability that he should get away safely, none the less, with the influence of Vesuvius in its novel and weird beauty before his eyes, it was not so difficult to persuade him to concur in the plan to go that afternoon at least to Pompeii. From Pompeii, after a good dinner at the Hotel Diomede, with two guides and

three horses, we set off, between three and four, to make the ascent.

We rode on and up for two hours. It was now beautifully clear, and gave us a magnificent view out to sea and far up the valley southward towards Cava. The shoulders of the mountain were covered with fresh black ashes; the cone and the ridge of Somma, on our right as we advanced, with snow. The contrast was most striking, especially when the snow glowed and glistened in the rays of the now setting sun.

We left our horses at last at a little *pizzicheria*, and walked on to the right, into the valley between the cone and Somma. Here our progress was stopped by the fresh lava slowly oozing down from the fissures in the side of the cone. As it grew darker we went on more slowly. The snowy lining of Somma, opposite the lava, shone with white and rose tints, in the fiery light of the flames which flashed up intermittently from the crater. The lava had first flowed westwardly, towards the Hermitage and Naples; but, being now heaped up on that side, the stream had flowed more to the north, into the valley of Somma, and thence worked round in the direction of Pompeii. We were, therefore, going to meet it. When as near as was wise, we clambered to the top of a little ridge of partly cooled lava, and stopped to enjoy the scene.

At first our position seemed somewhat too dangerous for pleasure. We could feel the lava stream moving under us, for it was only five days old, and even the scoria on which we stood was hot through the soles of our shoes. At the same time, while some of these currents of molten lava moved on before and past us, down into the valley below, there was one large flow which was slowly coming down the cone and lapping its way directly towards us. But the distance was probably greater than it appeared, and the lava moved sluggishly, so that we were able to stand there until

it was quite dark. It was a glorious sight. Behind us, down in the valley and off towards the plains, southward, it was pitchy black. Above, the clear blue sky was studded with stars. To the right, as we stood, the ridge of Somma, and to the left the Pompeian side of the cone, were white or rosy with the snow. Before us were the fiery masses of molten lava working their way down the cone, whose summit was wrapped with alternately black and lurid smoke; and at times, when the wind swept this smoke away from us, we could look to the very apex, and see the white-hot lava gurgling over and out of the crater.

All this while, dull, reverberating explosions burst upon us every three or four minutes, and, when the smoke permitted, we could see red stones shot up into the air like distant rockets; falling back, for the most part, into the crater, but occasionally on one side, and rolling down towards us.

It was intensely fascinating. Thorpe was quiet, — utterly absorbed in the contemplation of the scene, whose sombre magnificence excluded every other thought. When at length we spoke of the necessity of returning, he at first insisted that we should leave him, — that he wished to stay there all night. But when the lava had come as near us as we could suffer with safety, he yielded; we called our guides, and turned to descend.

As we did this, we entered and passed down through a snow-cloud, — a snow-storm, in fact, of some twenty minutes, — coming out again, below, into the clear starlight.

At the little shop where we had left our horses we were detained so long that we were strongly suspicious that it was for some sinister purpose. It was

piercingly cold. Our guides pretended not to understand our inquiries for our horses and our insistence upon proceeding. There were half a dozen fellows around us, very models of brigands; and, late at night as it was, we felt it necessary carefully to avoid a quarrel, firmly to demand our horses, and to keep so closely together, back to back, that none of them could get behind any one of us.

This real or supposed danger was of the greatest advantage to Thorpe. It roused all his manliness; it suppressed every morbid tendency; it directed all his thoughts from himself to us and to the Italians. Finally, the game seemed to be played out, or whatever purpose they may have had was abandoned, for the horses came. We mounted at once and rode on. The storm-clouds, which had been snow above, now overtaking, settled down upon us in the form of heavy rain, so that by the time we reached Torre dell' Annunziata we were drenched. The ride from thence brought us back to Naples by two o'clock in the morning; as a matter of course, tired out.

When we arose, late in the day, refreshed by sleep, Thorpe was bright and cheery. The spell had been effectually broken.

There was an English revenue cutter in port at the time, just returning to England. The two Englishmen secured, through their consul, permission to go in her; and, a fortnight later, I learned that they had arrived home in excellent health and spirits.

Thorpe had seen Naples; he had enjoyed a rare, a most exceptional ascent of Vesuvius; and he whom he honored and served had restored his health in his journey, and lengthened his days.

Wm. Chauncey Langdon.

AN AMERICAN DEFINITION OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

THERE is a passage in Reber's History of Mediæval Art which, after showing how, during the early part of the twelfth century, the mixture of northern and southern blood in certain of the northern provinces of central France first developed the characteristic type of French character and French nationality, states that this region became the birthplace of Gothic art, partly because of the intellectual activity which arose from its favorable political and social conditions, and partly because, *having no local traditions and but few architectural monuments*, the people of this region were especially prepared to develop a healthy movement in this art, and to introduce new forms.

This observation has a much wider application than the important historical fact to which it relates. Wherever and whenever corresponding social conditions prevail, there must arise some new departure, some fresh impulse, in the progress of mankind, and a new capacity to observe, analyze, discuss, and profit by the experience of the world outside. We, too, are a people made up of diverse elements, which have been gradually moulded into national unity; who, from a state of unparalleled material prosperity, are steadily developing towards a corresponding degree of intellectual activity. We, too, are a nation without traditions and monuments, and should therefore be able to see in true proportion and perspective, and from an unprejudiced point of view, all that has been accomplished in art in the Old World; and, as capacity for appreciation implies capacity for production, we should know how to make the best use of precedent, and to develop new forms.

What we are accomplishing or may be able to accomplish in art to justify these logical expectations is a matter of

curious interest to those who are watching the characteristic tendencies of the time. Apparently, we, as a nation, have not as yet developed a natural taste for artistic expression; and our representatives in Congress are, perhaps, further removed from intelligent artistic sympathy than those of any other government in the civilized world. Certainly, we are not, in this respect, like the Greeks of the age of Pericles, the first Frenchmen of the Ile-de-France in the twelfth century, or the Italian communities of the fifteenth. But we have all the other elements from which success may be reasonably predicted, and the world is waiting for the natural fulfillment of our conditions. We are, geographically, too great a people, too continental, to be able to act one upon another with that promptness of result which happened in the compact art-producing communities of the Old World. Our movements in art, therefore, have not as yet, so far as we can see, taken any characteristic or ethnological shape, except perhaps in architecture, where we may already detect the beginnings of a national exposition, the promise of which resides not only in our powers of independent invention, but in our capacity to amalgamate the arts of the Old World with the spirit of the New. Here and there our architects are following principles, and not forms, and have begun to appreciate, without local prejudice, what elements of ancient precedents are most fruitful and most capable of further development, and to know how to use these precedents as points of departure, and not as absolute formulas of art.

If, in regard to the practice of art, we are but in the beginning of a national movement (which is none the less real because, by reason of proximity and distractions, we are, most of us, unable to

see it), in respect to the history of art we are certainly, if we use aright our opportunities, the only people in the world who occupy a judicial position. Hitherto the writing of this history has been in the hands of the descendants of those who made it. They have been surrounded and overshadowed by the monuments of their ancestors. It has been impossible for them to study these monuments with a mind clear of patriotic partisanship. Thus, an English, a French, or a German history of the same era of art will present it from an English, a French, or a German standpoint of prejudice. It seems evident that an American authority, treating the same subject with equal knowledge, should present it in a manner different from all these writers, occupying, as he does, a point of view uninterrupted by a single national tradition of art. Our literature, however, has, until now, scarcely ventured upon this attractive field of investigation, and we gladly welcome what we may consider the first serious effort of the national mind in this direction.¹

Mr. Charles Herbert Moore, the author of the work in question, is an instructor in drawing and the theory of design in Harvard College. He is known as a careful and conscientious observer, of trained intelligence and of scholarly attainments. The purpose of his present essay is to define the characteristics and proper limitations of Gothic architecture, — a purpose which, it is claimed, has not been adequately carried out in any German or English work, and which has been fulfilled by but one French writer, the late M. Viollet-le-Duc. Mr. Moore's argument is based, not upon dry archæological investigations, but upon a very intelligent and sufficiently lucid discussion of fundamental principles, illustrated and enforced by the results of personal studies of representative monuments. His ar-

gument covers a field very familiar to students of architecture, but it is distinguished by a clear, logical precision of statement, and by a boldness, and not unfrequently by an originality of deduction, such as cannot be found in the works of European scholars, who have labored under the disadvantage of writing from a patriotic rather than from a judicial standpoint.

The American argument may be briefly stated as follows: Among the phenomena coincident with and caused by the decay of the feudal system, the diminution of the power of the monastic orders, the strengthening of royal authority, and the establishment of bishoprics and free municipalities, was the necessity which then arose for the building of a series of great monuments which were partly ecclesiastical and partly civil in their character. These monuments were provided not only as centres of popular religious instruction and worship, but as the great meeting-places of the newly established communes; and as such they were the symbols of municipal power, of social emancipation, and of the beginnings of political liberty. They at first followed the Romanesque traditions of construction, and were distinguished by round arches, thick walls, vaulted ceilings built after the manner of the Roman baths, small windows, and massive supports. But in the districts around Paris, on account of the specially favorable conditions which there prevailed in the twelfth century, the Romanesque methods were then, for the first time, freed from the incubus of ancient traditions, and were so organized, refined, and developed that the church of St. Denis, in which the first conspicuous essay was made, constituted the initial point of a method of building different from all its predecessors, full of the potentialities of artistic life, and worthy to be distinguished by a special

Illustrations. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

¹ *Development and Character of Gothic Architecture.* By CHARLES HERBERT MOORE. With

name in the history of architecture. This method of building was based on a new system of constructing ceilings of small stones. It consisted in building these vaulted ceilings, not by the intersection of solid barrel vaults, in the Roman manner, but by establishing over the naves and aisles of the churches a skeleton or framework of arched and moulded ribs, connecting opposite piers transversely, adjacent piers longitudinally, with diagonal ribs intersecting these in the centre, thus forming bays of four or six sections, called respectively quadripartite or sexapartite vaults. The open, spherical triangles formed between these ribs were closed in with a paneling composed of slightly arched vaults of light stonework sprung from rib to rib. The important point of detail in this composition resided in the fact that the proper and most convenient intersection of these ribs gave birth to the pointed arch, which had many constructive advantages. Where these ribs were gathered together over the piers there was a concentrated outward thrust, which was counterbalanced by an exterior arched prop (the flying buttress), which bore at the outer and lower end against a massive outlying construction of stone weighted with a heavy pinnacle. The inside pier, supporting the point where these delicately balanced opposing forces met, became gradually more slender, and was divided into bundles or groups of columns, each having its function from the foundation to support one of the vaulting ribs.

The peculiar and especial merit claimed for those who used this structure at St. Denis and in the derivative buildings rests upon the fact that they were the first to make it architectural, the first to base upon it the whole decorative expression of the fabric, thus creating a consistent unity of construction and decoration without suppression or concealment of any functional mem-

ber, and without imposing upon the composition any features extraneous to it. The essential scheme was a framework of piers, vaulting ribs, and flying buttresses. Constructively, the filling in between the ribs, the roof coverings, and the inclosing walls between the buttresses were not essential. Indeed, in respect to the walls, they finally almost disappeared, leaving vast open-arched spaces, subdivided by mullions, which, presently, under the arch, branched into open tracery to support a filling of stained glass. This evolution was developed in a rapid and brilliant succession of experimental cathedrals, of which the form and architectural character generally were made entirely by the structural conditions thus briefly outlined; and, within a century and a half, it culminated in the cathedrals of Paris, Amiens, and Rheims. From the date of these last buildings the system began to decline in a series of competitive *tours de force*, where the attenuation, subdivision, and complication of the original structural elements were carried to extremes, until, finally, the natural limitations of human power were reached, and the style had spoken its last word. When the princes and nobles became more potent than the bishops and the people, and when classic forms came with classic learning from Italy, the palace became more important than the church, and the arts of the Renaissance at length supplanted the emasculated mediæval fabric.

This evolution of structural forms differed from everything which preceded or followed it: it was coincident with and expressive of a condition of mankind during an epoch which had a definite historical beginning (the fall of the feudal system) and a definite historical end (the Renaissance); it carried with it a distinct system of decorative detail, dependent upon the structure and illustrative of it. It was an architecture of principles, not of formulas, and, as such,

Mr. Moore thinks it should be distinguished from the mass of transitional or contemporary monastic, domestic, civic, or military architecture, which, while adopting some of the characteristic features of the great churches, could not exhibit in its structure an equally homogeneous organism, or in its decoration an equal degree of conformity to structure, and therefore occupied a plane much lower in the range of human achievement.

No two writers have entirely agreed upon what should be called and what should not be called Gothic; and as the question seems thus an open one, our author, in the interest of scientific nomenclature, would confine the term to the style created in the structural evolution which we have described; all derivative buildings outside of this evolution being distinguished by the general term "Pointed Architecture," which would include every building in which the pointed arch, the pinnacle, the traceried window, the cuspidated decoration, and the other characteristic mediæval features occurred, without regard to the degree of conformity between the construction and the architectural manifestation.

Gothic architecture, so defined, Mr. Moore considers "was never practiced elsewhere than in France." This bold proposition he undertakes to prove by an analysis and comparison of the different pointed styles of Europe. In this he seems to show that every step in this astonishing evolution was first taken in France; and when it was repeated, later, in England, Germany, or Spain, it was generally found that the foreign example was either developed by imported French masters or by workmen from the school of a French cathedral, or that it was frankly imitated from French models by native workmen, — not, indeed, without undergoing local modifications, which, however, conferred upon the structure no new principles. Thus, according to

familiar usage, there is a Gothic of England, a Gothic of Germany, of Italy, and of Spain, distinguished by certain characteristic manifestations, which in reality were either local embroideries on a basis of French structure, or the result of applying French decoration to native structure. He claims that the Gothic in these countries was an imported article; and when national genius inevitably bestowed upon it local character, the foreign transformations, though always interesting as manifestations of the history of races, and often noble, were made at the expense of the fundamental principles of the style, which were always French.

In following this argument to its necessary conclusions, Mr. Moore may not clearly make the further point that, after the pure French Gothic had reached its final legitimate expression in Rheims, Amiens, and Chartres, even French genius, in the subsequent experiments in the cathedrals of St. Ouen, Beauvais, Troyes, and the other Flamboyant buildings, though, apparently, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it never borrowed from other nations, like them, in attempting to improve the already perfected forms, merely succeeded in enriching and finally in debasing them. For, humanly speaking, it is impossible to make perfection more perfect, completion more complete; and architects, whether of the fourteenth or of the nineteenth century, in using styles which have been already fully developed, are rendering no service to the progress of art. They are merely cultivating a spirit of dilettanteism. But the variations made in the French originals by foreign invention in the Middle Ages are, from an ethnological point of view, in their results perhaps the most interesting and instructive ever made in the history of art. A proper and exhaustive comparative analysis of these differences of style, arising, as they did, directly from the genius and essential spirit of the

nations respectively, is yet to be made. What unprejudiced American scholar will at length open for us those prolific pages, and thus give to the world a series of new and brilliant evidences of the growth of the human mind not elsewhere to be discovered?

We believe that our fellow-countryman has made a good beginning in this work. He has logically defined a great style and fixed its limits. He has proved that it is worthy to be distinguished from the numerous family of its derivatives. He calls this style Gothic *par excellence*. In the interest of scientific nomenclature, he would make this title honorable, and would confine it to buildings directly concerned in the development and perfecting of a principle of art, and would not give it to buildings which merely played with this principle without advancing it, whether they concealed it with capricious conceits or overlaid it with beautiful inventions. If the buildings which he calls Gothic, because they directly and frankly illustrate this principle, are not all French, he has laid the burden of proof on the shoulders of his English and German critics and reviewers. We are curious to see how they will meet this American argument.

Nowhere else outside of the pages of Viollet-le-Duc, and perhaps not even there, can be found an exposition so clear and so entertaining of the character of Gothic sculpture. Mr. Moore's chapter on this theme is written with a fine and delicate discrimination for artistic qualities and values. His comparison of the Greek and mediæval spirit in sculpture, his recognition and explanation of the potentialities of archaic

or primitive expressions in art and of their fusion with architecture, are fair examples not only of sympathetic, but of intellectual criticism. A mind saturated with classic ideals, but hospitable to the powerful and expressive sincerity of primitive sculpture, is capable of throwing new light upon the functions of art.

We are disposed to think that Mr. Moore exhibits in this part of his work a critical faculty more unusual than is to be discovered in his purely architectural discussions, though these are not only original, but lucid enough to commend themselves even to readers unfamiliar with the technical side of the subject. To such readers, also, the orderly development of the argument, the frequent graphic illustrations, — among which, by the bye, those of Mr. Moore's daughter are especially clever and sympathetic, — and above all the exhaustive index cannot fail to serve at once as an invitation to enter upon a charming field of study and an inducement to stay until the last words are said.

It is the peculiar duty and privilege of American scholarship to continue the work thus worthily begun, and to pursue the study of the historical styles until their relationship with the development of the human mind and the growth of nations shall have been definitely established, without bias of partisanship or patriotism. We shall thus discover at what points the progress of incompleting styles was interrupted, and shall be in position to take up the broken threads whenever they may promise to lead us further towards the consummation of a style adequate to represent the complicated civilization of to-day.

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS.

THERE are certain Reservations in the world of human history which have been held pretty exclusively by their original occupants, and kept under the supervision of the encyclopædists and Dryasdust agents; but, little by little, the human mind, in its multiform activity, impatient of exclusion, has been making inroads and camping out in unexpectedly fertile fields, and offering to overturn all arbitrary barriers which serve to separate the Reservation from common territory. Such a Reservation was for a long time Sanskrit Literature and Hindu Philosophy, but the world has been growing familiar with this field, and general literature has adopted much for its own. Another Reservation is the Egyptian, another the Assyrian, and one a little more remote is the Akkadian. The interesting fact to note is that the incursionists are not only historical students and archæological savans, but photographers of human life, who follow close after and report with nimble minds the results of research. So eager is the desire to know antiquity, not in a museum, but in its conscious activity, that those scholars are listened to most attentively who most effectually diminish the distance between the eye and the subject; and any disclosure of the trivialities of our marble predecessors is hailed with enthusiasm. The Tanagra figurines are looked at with delight, because there is no necessity of feeling any awe, and the mind is relieved by finding representations of antique life that are not severely statuesque.

When it comes to a knowledge of classic antiquity through the medium of modern fictitious reproduction, the mind is apt to be a little virtuous. It reads its Gallus and Charicles with the

determination not to skip the notes and excursions, and solaces itself with the reflection that these mosaics of fiction cannot be mistaken for genuine pictures. But we are still under the thrall of Greek and Roman tradition, and dare not substitute modern restorations for the classic remains. It is different when we enter the Reservations. No one feels obliged to read Egyptian in the original hieroglyphics, and so he enjoys Ebers without a qualm. One may openly own up to ignorance of the Hindu vernacular, and take his ideas of occultism from Mr. Isaacs without shame. He may safely deny, in any mixed company, all knowledge of cuneiform writing, and not be set down as an uneducated person; and he may, and probably will, follow his Crawford implicitly in his studies respecting Zoroaster.

And here come Mr. and Mrs. Ward, fresh from their Assyrian studies, with a novel¹ which lays low the fences of the Assyrian Reservation, and enables the sympathetic reader to feel as much at home, nearly, in Babylon as in, say, the Calcutta of to-day. To read this book after a stroll through the Metropolitan museum, and a hasty summary in one's mind of Assyrian life into figures of men with lamplighter-curl beards pulling long bows from which no arrows fly, or sitting in endless reverie with their hands on their knees, is to have a sudden sense that the figures have waked into excessive activity, and would need few lessons to make them very good Americans. No doubt the reader's cheerfulness in reading a record of such a dusty antiquity is greatly increased by his confidence as he strikes the names of old acquaintances. Nebuchadnezzar, — his *r* gives us an agreeable sense of our

WARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

¹ *The Master of the Magicians.* By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and HERBERT D.

own scholarship; Daniel, with his other name, Balatsu-usur, which we quietly remind our less quick-witted neighbor is the more exact form of Belteshazzar; Allit Arioeh, — we candidly admit we had forgotten the Allit part; Ashpenaz, the head eunuch, — these we knew when we were children; and some of the very incidents in the tale gain a certain corroboration by being expanded incidents with which we were familiar in a certain old book. But we do not fail to perceive that this novel could not have been written much earlier than the present year, for generations of men had read the book of Daniel before the archives of the University of Bel were deciphered from their original bricks.

What we admire especially in the art of these collaborators is the lightness with which they wear their learning. There is not a footnote, we believe, in the book, and they are as eager as their readers to get at the life of the Babylonish kingdom, and not at the mere shell of that life. They have bottomed their imagination, apparently, upon the impregnable base of human nature, and have sought, in depicting the variation produced by Assyrian and Hebraic conditions, to bring into prominence as factors in the story those elementary forces which would have had fullest play. Thus, though in conventional style, we may say there is a king and a queen; a wise old man and his lovely *ingénue* daughter; a military man, who is in love with the innocent maiden, and is himself longed for by the amorous queen; a singularly pure young man, who stifles his own love for the maiden; and though all these characters may be met with in modern fiction, in evening dress, the difference between such personages in the fiction which records contemporary life and the same personages in *The Master of the Magicians* is not a merely conventional or external difference. The king has the hard, metallic character which is possible only where authority

is absolute the queen's amorousness is accompanied by a nonchalant cruelty which has no touch of remorse, — the outcome of a nature which is not merely luxurious, but has never had sympathy with suffering awakened; the sage, though for purposes of the story he is made to feel his magic power crumble, is yet a confident user of his art, and not a mere Polonius; the Daniel — Deronda we were about to add — of the story is set apart rather by virtue of a *possession* than by conscious rectitude. The innocent maiden, indeed, and the impetuous lover can scarcely be distinguished from their modern prototypes, — for we cannot, after all, escape the feeling that modern fiction invented this Babylonish drama, — but the incidents by which the characters assert themselves are so clever and so touched with the decoration of this strange antiquity that even familiar situations undergo a marvelous change, and strike one as fresh and unhackneyed. There are hunting scenes in abundance in modern stories, but it would be hard to match the brilliancy of the scene in this novel where Nebuchadnezzar and Daniel and Allit and Amytis are seen in pursuit of the lions. So, too, the attempted murder of a rival has a melodramatic familiarity, but it gains immensely by its naturalness under the Babylonian régime, and the circumstances of the narrow escape are most effectively narrated.

The authors have availed themselves of the Scripture narrative with a good deal of power in their treatment of the strange affection of the king, and the figure of Nebuchadnezzar is, to our thinking, the most dramatically conceived in the book. It casts a huge shadow throughout the story, and the foregleams of madness which issue in the horrible bestiality hinted at in the book of Daniel are managed with great skill. The success of the writers, indeed, lies largely in the broad strokes which they lay on the canvas; the minuter touches are

of less consequence. They are weakest when they essay to relieve the dignity of antiquity by humor and jocularity. When, for example, they make Nebuchadrezzar say to Daniel, "If thou art his [Jehovah's] representative, verily I will consider the matter; for he appeareth to me to be an intelligent god, quite worthy of some attention;" and add, "Now, as Nebuchadrezzar was known to be pretty constant to one or two pet deities of the highest order, but was also agile in carrying on what might be called a kind of celestial flirtation with many minor gods, Daniel was not as much impressed with his proselyte as he might have been," — when, we say, the authors attempt this light style, we are not helped over hard places. On the other hand, the swiftness of action, the real vim of many passages, make the reader quite

forget that he is threading the mazes of an ante-Christian and circum-Euphrates romance. We think, also, that there is an anachronism of sentiment which sometimes makes one feel that he is witnessing a masquerade, as when, during the hunt, "Amytis would fain have drawn nigh and hung upon the arm of Allit. But Daniel gave her a stern look, and her warm hand dropped at her side;" and when Lalitha, being asked in marriage by Allit, stammers out, "I will mention the matter — to my guardian."

But these are trifling lapses, which amuse us without greatly affecting our judgment of the whole book as a really brilliant piece of story-telling, — so brilliant that we are never long tempted to inquire whether what dazzles us is burnished metal or tin foil.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Poeta Nas-
citur.

FLORENCE and Siena may contend for the palm of purity of speech, but both will award it to the peasants of the Pistoian mountains. Manzoni appealed to Florentine ladies for advice in the use of words and phrases, when writing his *Promessi Sposi*, but Giusti, D'Azeglio, and Tommaseo tarried with these golden-mouthed mountaineers, and pronounced them the masters of the "sweet idiom." Their valleys and hillsides have a more serious character than the vine-clad plains around Pistoia and Lucca; for rivers and streams dash down narrow passes, slopes and summits are clothed with dark beech and pine, and the ground is covered with heather and Alpine flowers. We still meet on the breezy heights, in storm and sunshine alike, those *vaghe montanine pastorelle* of whom quaint old Franco Sacchetti gives such a picture,

and we wonder whether they are as content with their songs, flowers, and garlands as the jolly story-teller would have us believe. In the wayside churches Luca della Robbia's gleaming madonnas give the touch of far-reaching Tuscan art; and among the people themselves a gift for spontaneous verse seems to cast a poetic glamour over their frugal, difficult lives. The rustic courts his fair in words of such exquisite rhymed flattery and passion that one can but pity the lovers of colder tongues. Montaigne, traveling through Italy over three hundred years ago, describes an *improvisatrice* of this same land of song, in words which may not be inappropriate here: "I had Divizia at the table with us. She is a poor peasant, and neither she nor her husband has any means of livelihood but the labor of their hands. She is a homely woman, thirty-seven

years of age, . . . who can neither read nor write. But in her childhood there was in the house of her father an uncle, who read aloud to her from Ariosto and the other poets; and her soul proved so attuned to poesy that she not only composes verses with admirable readiness, but introduces into them ancient fables, names of the gods, of foreign lands, of the sciences, and of famous men, as if she had been educated to study. She improvised many verses in my honor. To tell the truth, they are only verses and rhymes, but the language is most elegant and flowing."

Our own times, however, present us with a greater than this obscure Divizia in Beatrice di Pian degl' Ontani, a poet-shepherdess who might claim a kinship of fancy with Nuremberg's cobbler-poet and with Jasmin of Gascony. Beatrice died only a few years ago, and almost every proud compatriot can give some little reminiscence which has power to call up before the mind's eye this gentle, talented old woman. Her photographs represent her with a singularly bright face, wavy gray hair tucked under a gay kerchief, and large, lustrous black eyes, which Cavaliere Tommaseo affirms to have possessed an inspired expression beyond that of Petrarch's Laura. You may see her face in the frontispiece to Ruskin's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, as drawn by Francesca. She was born in one of the tiniest of the hamlets which nestle among the hills, and spent her childhood, like Sacchetti's sweet shepherdesses, guarding goats in summer time, and in the winter going down with her father to his work in the Maremma. Though she caught up and dwelt on every song she heard, she composed nothing until her wedding day, in her twentieth year. As the bridal train wound along the narrow mountain path leading to her new home at Pian degl' Ontani, Beatrice felt a strange power invade heart and brain, and, turning to Bernardo, the bridegroom, she for the first time poured

forth her loving thoughts in jubilant verse. All were astonished at the hitherto undiscovered gift, and her uncle exclaimed, "Ah, Beatrice, you have deceived me. If I had known you were so wise, you should have gone to the convent" (to learn). The marriage song has vanished, like the bluebells and daisies which bloomed last year on the grassy slopes, but from that day Beatrice's name went forth among her people; and wherever there was a wedding or family feast among the Pistoian peasantry she was bidden, to make all glad with her God-given gift. Beatrice was very ready in the poetic *gare*, or contests, in which one peasant improvises a stanza or couplet, the opponent answers with another, and the rivalry is kept up until one of the two acknowledges himself or herself vanquished by a lack of divine afflatus. But she was not known outside of her own district until Tommaseo, coming up from Florence to collect folk-lore for his book, *Canti Popolari*, discovered Beatrice, and presented her to the literary world of the peninsula. The distinguished man of letters and the ignorant peasant became fast friends; and in after-years, whenever Tommaseo came to the mountains, he would send for Beatrice to come and stay at his house, and she, calling gayly to her neighbors, "Addio, I must be off; my cavalier has arrived," would set off at once. Both Tommaseo and the Abbate Giuliani have spoken of her delicacy and purity of feeling in rejecting all songs containing any coarse or ignoble reference to love; and here the *litterati* of Italy might well take a leaf out of the book of this unlettered singer.

Her favorite son, the eldest of eight children, inherited his mother's talent, and the country people say it was delightful to hear them improvise together, reciting stanzas alternately, in the Tuscan fashion. It was this son's death which caused her such bitter grief that, ten years afterwards, when Abbate Giu-

liani tried to persuade her to express her sorrow in verse, her choking emotion was such as to affect all bystanders. She did compose four touching stanzas, but broke off with the piteous lament, "Since God took him from me my heart has never been consoled."

In 1836, a terrible overflow of the Lima and Sestajone torrents carried off her humble home, and the family were compelled to take refuge in a hut, where the cold was so intense that she lost three fingers and her children were almost frozen to death. It was determined to erect a little house high up on the mountain-side, and for three months Beatrice worked all day long, carrying heavy stones from the bed of the river up to a considerable height, for the building of the new dwelling.

We think of Shirley's lines,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

when we hear of this woman's kindness to her poorer neighbors. All beggars (and their name is legion here) found something at Beatrice's door; and when she went once on a pilgrimage, taking with her the customary provisions, she returned after a few days, hungry and empty-handed, having given her food to others apparently needier than herself. A golden thread of trust that "providence is kind," that "death ends all sorrows," and that, "if we stand well with God, there is naught to fear," runs through the simple, loving life, which closed at a good old age. Her ashes rest in the peaceful little cemetery of Pian degl' Ontani, — a less dreary spot than most Italian graveyards, for the friendly village is near by, and tall chestnut-trees cast dappled shadows across the green hillside. Over her grave are the words, —

IN MEMORY OF
BEATRICE OF PIAN DEGL' ONTANI
A SHEPHERDESS
HUMBLE, PIOUS, BENEFICENT
DEAR TO THE TUSCAN MUSES

Promising — I have heard a young man
Blunders. maintain that the amusing
speeches of children, though commonly called "bright," really indicate stupidity. Any grown person who said such things would be considered a fool, and he could not see why they should win children a reputation for brilliancy. Of course he was wrong. Quite unconsciously, he was employing the very process through which intelligent children obtain such grotesque notions as never enter the brains of dull ones. He was reasoning from imperfect premises. No mental deficiency is implied in a child's ignorance of things which education and experience make plain.

Sometimes, indeed, the falsity of the child's conclusion is due to an illogical mode of thought. A small cousin of mine, on being told by her playmates that there was no real Santa Claus, "it was only your father and mother," argued that it could not be, because your father and mother couldn't come down the chimney. But very often the syllogism is perfect in construction, and the fatal flaw lies where the young reasoner has no means of detecting it. From his imperfect knowledge a bright child draws absurd inferences, yet is therein evidently superior to those who escape absurdity by drawing no inferences at all, but taking all their ideas ready made.

A certain little boy expressed a wish that his widowed father would marry the father of a favorite playmate, and defended the feasibility of the arrangement by citing the priest all shaven and shorn, who married the man all tattered and torn. That boy did not understand what he was reasoning about, but he understood how to reason. (N. B. He is now a successful lawyer.) His precedent in this case was fallacious, but he showed the power of very literally putting two and two together. Had he lacked this power, his ignorance would not have come to light.

So, egregious errors are often the first

signs of intellectual strength in one who is passing out of childhood. Hitherto he has received without question whatever he was taught. Now he begins to think for himself, and finds that some long-established beliefs do not commend themselves to his unripe judgment. He turns and combats them vigorously, — probably not without contempt, in the arrogance of his newly discovered faculties.

It is just possible he may be a genius, who discerns the truth to which former generations were blind; but it is more likely that time will bring him back to the approved opinions. He will grow to a comprehension of the reasons which have satisfied the world. He will understand that people do not say these things just because they have got into the habit of it. Meanwhile, his incredulity is a good sign. Even the child who holds that the earth cannot turn round, because if it did everything would fall off, is in advance of him who never thinks to ask how things can stay on while it is upside down.

Comte and his American Disciples.

— One could both smile and sigh, to use old Thomas Fuller's phrase, at the homage paid to the founder of the Religion of Humanity by two American disciples, as shown in *Lettres d'Auguste Comte à Henry Edger et John Metcalf* (Paris, 1889). Edger, a native of Fletching, Sussex, had settled at Thomson's Station, Long Island, where his farm bore the singular name of Modern Times. He became an American citizen in 1861, and died at Versailles in 1888, at the age of sixty-eight. Mr. Metcalf, apparently a native American, was his first and chief convert, and is still living in Ohio. Edger opened the correspondence with Comte, in 1854, by a letter inclosing ten francs towards the "sacerdotal subsidy;" that is to say, the fund — about one thousand dollars a year — raised by Comte's disciples for his maintenance. He promised to increase his

contribution as his means improved. Comte's acknowledgment is dated "19 Aristotle, 66;" in vulgar parlance, March 16, 1854. He wished to know Edger's age, so as to judge how far he was susceptible to influence, and what position he might take in the new religion. (Comtist priests must not be younger than forty-two.) He had foreseen that the first great Positivist movement would spring up in that immense colony where western renovators had for two centuries found spontaneous liberty. Except Paris, America was the only part of the world where Positivist worship could be openly practiced. At the moment of receiving Edger's letter, Comte was starting for his weekly visit to the tomb of Clotilde de Vaux, which tomb had for eight years presided over his advance to perfection. Clotilde (his Laura, as Comte styled her) had a husband condemned to the galleys for life, and Comte was separated from his wife. They were, for the last year of her life, platonic lovers. Comte was not a little gratified when Edger named a new-born daughter Sophie Clotilde; Sophie Germain being Comte's devoted servant, or housekeeper, one of his "three angels;" his mother and Clotilde being the other two. "You are the only man," he assures Edger, "whose large heart has permitted full appreciation of my incomparable Sophie without having ever seen her." At the rite of "presentation," the Positivist baptism, he authorized Edger to act as his deputy, directing him to wear a green scarf on the right arm, as the emblem of his priestly office. Mr. Metcalf was godfather, if the term can be used in a religion without a Deity; but there was some difficulty in finding a suitable godmother, though a non-Positivist, provided she had some sympathy with the cause, was eligible.

Edger, though we have not his letters, seems at first to have written hopefully on the prospects of Positivism in

America, and he set about translating some of his master's works. His wife assisted him, a sign of the "restored conjugal harmony," which gave Comte much satisfaction. Comte enjoined Edger, moreover, to direct his propaganda especially to women, who must be disgusted with the dry bones of Protestantism and theism. Yet he had to check his disciple's extravagances. Edger had an idea of establishing a Positivist monastery, a refuge for weary or persecuted souls; but Comte thought matrimony preferable for men tired of isolation, and he saw no reason to fear persecution. Edger also suggested "astrolatric prayers," apparently some kind of planet worship, but this Comte discountenanced. Edger likewise had a notion of utilizing Catholicism as a stepping-stone to Positivism; but Comte, while recognizing Mariolatry as a transitional form of worship, thought this more feasible in Catholic South America than in the Protestant North. Nevertheless, he regarded conversions from Protestantism to Catholicism as ultimately favorable to Positivism, and he approved Edger's resort to Catholic churches as a temporary substitute for Positivist temples. When these latter were built, their axis was to be in the direction of Paris, and private oratories should, if possible, observe the same rule; though otherwise it was enough, when engaged in prayer, to turn the face towards Paris. Edger had thoughts of founding a Positivist township in Long Island, and Comte hoped to see him become the head of the American Positivist church, provided he could go through the "encyclopaedic and mathematical initiation" requisite for the priesthood. Discouragement, however, supervened, and Comte resigned himself to the prospect of Edger's remaining a simple apostle. Eventually the latter began studying mathematics and history, and he became one of Comte's Council of Seven. His Anglo-Saxon colleagues were Mr. Congreve and

a Mr. Fisher, a surgeon at Manchester. Comte enjoined these two Englishmen to agitate for the restitution of Gibraltar to Spain.

Comte did not expect more than a millionth of the existing generation to embrace his religion, but this would suffice to leaven posterity. As for those who adopted his philosophy, but rejected his religion, — Stuart Mill was one of them, — he regarded them as his worst enemies, but I believe they were his chief subscribers. He looked upon America, with its Puritanic ancestry and its democratic government, as a promising field for Positivist culture; and extracts from Mr. Metcalf's letters to Edger reminded him of Cromwell's Ironsides, combining religious enthusiasm with political activity. Four of the sixteen letters — Comte's death, in 1857, stopped the correspondence — are addressed to Mr. Metcalf, but these are of less interest than those to "*mon cher disciple*," Edger; and it is enough to say that Comte, practical enough in many things, dissuaded Metcalf from visiting Paris till he had mastered French. There is incidental mention of three Americans: a Miss Blaker (?), for whose memory Comte sanctioned Edger's private adoration, pending fuller investigation before public adoration was permissible; a Mr. H. Wallace, of Philadelphia, who died in 1842, shortly after a visit to Comte; and Dr. Wm. Gillespie, professor of civil engineering at New York, described as a half-believer.

Thirty years have passed, and another generation has sprung up, but the conversion of a millionth of mankind to the Religion of Humanity seems still distant.

In Praise of — The "symposium" is the Leisure : fashion of the hour. Each A Summer magazine strives to attract Symposium. the public by a gathering together of distinguished names, belonging to persons diametrically opposed to each other on the point under discussion; or it obtains what is fondly called a "con-

sensus" of opinion on a topic upon which there is supposed to be more or less agreement, among men who differ widely on other points. Now, I am not aware that *The Atlantic* has yet had a symposium. But, as holiday time has come, let us of the Contributors' Club provide one, since the editor has neglected to do so. With his permission, I propose for the subject under consideration, Leisure; and for writers thereupon, a King (since crowned heads have taken to writing for the magazines), a Poet, a Romancer, and a Philosopher.

For the opinion of the crowned head in question, I am sorry to say that I have been referred to his (English) publishers, instead of receiving any fresh contribution from himself: "I considered all travail and every right work, that for this a man is envied of his neighbour. . . . Better is a handful of herbs with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." "This," they write, "is the passage to which His Majesty alludes. In spite of the fate of the latest Copyright Bill, we prefer that you should not use it." I have accordingly condensed it, as the "stars" do show.

Mr. Browning stated through a friend that "he had never known what it was to have to do a certain thing to-day, and not to-morrow; he thought this had led to a superabundance of production, since, on looking back, he could see that he had often been afraid to be idle." But this has been the case with writers, before, and indeed of, Mr. Browning's period; and in the latter case with less happy results. It was possibly the sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, when he devoted considerable leisure to that agreeable work entitled *The Garden of Cyrus*: or, *The Quincuncial Lozenge, or, Network Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically Considered*; and also the feeling of a less known — I may say a deservedly less known — author, one Thoms by name,

who, in the forty-eighth year of the nineteenth century, devoted xxxix + 398 pages octavo to *Part First of a work on The Number and Names of the Apocalyptic Beasts*.

Having heard from a poet among kings — certain Societies are at liberty to complete the antithesis — and Mr. Browning, I felt that, as a good American, I ought not to neglect home industries. Accordingly I endeavored to extract opinions from Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mr. Thoreau, at one time fellow-townsmen. It was intended that another portion of our country should be represented, but I am told that, as yet, so little leisure is to be found in the West that any attempt to procure an account of it would cause a delay fatal to my symposium. But to continue: Mr. Hawthorne tacitly insinuated that long residence in another and leisure-loving country had perhaps unfitted him for accurate judgment of opportunities of leisure in America; but he long ago not only felt, but said, that "it is the iron rule in our day to require an object and a purpose in life. No life now wanders like an unfettered stream; there is a mill-wheel for the tiniest rivulet to turn. We go all wrong, by too strenuous a resolution to go all right."

As for Mr. Thoreau, he is perhaps more diffuse than Solomon himself. "It would be glorious," he writes, "to see mankind at leisure for once. It is nothing but work, work, work. I cannot easily buy a blank-book to write thoughts in; they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents. An Irishman, seeing me make a minute in the fields, took it for granted that I was calculating my wages. If a man was tossed out of a window when an infant and made a cripple for life, or scared out of his wits by the Indians, it is regretted chiefly because he was thus incapacitated for — business! I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed

to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself, than this incessant business. . . . If a man walk in the woods, for love of them, half of each day, he is in danger of being regarded as a loafer; but if he spends his whole day as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making Earth bald before her time, he is esteemed an industrious and enterprising citizen."

In one of his essays, Mr. Lowell mentions a book, to which, he says, "we are indebted for the invention of the Man of Leisure." And it occurred to me to address myself to the author of that volume for a final opinion upon the subject under discussion. He writes most fully, and there is so much that is charmingly put, full of allusion and delightfully excursive, — a little in the manner of Montaigne, — that I should like to quote more fully than space permits me to do. His ideas about leisure are summed up, however, in one classically phrased sentence: "The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How much truth is contained in these lines those know best who wish for wider leisure for pursuits which they feel would make their minds quicker, more flexible, and more serviceable to themselves and to others; and who, without it, feel the cobwebs of the brain growing thicker and dustier year by year. But, lest I reach too severe a strain for a midsummer discussion, let me add, in passing, that it is a pity that the works of the writer just quoted — who, although his name is shrewdly suspected, still prefers to give his work to the world unacknowledged — should be so little read. The demand for his books is so small that they

are relegated almost entirely to cheap reprints. Nor can I remember, in fact, ever to have seen a first edition of *Ecclesiasticus* in really good condition.

And so, since summer holidays have come, let us take our ease in our inn, with a light heart and a good conscience, feeling that leisure may be made the best of investments. Let us remember that comparatively few uncomfortable proverbs originated with Solomon. They came in with Benjamin Franklin, who, knowing when *not* to put them into practice, became thereby an eminently successful man. Do not listen to all his busy maxims, but, supported by H. M. King Solomon, Messrs. Browning, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and our anonymous contributor, enjoy your leisure all you can. And if you would know what leisure is, and what the so-called ineffective life may be, read the letters of the late Edward Fitzgerald, the most shining example of the man of leisure that our times have known. One can say of him as Mr. Lowell said of Edmund Quincy: —

"Much did he, and much well; yet most of all
I prized his skill in leisure, and the ease
Of a life flowing full, without a plan;
For most are idly busy."

Indeed, it is not by shirking our plain duties that we should gain this leisure; nor need we adopt Charles Lamb's maxim of leaving a day's work early, to make up for undertaking it late. Leisure must be fairly come by. But we hear so much of the duty of honest toil that it is time to hear something of the duty of honest leisure, and to have a care to ask ourselves whether (as some one has well put it), if we spend our lives in getting our living, we are living our lives at all!

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Religion and Philosophy. The Unknown God, or Inspiration among Pre-Christian Races, by C. Loring Brace. (Armstrong.) An interesting study in ancient and modern faiths, with a view to disclosing the less fully developed yet common faith in God. Mr. Brace, following the example of S. Paul, would have the modern missionary build upon the existing imperfect faith of heathendom rather than sweep it aside and lay new foundations. In this he is in accord with a growing conviction of Christian thinkers. Maurice was one of the first to set this forth in his little volume of missionary sermons. — Three Sevens, a Story of Ancient Initiations, by the Phelons. (Hermetic Publishing Co., Chicago.) "It has always been the petted weakness of my family to have ancestors." So begins the tale, and the reader stops to ponder what would have been the consequence if there had been a break somewhere in the line, and any one of the family had absolutely refused to have an ancestor. He resumes the tale, and a page or two later discovers that one of the authors of the story solves in the affirmative the question, "Can a man be his own grandfather?" After this anything is possible; and as the story is of the entirely impossible, it becomes necessary for the reader to leave his ordinary reason behind. The authors of the book left theirs. — The Exegesis of Life. (Minerva Publishing Co., New York.) The writer of this philosophical study professes to be an unlettered man and one who is unfamiliar with the English language, but there is little in the book itself to betray this. It is a closely reasoned and intelligible argument to prove the infinity of creation as coexistent with the infinity of the Creator. "Our final conclusion is," says the writer, "that there is a God, and that the nature of God is eternal existence." — An Essay in Refutation of Agnosticism, and the Philosophy of the Unknowable. A review with an analogy. By Rev. Simon Fitz Simons. (Post Express Printing Co., Rochester, N. Y.) — Lectures on the Religion of the Semites, by W. Robertson Smith. (Appleton.) This is the first series, and is devoted to the fundamental institutions. In accordance with a growing tendency among students, the Hebrews, with their most thoroughly exploited history, are grouped with the Arabs, the Phœnicians, the Aramæans, the Babylonians and Assyrians, and the inquiry is carried back of the separate records into the region of a common religious tradition. The subject is a fascinating one, and the increasing

knowledge which we possess of other Semitic tribes makes it possible to tread the ground with greater confidence. The reader who may have a misgiving regarding the method, and a special distrust of Robertson Smith, has this protection, that the documents for a large part of the study are in his possession and quite intelligible in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. — Man and his World; or, The Oneness of Now and Eternity. A series of imaginary discourses between Socrates and Protagoras. By John Darby. (Lippincott.) The form of this book is Platonic, and the author has now and then shrewdness of speech; but the likeness to Plato is rather superficial, and the reader suspects he is paying attention to whimsy rather than to philosophy. — An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy, by F. Howard Collins, with a preface by Herbert Spencer. (Appleton.) This work is professedly a statement, in condensed form, of the general principles of Mr. Spencer's Philosophy, and largely in the original words. With an amusing, unconscious reflection upon the Philosophy itself, it is stated that the reduction is to about ten per cent. of the original. — Evolution. Popular Lectures and Discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (James H. West, Boston.) A composite book, in which the subject of evolution is approached from several quarters; as in the sketches of Spencer and Darwin, the consideration of solar and planetary evolution, the evolution of the earth and of vegetal life, proceeding thus to evolution as related to religious thought, the philosophy of evolution, and the effects of evolution on the coming civilization. At the close of each lecture is a brief report of the discussion which followed the reading. — Unitarianism, its Origin and History. A course of sixteen lectures delivered in Channing Hall, Boston, 1888-89. (American Unitarian Association.) Although the first three lectures seek for the traces of Unitarianism in early Christian history, the bulk of the book is devoted to the exposition of the faith as it has been held in its stronghold in this country. The speakers are all interested in their themes, but they are all more or less conscious of their geographical position. — Review of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's Attacks upon Christianity, by Mrs. Ottilie Bertron. (The Author, 3929 Locust St., Philadelphia.) An earnest, somewhat rambling reply to the oratorical antagonist. — The Proposed Revision of the Westminster Standards, by William G. T. Shedd. (Scribners.) Dr. Shedd enters the arena with a polite bow to

his antagonists. You are all good men and true, he says, but your doctrines are all wrong. Once undertake to revise the creed, and you are upon an inclined plane, down which you will slide. It is the old cry, and to those who are confident that God has a "plan of redemption," and that this plan is succinctly stated in Calvinism, it is an effectual one. — Dr. Briggs's now famous book, *Whither? a Theological Question for the Times* (Scribners), has been overlooked by us, though we have noted some of its parasitical growth. The value of the work lies in its clear presentation of the historical growth of the creed as held by the Presbyterian church, and in the fearless facing of the difficulties which have risen. It is inspiring to hear a theologian say, as Dr. Briggs does in his preface: "The process of dissolution has gone on long enough. The time has come for the reconstruction of theology, of polity, of worship, and of Christian life and work. The drift in the church ought to stop. Christian divines should steer directly toward the divine truth, as the true and only orthodoxy, and strive for the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." History also is with him in this position, for although external pressure has always had its effect upon the church, reform has come from within. The note of permanence in the church is struck when its representative leaders do not go outside and set up a new church, but remain within and reconstruct the edifice upon truer lines. — *Christian Theism, its Claims and Sanctions*, by D. B. Purinton. (Putnams.) The first volume of a work which in its entirety is designed to state the grounds of belief in the existence of God and in the authority of the Bible. One is struck, in glancing through this part, which is devoted to the being of God, with the almost angry note of the writer. He can scarcely listen with patience to the objections which he cites. It is hard to see how any minds which are troubled with doubts can submit themselves to the teaching of so unsympathetic a mental disciplinarian. — *Jesus the Messiah*, by Alfred Edersheim (Randolph), is an abridgment of the author's well-known larger work. Something of the color of the original is taken out in the process, but, in spite of lavishness in the use of material, Dr. Edersheim's work is marked by sobriety of tone. He is, in truth, an exact and painstaking and learned archæologist, who brings the wealth of his learning to enrich a plain narrative which follows the customary lines of orthodox interpretation. — *Creed Revision in the Presbyterian Churches*, by Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) Dr. Schaff makes his contribution to the stirring question, and looks forward with the eagerness of

younger men to such confession and such organic life as shall bear in mind the reunion of Christendom in the creed of Christ. — *An Old Religion, a study*, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) Mr. Grumbine asserts the decay of church ideas and the rapid spread of freethinking, and falls back upon the essentials of religion in love to God and man as the foundation of a new order. It is a little difficult to see any constructiveness in his views, and it would not be hard to show that the church itself is eagerly insisting everywhere on just these essentials. — *Religion and Science as Allies, or Similarities of Physical and Religious Knowledge*, by James T. Bixby. (C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) An attempt at demonstrating the common basis of both religion and science in faith and experiment. — *Beneath Two Flags*, by Maud B. Booth. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A semi-official narrative, apparently, of the work of the Salvation Army. It is difficult for one to read such a narrative dispassionately. He is brought face to face with iniquity, and asked if he can condemn the men and women who are fighting it. No, it is not necessary to condemn them; neither is he called on to surrender his judgment on the spot. — *Belief*, by George Leonard Chaney. (Roberts.) Eight discourses on the fundamentals of Christianity in its doctrines and its organization; written in a kindly spirit, and with a desire to restate the matter in terms which shall satisfy a mind at variance with traditional definitions, but ready to accept a reasonable form not opposed to the findings of current philosophy and science. — *The Way out of Agnosticism, or the Philosophy of Free Religion*, by Francis Ellingwood Abbot. (Little, Brown & Co.) Mr. Abbot's little book is so italicized and small-capitalized that it would seem as though he questioned, after all, the willingness of the student to read deliberately and with attention the solution which he proposes of the doubts which assail men. Nevertheless, no one can read far into it without perceiving how earnest Mr. Abbot is in pleading for his positions; and this earnestness will doubtless attract readers who might otherwise be bewildered by the way in which he rams his words into their involved order, with the intent that they rush out upon the intelligence with an insane force. — *Studies in Hegel's Philosophy of Religion*, with a chapter on Christian Unity in America, by J. Macbride Sterrett. (Appleton.) An earnest, sometimes headlong, and often brilliant series of notes and essays, thrown together with little regard to unity of design, and affecting one rather as a long tract than as a studied treatise. The writer has taken hold of one or two genetic principles, and works them industri-

ously. His studies constantly bring him face to face with the ecclesiastical questions which interest the Episcopal church in America. — *Why I am a New Churchman*, by Chauncey Giles. (American New Church Tract and Publication Society, Philadelphia.) A small book, of a little over a hundred pages, in which the writer answers a question which he has been asked, probably, either directly or indirectly, a great many times. As a matter of personal history, the doctrines of Swedenborg solved the doubts which had assailed the writer, and confirmed him in that faith in God to which he had clung in the midst of his doubts. Answer enough, therefore, for him; and what man but wishes his personal faith to be the universal one? — *The Nature and Method of Revelation*, by G. P. Fisher. (Scribners.) There is a pleasure in reading the calm, confident, and reasonable sentences of Professor Fisher. He is so much at home in his subject, and has traversed the ground from so many approaches, that he needs only to consider the form in which he will present his thought, and this form is always that of a sane writer. The courtesy of his manner toward those who disagree with him is unfailing, and the book is a model of what a popular work on apologetics, not aiming to be a systematic treatise, should be. — *The Philosophy of Preaching*, by A. J. F. Behrends. (Scribners.) Lectures given before the Divinity School of Yale College, by an accomplished preacher, who is not formulating a system, but recording an experience. It is plain that he values theology in proportion as it lies behind and gives the word to preaching, and that he is eager to persuade the young men who listen to him that they have a vital message to deliver, and are not first of all to be critics and analysts. — *A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution*, by J. Y. Bergen, Jr., and Fanny D. Bergen. (Lee & Shepard.) A reissue of a book which, under the title of *The Development Theory*, appeared half a dozen years ago. The authors have taken the opportunity to go over their work anew, and revise it here and there. The book is written in a style which is clear, interesting, and agreeable. — *The Psychology of Attention*, by Th. Ribot. (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) A series of essays intended to establish and prove that there are two well-defined forms of attention: the one, spontaneous, natural; the other, voluntary, artificial. The former, it is maintained, is the true primitive and fundamental form of attention; the latter, the result of education, of training, and of impulsion. An interesting, closely reasoned analysis of the mechanism of the subject.

History. Mr. Fyffe's admirable *History of Modern Europe* is brought to a conclusion in the

third volume, just issued. (Holt & Co.) This section of the work begins with the Revolution of '48, and ends with the Treaty of Berlin, 1878; a very important period, covering, as it does, the unification of Germany, the unification of Italy, and the fall of the Second Empire. We know of no other history in which the reader will find these notable events so clearly and compactly set forth. — *The Negro in Maryland, a Study of the Institution of Slavery*, by Jeffrey R. Brackett. (N. Murray, Baltimore.) This is an extra volume in the series of Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, and is at once a very full study from a scientific point of view, and, incidentally, a most interesting sketch of society under the old régime. Mr. Brackett writes, not as a partisan, but as a scholar with humane instincts. — Mr. James Schouler, whose *History of the United States of America under the Constitution* has been appearing at irregular intervals in the decade just closed, has now brought out his four volumes with Dodd, Mead & Co., and promises to complete the work with a fifth, when a more thorough estimate of his contribution to *United States history* can be made; but no one who has read his volumes carefully will withhold credit for great industry and independence of judgment. The work is individual, and is likely to attract more attention as the study of our history increases and readers wish to get a uniform point of view from one or another writer. The very idiosyncrasies of Mr. Schouler's style, though sometimes obstructive, take their place as effective forms of presenting his opinions. He proposes to close his work with 1861, and the period of 1783-1861 is a natural period. — In the *Story of the Nations Series*, a recent volume is *The Story of the Barbary Corsairs*, by Stanley Lane-Poole, with the collaboration of Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N. (Putnams.) The brilliant action of a few American sailors early in this century has given the Barbary States a special interest for American readers; and though the portion of the volume devoted to Decatur and his fellows is necessarily small, the whole story will be read with attention, as giving the causes of the apparently inexplicable tyranny exercised by a few pirates over the commerce of Christendom. — *History of New England*, by John Gorham Palfrey. Volume V. (Little Brown & Co.) A melancholy interest attaches to this volume through the death, just before its publication, of the editor, a son of Dr. Palfrey, who had taken up the manuscript left by his father and prepared it for the press. The work, whose preface is dated in 1876, ends with the battle of Bunker Hill and the appearance of General Washington on the scene.

In one aspect this was the end of New England. After that, its history is on one hand resolved into the history of States, on the other merged in the history of the Union. Dr. Palfrey was the representative of a strong New England idea, and his work, though it is likely to be superseded in parts by more special treatises, will remain as one of the best examples of a school which had dignity and preserved the traditions of a great era.

Poetry. Spring and Summer, or Blushing Hours, by William T. Washburn. (Putnams.) Some three hundred poems, of varying length. It would seem possible to find some good ones among them, and we do find occasional lines that belong to poetry, but we have not chanced upon any poem which we should like to commit to memory. Many begin with promise, but end ineffectively. — Lays of Middle Age, and Other Poems, by James Hedderwick, LL. D. (Blackwood), is a revised and enlarged edition of a book of meditative verse which attracted much attention when it was first issued, in 1859. Mr. Hedderwick's poems possess many rare qualities, and were well worth reprinting. They are of a kind which is now, perhaps, not in fashion, but they will be warmly liked by thoughtful readers. — Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems, by William Watson (Fisher Unwin), is a volume of very fresh and striking verse. William Watson is a new name to us, but it is the name of a poet. — Easter Gleams, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom is so careful a workman, and holds poetry in so high esteem, that when she comes to express religious feeling in verse she avoids the pitfalls into which amateur religious poets fall. Her work is strong and artistic as well as fervent and prayerful. — Beads of Morning, by William S. Lord. (University Press Co., Evanston, Ill.) Still within the sound of poetry just read. — The Beautiful City in Song, and Other Poems, by the Rev. Dwight Williams. (Phillips & Hunt.) O Religion, how many poetic crimes are committed in thy name! — The Legend of a Thought, and Other Verses, by Martha Agnes Rand. (Chicago.) Pleasing, unpretentious verses. The poem Bleaching has a pretty air about it. — Gettysburg, and Other Poems, by Isaac R. Pennyacker. (Porter & Coates.) Mr. Pennyacker's poems have in their favor an objectivity which takes them out of the common class in which the minor key prevails. There is an infusion of incident which makes them readable as poetical anecdotes. Occasionally there is a happy poetical figure, so that a few lines are very effective. The rhymes are natural, and there is some dash and spirit about the more important poems; but the rhythm is defective, and there is a hopelessly prosaic charac-

ter to some of the verses. — Gems from Walt Whitman, selected by Elizabeth Porter Gould. (David McKay, Philadelphia.) There can be less objection to snatches from Whitman than from poets not so radically fragmentary. Yet these lines, taken apparently at random, give a more unfortunate impression of Whitman than a collection of selected poems might. The Tupper element seems to come to the front, and there is a sort of St. Vitus dance to the lines which affects one as if the poetic motion were spasmodic. — Cleopatra, by J. C. J. (The Bancroft Co., San Francisco.) Two brief poems, presenting Cleopatra at the height of her ambition in capturing Antony, and at her death. The writer has some vigorous lines and a good deal of dramatic ardor, though her ear does not seem to be always in perfect tune. — In the Morning, by Willis Boyd Allen. (Randolph.) A pleasing fancy lies in several of these poems, and the author takes a genuine pleasure in his work. The sentiment is pure and generally unaffected, but the author trusts a little too much to his sentiment, and neglects sometimes to give the ground of it, as in My Cross. — Lord Healey, and Other Poems, by Sylvester Graham Vance. (The Author, Marshalltown — but he does n't say what State.) — In Divers Tones, by Hubert Wolcott Bowen. (Cupples.) About a hundred short poems, some of them quatrains, none of them much more than a breath long. The subjects are light, for the most part, and altogether one looks naturally for daintiness and delicacy of touch. — Poems, by John Hay. (Houghton.) A new issue of Mr. Hay's poems, with a few in the former edition dropped out of sight, and the collection reinforced by some not before gathered. Such a poem as Little Breeches clings to an author's name, for it is easily remembered; but the poet's range is wider, as any one can see who reads this book, and notes the free, even strokes of the artist's brush on many pages. — Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin: comprising the celebrated political and satirical poems of the Rt. Hons. G. Canning, John Hookham Frere, W. Pitt, the Marquis Wellesley, G. Ellis, W. Gifford, the Earl of Carlisle, and others. Edited, with explanatory notes, by Charles Edmonds. (Putnams.) Besides the interest attaching to this reissue of the Anti-Jacobin as a reflection of English politics only just beyond the memory of living men, there is the fun to be enjoyed in the keen wit of much of the matter. Here one may entertain himself afresh with Rogero's song, the Needy Knife Grinder, "A sudden thought strikes me — Let us swear an eternal friendship," and other amusing audacities, which made our grandfathers laugh consumedly. Many of the jokes require painful commen-

tary ; but, for that matter, so does the political history, when it is not intentionally funny. To read the book is to look at Gilray's caricatures again, understanding a part and guessing the rest. One of these days Tenniel will require footnotes, and Gilbert and Sullivan may be edited.

Travel. Bright Skies and Dark Shadows, by Henry M. Field. (Scribners.) Dr. Field has added to his several volumes of European and Asiatic travel one devoted to the Southern States. There is nothing impersonal about it. At every step he has a good word for his companions, who, luckily, are generally so well known as public men that there is no intrusion on their privacy. There is also more or less study of the color line ; and through all there is a kindly, jocular spirit which can even jest over the fatal result of the performance of a simple act of duty, as in the case of the postal agent who was destroyed by a man-eating shark. — Farrar's Illustrated Guide Book to Moosehead Lake, Katahdin Iron Works and Vicinity, the North Maine Wilderness, and the head waters of the Dead, Kennebec, Penobscot, Aroostook, and St. John rivers ; with a new and correct map of the Lake region ; also contains the game and fish laws of Maine (as revised by the last legislature), railroad, steamboat, and stage routes, time-tables, table of fares, list of hotels, prices of board, and other valuable information for the sportsman, tourist, or pleasure-seeker. By Captain Charles A. J. Farrar. (Lee & Shepard.) We have given the title-page quite fully, as it contains a summary of the contents of the volume. It is a hearty sort of book, crammed with detail, from which the sportsman, tourist, or pleasure-seeker will select what is of any use to him ; and it is a pity that the author had not himself done more of this work of selection. — Around and About South America, Twenty Months of Quest and Query, by Frank Vincent. (Appleton.) Mr. Vincent's journey covered about thirty-five thousand miles, and permitted him to visit all the capitals, chief cities, and important seaports, and to make long journeys into the interior and up the mighty rivers of the continent. Mr. Vincent is an experienced traveler, and in this book he moves swiftly from one subject to another, noting those points to which a person making the journey for the first time would

like to have his attention called. There is little attempt at going below the surface of observation, but the results attained are not indifferent in worth. — Lake Champlain and its Shores, by W. H. H. Murray. (De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.) Mr. Murray opens his book with a fervid and wholesome appeal for outdoor life, and then presents the attractions of nature and history which gather about Lake Champlain. The book has practical points, but its best use is in a glowing address to ingenuous youth to stir them to a natural life. — The League of American Wheelmen (Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.) is doing a good service by issuing a little collection of papers on Improvement of Highways, in which practical advice is given as to the formation of roads, the pavement of cities, the nature and use of asphalt, and similar subjects. It has also submitted a memorial on the same subject to the People of Rhode Island. The railroad has done a great deal for the United States, but it has done much mischief by retarding the construction of good roads in the country. — Costa Rica and her Future, by Paul Biolley ; translated from the French by Cecil Charles. (Judd & Detweiler, Washington.) Mr. Biolley, who has long been a resident of Costa Rica, makes a careful study of the state and its resources under the several captions, The Country, The Inhabitants, Lands and Cultures, Industries, Commerce and Finances, The Future. If the work is to be trusted, it will dispel many false notions regarding it. "One can," says Mr. Biolley, "without slightest danger traverse alone and unarmed the most remote and isolated sections of the republic." To be sure, sixty per cent. of the whole number of deaths, which is one to every thirty-nine inhabitants, is of children under ten years of age ; but most persons who are seeking a new home are over ten years of age. Earthquakes are not very frequent, and the police regulations, though they do not affect this kind of disturbance, are excellent. Prices are high, but so are wages ; and altogether, if one can adjust a Yankee thrift and impatience to the demands of a pretty hot but not necessarily insalubrious climate, if he will be sparing in his use of bananas and lead a temperate life, he may hope to do very well indeed in Costa Rica.